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MEMOIRS
OF
SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR,
BART., OF ULBSTER.



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John Sinclair

MEMOIRS
OF
SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR,
BART., OF ULBSTER.

By JAMES GRANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," "THE RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES
OF THE TIMES," ETC., ETC.



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P R E F A C E.

In responding to the application made to me to write the Biography of Sir George Sinclair, I felt that, if I was at all fitted for the task, my qualification consisted chiefly in having a more intimate knowledge of his inner life than was, perhaps, possessed by any one else outside the members of his own family. It was my great privilege for a long period, not only to have carried on an intimate correspondence with Sir George, but, during his several years' winter residence at Norwood with his son and daughter-in-law, now Sir Tollemache and Lady Sinclair, to have spent much time in his delightful society. To this qualification for writing the Life of Sir George Sinclair there was added another, namely, that, extensive as was the circle of his friends, there was not one among the number who entertained a higher personal esteem for him. Nor could any one have had a more exalted appreciation of his intellectual attainments, or warmer admiration of his moral and religious worth, than he who has penned those "Memoirs" of Sir George which are now in the hands of the reader.

It will be in the remembrance of many of those whose eyes glance over this Preface, that, at the banquet given to Mr. Disraeli in Edinburgh, in October, 1867—the

greatest banquet, I believe, ever given in Scotland to any public man—the Right Hon. gentleman, in expressing his gratification at witnessing the magnificent assemblage met to do him honour, mingled with it the expression of his regret at the absence, caused by ill-health, of his friend, Sir George Sinclair. “I miss to-day,” said Mr. Disraeli, “the presence of one of my oldest friends, and should have liked to have been welcomed by his cordial heart, and by that ripe scholarship which no one appreciated more than myself.” The beautiful blending of the “cordial heart” with the high order of intellectual culture to which Mr. Disraeli, then a Cabinet Minister, so felicitously referred, were qualities in the character of the subject of these “Memoirs,” which were more or less fully unfolded in every step which he took along the pathway of life. It has been my object in this Volume to bring out to the best of my ability those noble intellectual qualities which, in so marked a manner, were in happy association with the moral and religious character of Sir George. Such a nature, and such a career as his, ought to be held up to the admiration, not of those of the present day only, but to that of generations yet unborn, in order that we all may, by imitating his bright and benevolent example, prove a source of benefit and blessing to mankind.

LONDON,
January, 1870.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR, BART.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Mr. Sinclair—Notices of his Ancestors—He is sent to Harrow—His great and varied Acquirements—His Popularity among his School Companions—His Intimacy with Lord Byron—Lord Byron's Opinion of Mr. Sinclair as expressed in a Letter to Mr. Moore—Lord Byron's Mother.

GEORGE SINCLAIR, the subject of these Memoirs, was born on the 28th of August, 1790. His birth took place in the Canongate, Edinburgh, in the house of his grandmother, Lady Janet Sinclair. He was the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart., and of the Hon. Diana Macdonald, only daughter of Alexander, first Lord Macdonald. He was descended from a family of great antiquity and high position in Scotland. They originally came from Normandy, as the surname Sinclair indicates. One of the villages in Normandy still bears the name of St. Clair, or de Sancto Claro, which was the name from which that of Sinclair was derived. The first of the Sinclair family of whom we have any specific information, was William de Sancto Claro. David the First, King of Scotland, who occupies a prominent place in Scottish

history, because of the numerous monasteries which he founded, introduced a number of Norman settlers into Scotland, and granted to William de Sancto the manor of Roslin, near Edinburgh. The precise year in which this took place cannot now be ascertained, but it was early in the twelfth century. From William de Sancto Claro, who may be regarded as the founder of the family in Scotland, was descended Sir William, who having married one of the co-heiresses of Malise, Earl of Strathern, Caithness, and Orkney,—brought the last of these titles into the St. Clair, afterwards Sinclair, family. Those who would wish to trace the intermediate history of the Sinclair family down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, will find some curious information on the subject, in the “Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir John Sinclair, Bart.,” by his son, the Venerable Archdeacon of Middlesex. In 1596 and 1603, George, the fifth earl of Caithness, conveyed the lands of Ulbster to Patrick Sinclair. In both these grants the latter is designated by the Earl of Caithness as his cousin. From that time till now the ancestors of the subject of this volume have been distinguished from other branches of the Sinclair family, by being designated as the Sinclairs of Ulbster; and the chief of the family is described as Bart. of Ulbster.

The Sinclairs of Ulbster have for the last two centuries and a half formed matrimonial alliances with the highest families in the North of Scotland. John Sinclair, the great-grandfather of the subject of these Memoirs, married in 1714 Henrietta Brodie, sister to the Lord Lyon of Scotland—a name which occupies a prominent place in the annals of the early part of last century. George, the eldest son of John, and grandfather of him whose

career constitutes the subject of this work, was educated at the private academy at Stoke Newington, kept by the celebrated Dr. Isaac Watts. Dr. Watts seems to have cherished a special friendship for his pupil; for on hearing of the death of the father of the latter, while the latter was at Utrecht, Dr. Watts wrote a long and affectionate letter to him, impressing on him with great earnestness the importance, now that he was heir to large estates, and about to fill a distinguished position in society, of continuing to cultivate those "Christian virtues which had bloomed in his early years."

"In the early part of life," says Dr. Watts, "we are apt to be too sensibly impressed with the ridicule of the world. We are afraid and ashamed to run counter to the fashions of the age, be they ever so vicious. May the grace of God defend your heart with genuine courage, and guard you against all such weakness. May the books of the New Testament, the Psalms of David, and the wise Proverbs of Solomon his son, be the rules of your conduct, the assistants of your devotion, and the life of your spirit. May the providence of God guide and determine all your affairs for you. 'In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths,' Prov. iii. 6. I shall always be glad to hear of your advancement in wisdom and happiness. May your present behaviour in the world make it appear that youth and piety are no strangers to each other, and in your following years of life may you be an ornament to our religion, and an honour to your native country. Grace and peace be with you!"

Archdeacon Sinclair most justly says, in quoting, in the Life of his Father, this letter of counsel and friendship from Dr. Isaac Watts, that the letter was equally worthy of Dr. Watts, and honourable to his pupil. It will be gratifying to those who revere the memory of the author of that volume of hymns which is universally sung in the

churches and chapels of all our religious denominations, throughout the whole realm of evangelical Christendom, to be informed that this pupil of Dr. Watts, as stated by Archdeacon Sinclair, “retained the sentiments of consistent piety, the seeds of which in early life had been implanted by Dr. Watts,” elsewhere called “the venerable instructor” of the youthful George Sinclair,—the archdeacon’s grandfather. This George Sinclair, after making a tour on the Continent in company with the Earl of Sandwich—afterwards First Lord of the Admiralty,—Lord President Dundas, and other distinguished characters of that day, returned to Scotland, and soon afterwards married Lady Janet Sutherland, daughter of William, Lord Strathnaven, who would have been the seventeenth Earl of Sutherland had he outlived his father. The chief of the Sutherland family did not at that time possess a dukedom. It will be seen that the Sinclair family became at this time, through the marriage of the grandfather of the subject of these Memoirs, intimately connected with the Sutherland family.

Lady Janet Sinclair, grandmother of him to whose biography this volume is devoted, was a handsome woman, of highly cultivated intellect, great natural shrewdness, and remarkable for her business habits and energy of character. She was withal somewhat eccentric; and Archdeacon Sinclair, her grandson, attributes certain eccentricities in the character of her son, his father, Sir John Sinclair, to having been brought up chiefly under her guardianship.

Archdeacon Sinclair, in the memoirs of his father, to which I have made more than one reference, records some of the eccentricities of his grandmother, Lady Janet. “I

have already," says the Archdeacon, "mentioned the popularity of Lady Janet with her dependents. Their confidence in her regard for them was not misplaced. On some points, especially of matrimony, it extended to a degree which we might pronounce divertingly eccentric. She was sensitively anxious that each of her female domestics should find a suitable husband and protector. On one occasion, during a serious illness, being under some alarm for her own life, she gave her maid some salutary advice ; and, among other admonitions, pressed upon her the necessity of being married. The young woman, no doubt astonished at the introduction of such a subject, confessed that she had already entered into an engagement of the kind, but was prevented from completing it by 'a little hindrance.' 'And what is that ?' said her mistress. 'Only just, my Leddy, that the man is married already, and his wife is not dead yet ; but they tell me she is dying.' Lady Janet was satisfied, and expressed the comfort she had received from this interesting communication.

" Notwithstanding eccentricities of this kind, which, I may observe, had generally a benevolent tendency, some idea of the respect which this really superior woman inspired among her northern neighbours, may be gathered from another story which she sometimes related. She happened to be directress of an assembly given at Edinburgh, while the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland held their session. A simple-minded gentleman in the north, no doubt as little conversant with ecclesiastical affairs as with the nature of the fashionable meeting over which her ladyship was to preside, addressed a letter of business to 'The Right Hon. Lady Janet Sinclair,

Moderator of the General Assembly, Canongate, Edinburgh.' This simple correspondent did not mistake in supposing that her ladyship took real interest in the welfare of the Scottish establishment, and the efficiency of its ministers.

"The autograph is now before me of her letter to a young clergyman, Mr. Nicholson, whom her son had recently appointed to the parochial charge of Thurso. It is characterised by a deep sense of the responsibilities belonging both to patron and incumbent."

But notwithstanding certain oddities in Lady Janet Sinclair, she was an eminent Christian, as will appear from the following letter to her son, the late Sir John Sinclair, father of the subject of this biography. I am sure that when my readers have perused it, and consider the circumstances under which it was written, they will concur with me in the opinion, that one might in vain range through the wide domain of female biography in their search for an exemplification of Christian philosophy which would surpass it. She had almost attained the allotted period—threescore years and ten—of human life, and was in the hourly expectation of death, when she penned this letter to her son.

LADY JANET SINCLAIR TO JOHN SINCLAIR, ESQ.

MY DEAR SON,

Before this can be delivered to you, I shall have bid a final adieu to this vain world, to all its concerns, and all my connexions in it. The death of an affectionate parent will naturally affect a son of your sensibility. I earnestly pray Almighty God to grant his choicest blessings on you, my dear son, your amiable wife, and promising children. May you always endeavour to serve God faithfully, and to worship him with reverence; may religion and virtue be the rule of all your

actions; and suffer not the temptations or allurements of a vain world to make you swerve from your duty. My settlement, of date 1776, which will accompany this, will give a striking proof of my attachment to you and yours. May the blessing of God accompany it. Your sisters I recommend to your affectionate attention. I hope they will merit it. Mrs. Campbell has a large family, which she will find it difficult to educate and provide for. Mrs. Rigg is happily married to a good husband, and is in great affluence. My dear Jessy is happy under your and Mrs. Sinclair's protection. I hope you will be a father to them all. As to your own concerns, I entreat you to observe economy, and beware of impositions. Reside as much in Caithness as possible; and do not trust too much to the management of others in the conducting of your affairs. You'll find few to trust. Self-interest with some, popularity with others, you'll have to encounter. Even my long experience was not proof against their arts. Keep short accounts with those you employ in every capacity, and do as much of your own business and affairs as possible yourself. I don't approve of setting large "tacks-farms" to tacksmen. They often oppress the poor people under them. To be in debt is a most disagreeable situation to be placed in. To contract it is easy, but how difficult to repay! It lessens one's importance, chagrins the temper, and ruins a family. Beware of cautionary and engagements for others. I have had a variety of trials and afflictions in life, with malice unprovoked, disrespect, and indifference. These I did not merit or resent, and I now forgive.

Adieu, my dearest son, till we meet in another world, as I trust, in the mercy of God, and through the merits of an all-sufficient Saviour, that we shall meet in a state of bliss and endless happiness, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. May you and yours be happy. God bless all my dear children, prays your affectionate mother,

JANET SINCLAIR.

The name of Sir John Sinclair, father of Mr. Sinclair, who on his death succeeded to the title and the estates of

Ulbster, was for nearly half a century one of the best known in all Scotland. It was, indeed, a household word. There was scarcely a peasant north of the Tweed to whose ears the name of Sir John was not familiar. And he well deserved the celebrity he enjoyed, for he was, indeed, a benefactor to his country. He had recourse to every available method of spreading useful intelligence through all parts of the land, and urged on his countrymen the adoption of every means within their reach for improving the various branches of industry which during his day were common in Scotland. The promotion of agriculture was an object especially dear to his heart, and probably there is not an instance on record, in the history of any nation, in which one individual did more for his country, with respect to material improvements, than Sir John Sinclair did for Scotland. He was a voluminous author, and on various subjects, especially of a financial and statistical nature. His "Statistical Account of Scotland," a work of great merit and still holding a prominent place in the country to which it relates, extends to no fewer than twenty-one volumes. The mass of information it contains is amazing, and never could have been collected but by a man of wonderful energy.

Sir John Sinclair was personally acquainted with nearly all the leading men of the latter half of the last century and the early part of the present. There was not, indeed, a statesman of eminence at that period of our history with whom he was not acquainted. With most of them he was on terms of more than ordinary friendship. William Pitt had a high regard for him, and, when Prime Minister, consulted him on some of his great financial schemes. Having been contemporaneously with Pitt

thirty years in parliament, he had constant opportunities of cultivating a close intimacy with the Prime Minister of that period. It was, indeed, William Pitt that conferred a baronetcy upon him. Mr. Pitt had great confidence in Sir John Sinclair's opinions on monetary and fiscal questions, and consulted him on several occasions when preparing to bring financial measures before the House of Commons. His earliest work on financial subjects was entitled "Hints on the State of our Finances," and exercised a decidedly beneficial influence on the condition of our national finances at the period at which it appeared. Nor was it without a salutary effect on the financial condition of several continental countries, especially Holland, the statesmen of which latter country were forward to admit their obligations to the views on national finances which they had been led to adopt from the perusal of Sir John's able and enlightened work on the subject. Among the eminent men of our country who were struck with the masterly work of Sir John Sinclair on the subject of our national finances, was the celebrated Dr. Price, the author—or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the inventor—of the scheme of a sinking fund for the extinction of the national debt.

What the extent of the correspondence of Sir John Sinclair must have been during the sixty years which it embraced may be inferred from the fact that his biographer, when he commenced his preparations for writing his Memoirs, found that he had to deal with no fewer than from 40,000 to 50,000 papers. A somewhat appalling sight it must have been to his excellent son and biographer! Sir John Sinclair died on December 21, in the year 1835, and was succeeded in the baronetcy and

family estates by his son George, the subject of these pages.

The mother of Mr. Sinclair was the Hon. Diana Macdonald, second wife of Sir John Sinclair, and daughter of Alexander, first Lord Macdonald. She was remarkable alike for her beauty and her lady-like manners. The female portion of the Macdonald family were, indeed, particularly, as they still are, eminent for their personal attractions and aristocratic bearing. Sir John, too, was a fine specimen of the gentleman. Probably “so handsome a couple,” to use a familiar phrase, has seldom been seen. On their presentation to George the Third, that monarch paid them, in this respect, a very high, and from the manner in which he spoke, a doubtless sincere compliment. It was to the effect that though he might have seen more beautiful women than Lady Sinclair, and more handsome men than Sir John, yet that he had never seen a more beautiful woman and more handsome man united together as husband and wife, than the friends before him.

I have mentioned that George Sinclair, Sir John’s eldest son, and the subject of this biographical work, was born in the Canongate, Edinburgh, in the house of his grandmother, Lady Janet, to whom I have made a brief reference. The portrait taken of him when he was seven years of age by Raeburn, one of the finest portrait painters at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, shows what a beautiful boy he must then have been. Probably few men have displayed greater precocity as a poet than did Mr. Sinclair. He entered Harrow school when only ten years of age, and before he was eleven he composed in Latin a

poem on Human Life, of which the following is a translation :—

HUMAN LIFE.

“ The day of life flies fast away,
A warning that our night is nigh.”—*Horace*.

I.

Boundless and vast the projects of the mind,
House still to house, and lands to lands are joined,
As if fruition were all-way,
And life a sure eternal day.

II.

Hark ! Death arrests ! Where now those towering schemes ?
To nought they sink, as vain illusive dreams.
What's life ? a flower that charms the sight,
Whose morning glory dies at night.

III.

Why boast of life, that hourly flies away ;
A poor and short reprieve from day to day.
Yet youth and beauty we adore,
And of the gods would ask no more.

IV.

Ah ! lust impetuous, raging thro' the veins,
Black tempests raises of disease and pains.
We pray the gods to interpose,
But no relief from rising woes.

V.

When death imperious gives the dreadful call,
The young, the old, his trembling victims fall.
Nor wealth, nor beauty, can procure
The least respite—e'en of an hour.

VI.

Her beauty gone, but not her vanity,
Old Dian now must that with art supply.
A deadly symptom, yet betrays
The withered proud in deep disguise.

VII.

Therefore let us departing life improve,
And timely check the mad impulse of love.
And where sage virtue points the way,
There let us walk, and bless her sway.

These verses were greatly admired by all at the school capable of appreciating their merits in one so young. They were especially admired and commended by Dr. Drury, the head-master. At that still celebrated educational institution he not only became a great favourite with all the scholars because of his amiable manners, but commanded universal admiration and respect for his varied scholastic attainments. I am speaking of George Sinclair when he was only fourteen or fifteen years of age. At that early period in his life, he was master of several languages, and possessed a store of literary knowledge which but few have acquired within two or three years after entering their teens. Dr. Drury, head-master, pointed out to the other pupils Mr. Sinclair as one whom they ought, both intellectually and as a gentleman, to make an object of emulation.

Among those who were his fellow scholars at Harrow were several young men who afterwards rose to great eminence; some in the political, and others in the literary world. Among the former was the late Sir Robert Peel, and among the latter Lord Byron. Both these distinguished persons cherished the warmest friendship for their schoolfellow. The friendly feelings which young Byron, afterwards Lord Byron, entertained for George Sinclair, and his appreciation of young Sinclair's scholastic attainments, are specially noticed in Moore's "Life of Lord Byron." They were in the same form together. In the early part of that work Moore publishes a letter from Lord Byron, in which the following passages occur in relation to George Sinclair:—"The prodigy of our school days was George Sinclair (son of Sir John); he made exercises for half the school (*literally*), verses at

will, and themes without it. He was a friend of mine, and in the same remove, and used at times to beg of me to let him do my exercise—a request always most readily accorded upon a pinch, or when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour. On the other hand he was pacific, and I savage ; so I fought for him, or thrashed others for him, or thrashed himself to make him thrash others, when it was necessary, as a point of honour and stature, that he should so chastise ; or we talked politics, for he was a great politician, and were very good friends. I have some of his letters, written to me from school, still."

In another part of Moore's "Life of Lord Byron" there is another reference to George Sinclair by the noble poet. Writing to a friend of the name of Harness, Lord Byron says :—" How well I recollect the perusal of your 'first flights.' There is another circumstance you do not know. The *first lines* I ever attempted at Harrow were addressed to *you*. You were to have seen them ; but Sinclair had the copy in his possession when we went home ; and on our return we were *strangers*. They were destroyed."

The friendship which subsisted between Lord Byron and Mr. George Sinclair may be further inferred from the fact, that the noble poet, after reaching his majority, offered to pay him a visit to Thurso Castle, the picturesque residence, in Caithness, of Sir John Sinclair, the father of the subject of these Memoirs. Lord Byron, however, laid down certain conditions to his paying his proposed visit to his friend and fellow student at Harrow. The first stipulation he made was, that he should not be bored by dinners with the neighbours. The second was, that a good stock of claret was to be laid

in ; and the third, that his “friend Hobhouse,” afterwards Sir John Hobhouse, and for the latter twenty years of his life Lord Broughton, should be invited to Thurso Castle at the same time. As a sort of subsidiary stipulation to his paying his own proposed visit to Thurso Castle, Lord Byron said that there must be good fishing and a rubber of whist. The latter is a thing to be had in every family of note in Scotland, as everywhere else, where religious scruples do not interdict the use of cards ; while with regard to the former condition, there are probably few places in the world in which there is such excellent fishing as at Thurso Castle, for in the adjoining river, Thurso, salmon are exceedingly abundant. Mr. Sinclair’s father, Sir John Sinclair, mentions, in his “ Statistical Account of Scotland,” a draught of salmon in that river, which is neither deep nor wide, so great, that I doubt whether it was ever paralleled in the annals of salmon fishing. There is a well authenticated account of the fact, that in July 1744 the extraordinary number of 9,560 were taken by nets in that small river in one day. But Lord Byron’s stipulation that there should be excellent angling sport was prospectively complied with, for so near was Thurso Castle to the sea, that the spray often entered the house, and fish had frequently been caught by the net from the drawing-room windows. Immediately after this Lord Byron’s sudden marriage took place, and the consequence was, that the visit to Thurso Castle was never paid.

At an after period, though I am unable to mention the date, Lord Byron furnished to Mr. Sinclair a personal proof of that irascible temper which was one of his characteristics till the latest term of his life. The specific

causes of this display of Byron's irritable nature are not known, but, from his own language, it is clear that it must have had its origin in some reference which Mr. Sinclair had made to certain squabbles which they had had when schoolboys, and which Byron wished to be buried in oblivion. As Mr. Sinclair was in his youthful years, as he was all through his after life, remarkable for his amiability and courtesy, it is difficult to imagine what cause of offence he could have given to Byron. It is impossible to believe that it could have been such as would justify the view which Byron took of it, for he evidently felt indignant at the allusion made to him by Mr. Sinclair. The tone and terms in which Byron expressed himself may be inferred from the fact, that he began his letter thus: "Sir, your reference to such topics shows they are not forgotten by you," &c. How long the estrangement lasted between Byron and Mr. Sinclair arising out of this misunderstanding, I have not been able to ascertain from the voluminous papers put into my hands; but the presumption is, that it was not of long duration, for in the course of a few years we find them corresponding on the same friendly terms as they did before the misunderstanding occurred. And this friendly correspondence continued, as far as I can see from the papers relative to the life of Mr. Sinclair, until the death of Lord Byron.

As everything new which relates to Lord Byron is read with the greatest interest, when from time to time brought before the public, I will, I am sure, be pardoned if I step aside for a moment from the current of my biography to mention one or two incidents which occurred in Byron's early life, and which have not yet been published. I am indebted for them to a well-written biographical sketch of

Sir George Sinclair by Mr. Alexander Sinclair, the brother of Sir George, and only printed for private circulation, after the death of the latter, among those who were his private friends. Moore, in his "Life of Byron," mentions the fact, that, in the year 1796, Byron, when in the eighth year of his age, lived with his mother at Banff, a small town containing a population at that time of rather more than 4,000 souls, and nearly forty miles beyond Aberdeen. The circumstance of some of Mrs. Byron's near relatives residing there at the time was probably the reason why she chose that locality for her abode. One of Byron's two chief companions at this early period of his life was Lord Alexander Gordon, son of "Jean Maxwell"—probably one of the greatest beauties of the day—afterwards Duchess of Gordon. The other constant companion of young Byron was Robert Abercromby, afterwards Sir Robert. Young Abercromby was living with his mother, afterwards Lady Abercromby, at the time in the neighbourhood of Banff. Sir Robert told Mr. A. Sinclair that he had on more than one occasion to interfere, at the risk of his life, between Byron and Alexander when they were fighting, and that in one case they even fought with knives. Sir Robert Abercromby also told Mr. Alexander Sinclair the following interesting incidents connected with Byron's boyish history:—

Mrs. Byron sadly spoilt her son. One day Mrs. Abercromby, who was constantly with her, said to her, "Now, Mrs. Byron, if you don't punish your son, not for the fault he committed, but for telling a lie to screen himself, I declare I will do it myself." On this Mrs. Byron got up, and seized her son, and, after a struggle, she administered a sort of chastisement. When she let him down, he marched deliberately to where Mrs. Abercromby was sitting, and, when he got near, he struck her a blow

on the face with his fist, exclaiming, "There, that's for you ; if it had not been for you, my mother would never have dared to beat me." Years afterwards, when Sir Robert Abercromby was in Parliament for Banffshire, he was one day behind the throne when a striking looking youth came up and asked, "Is your name Abercromby ?" He said it was. He then added, "I suppose you don't know me." But he had looked down at his feet, and replied, "Oh, yes ! I know you ; you are Lord Byron." He then asked, "How is your mother ? I very well remember the beating she made my mother give me ; but tell her from me, it would have been well for me if they had been many more."

This latter observation by Byron after he had reached the years of maturity shows that, with all his irritability and all the other objectionable qualities which were to be found in his character, there was not a little of what the poet calls "the soul of goodness" in him ; and had his maternal training, in the absence of paternal tuition and discipline, been different from what it was, his future course in life might also have been very different from what it unfortunately turned out to be.

CHAPTER II.

Leaves Harrow—The Rev. Dr. Drury, Head Master—Goes to the University of Göttingen—Is taken Prisoner by the French—Is brought before and examined by Napoleon the Great—Suspicion of being a Prussian Spy—His Narrative of the Incidents which then occurred—Remarks and Reflections Fifty-five Years afterwards on the Conduct of modern Prussia in connection with the Emperor of the French—Visits the Court of Prussia—Dines with the King—An Incident at Dinner—The English Language.

GEORGE SINCLAIR, as I have stated in the previous chapter, was a great favourite at Harrow both with the masters and the pupils. He was an especial favourite with the Rev. Dr. Drury, then, as before mentioned, the head master at that celebrated school. Dr. Drury early saw that Sinclair was a young man of an exceedingly delicate sensibility, and when he knew that he was soon to quit the school to proceed to the university of Göttingen—at that time one of the most celebrated scholastic institutions in Germany—he warned him with all the earnestness of a parent not to give way to it, because if he did, it would not only interpose obstacles to his success in the world, but seriously impair his happiness in the private relations of life.

At the age of sixteen young Sinclair quitted Harrow and went to Göttingen, to finish his education at that place. He had not been long in Göttingen before he formed an intimate acquaintance with some of the higher classes of society both in Austria and

Hungary. By men of condition in the German empire he was highly esteemed, and, though then a mere youth, his acquaintance was eagerly sought by learned men because of his great and varied literary attainments. Though Latin was at first the medium through which he carried on his intercourse with the German literati with whom he came into contact, he had not been long in Göttingen before he had made so much proficiency in the language of the country, as to be able to converse with ease and accuracy in it. His aptitude, indeed, for acquiring a knowledge of languages was so great that before he had attained his thirtieth year he was thoroughly master of seven foreign languages, in several of which he could not only converse with the greatest ease and propriety, but could write with an accuracy which natives of the respective countries could hardly surpass.

During Mr. Sinclair's stay in Germany, several incidents, personally interesting to him, occurred; but there was one of great historical interest. In the campaign of 1806 the Prussian army had seized all the horses they could appropriate for transporting their troops, with a view the more effectually to repel the invasion of the French army, which was every moment expected. The result was that no horses were to be had for ordinary purposes. Mr. Sinclair and a German clergyman who was travelling with him consequently found it necessary to have their luggage conveyed along with themselves, in a wheel-barrow. Neither of the two youthful travellers—nor, indeed, even the Prussians themselves—had the slightest idea that the French army had already entered the country. Railways and telegrams were at that time equally unknown. The two travellers

were seized as spies of the Prussian Guard, without themselves knowing why or wherefore. They were both brought before Murat, at that time the right hand man of Napoleon the First, or Napoleon the Great, in contradistinction to the Napoleon who now occupies the Tuilleries. So far as Murat himself was concerned, he was perfectly satisfied with their own statement as to who they were, and on what errand they were proceeding, but he said it was necessary that he should send them to be re-examined by the Emperor. With that view Mr. Sinclair and his clerical German companion were committed to the care of Count Frohberg. Their re-examination was appointed to take place at an hour beyond midnight. The night was exceedingly cold as well as damp ; and one natural effect of the lowness of the temperature was that both the young prisoners shivered from the cold. Count Frohberg, on seeing this, and assuming that the trembling which he witnessed was from fear, said to them, “ You needn’t be afraid ; the Emperor won’t eat you ! ”

But as Mr. Sinclair afterwards printed for private circulation an account of this interview, held under such interesting circumstances, with the first Napoleon, I subjoin, without abridgment, his own narrative of the incidents connected with an interview with a man at the very mention of whose name the proudest and most powerful monarch of Europe quailed, and at the very idea of whose efforts to obtain universal empire all the nations of the European World were filled with fear and trembling. As the account which Mr. Sinclair gave of the circumstances connected with his arrest by the French has never been published, though printed for the gratification of a few of his private

friends, I have the pleasure of laying the narrative, which is of great historic interest, before the public.

MR. SINCLAIR'S INTERVIEW WITH THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

Circumstances of a private, but urgent, nature, induced me to undertake a journey from Gotha to Leipsic, in the beginning of October 1806. I prevailed upon my friend Mr. Regel, one of the clergymen of the former place, to accompany me. Our passport being signed by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, whose division of the Prussian troops was then at Gotha, we set out, notwithstanding the recent declaration of war; and, in despite of some difficulties, passed through Erfurt and Weimar, and arrived at Jena, where, at that time, the Prince of Hohenlohe had established his head-quarters. All the horses in that neighbourhood had been put in requisition for the use of the Army; but, after some delay, we obtained, as a great favour, a pair, which conveyed us as far as Schön Gleina, an estate belonging to my friend, the then reigning Duke of Saxe-Gotha. Here we found a Saxon detachment quartered, and were disappointed in our expectation of procuring horses to advance us on our journey. We were, however, hospitably entertained by the Duke's steward, and passed the night there.

On the following morning, we heard a cannonade at some distance; and the steward rode to a neighbouring village, with a view of ascertaining the cause. He brought us word, that the Prussians were reported to have received a check, and that the French were expected to advance. Our anxiety to avoid falling into their hands induced us to adopt the determination of proceeding on foot. We therefore left our carriage and part of the baggage under the care of the steward, and hired a peasant, who undertook to convey the remainder of it on a wheel-barrow. We slept that night at a village, and proceeded next morning with a similar companion and conveyance.

At Köstritz, where we breakfasted, we were strongly urged not to proceed, as the French were rapidly advancing in the direction which we proposed to take. Regardless, however, of this advice, we proceeded on the road which led to Leipsic; but

had not gone very far, when, upon ascending an eminence, we perceived, at no great distance, a number of baggage-waggons, from which the horses had been unharnessed. They were surrounded by soldiers, who seemed to be investigating their contents, while some of the party remained near them on horseback. It was now too late to think of retreating, as they had, of course, perceived us, and could have overtaken us in a very few minutes. We therefore advanced boldly towards them, and soon found, when we arrived within hearing, that they were French soldiers, as we distinctly heard a number of their characteristic oaths and other expletives.

One of them (a chasseur) addressed us in broken German, and asked for our passport, which we produced, adding, that, as we were on neutral territory, we hoped he would permit us to proceed on our journey. This he declared to be impossible ; and desired us to step into an adjoining field, where we might speak to the commanding officer : he, at the same time, directed one of his comrades to escort us, enjoining him strictly to protect our baggage from spoliation. The officer received us rather roughly ; and when we said, that we were anxious to reach Leipsic on account of the fair, declared, that this must be false, and that he thought we had very different objects in view ; but that, at all events, he must send us to Gera, to be examined by the Grand Duke (meaning Murat).

We accordingly returned to the high road, and proceeded slowly towards Gera. The whole scene was to me equally novel and interesting. We passed along the line of the captured baggage-waggons, which the French were busily occupied in plundering ; some of them appropriated to themselves officers' great coats ; others, after kicking away their old boots, drew on a pair of new ones. A number of the country people had been attracted to the spot, to see what was going on ; and were, in some instances, permitted by the soldiers to share in the spoil. I heard one of them say, (though probably understood only by myself,) “ Allons, mes enfans, prenez tout ce que vous voudrez ; laissez-nous seulement l'argent et le vin.”* The ground was strewed with papers of the most miscellaneous kind : letters,

* Come, my friends, choose what you like, only leave us the money and the wine.

account-books, pamphlets, &c. were lying promiscuously in the mud. On one side of the road, but at some distance from it, a number of troops were picturesquely drawn up, some of whom appeared to be in quest of hares, or any other game, which might be discovered in the fields. We also met a great number of soldiers advancing, though not in a very orderly way, from Gera; some of whom had geese or other kinds of poultry in their hands, for which it was more than probable they had not paid.

We very soon found, that the kindness of our friend, the chasseur, in providing us with a protector, was by no means a superfluous precaution. Many of the soldiers, whom we met, no sooner saw the countryman, who was conducting our baggage on the wheel-barrow, than they exclaimed, "A qui ces coffres? qu'on les ouvre tout de suite."* On these occasions, our chasseur interposed and said, "Non, non! camarade, ces coffres sont à moi; ils sont du moins sous ma protection."† This answer generally elicited some indication of discontent; such as, "Pardi! camarade, tu es fort heureux. Je parie qu'il y a des trésors dedans."‡ A very unfounded conjecture, and which only arose from the circumstance of their not being given up to be plundered. The chasseur not only protected our property, but seemed by no means unwilling that we should add to it; for he begged that we would help ourselves to any articles in the baggage-waggons, which might strike our fancy. The countryman took him at his word, and enriched his wheel-barrow with several articles of linen; but I contented myself with taking a brass button out of a small box, which was lying on the ground, and which I long preserved as a memorial of the day's adventure.

Having informed the chasseur, that I was an Englishman, he conversed with me very freely; and I perceived, that many of his comrades, who had at first passed by without accosting us, when they heard from him that I was an Englishman, turned

* To whom do these boxes belong? Let them be opened immediately.

† No, comrade: these boxes belong to me, at least they are under my protection.

‡ Ha! comrade, you are a lucky fellow. I would lay any wager they contain a treasure.

back, saluted me courteously, and seemed pleased at being able to talk with me : "Ah ! Monsieur est Anglois, à ce que j'apprens. Pour moi, j'aime les Anglois. Après tout, Monsieur, il n'y a que deux nations ; la nôtre, et vous autres Anglois. A ça, Monsieur, ne trouvez-vous pas, qu'il faut que le Roi de Prusse soit bien fou, pour oser nous declarer la guerre ? Il auroit du être bien content que l'Empereur le laissât regner dans son Berlin. Mais n'importe : C'est tant mieux pour nous. Combien y a-t-il d'ici à Berlin, Monsieur ? Croyez-moi, Monsieur, nous y serons avant qu'il soit peu."* I had sometimes half a dozen of these personages conversing with me at once ; and when one left me, his place was soon supplied by another.

In several places, a board had been put up, on which was inscribed in French and German,—“Fürstl : Reussisch neutrales Territorium.”—“Pays neutre, appartenant au Prince de Reuss.”† And I remember two or three French soldiers, who had for some time been staring at this inscription, turned round to me, and said, “Monsieur, qu'est-ce que cela veut dire ? Je croyois que nous étions en Allemagne, et voilà que tout d'un coup nous nous trouvons en Russie.”‡ I endeavoured to explain to my querist, that he was not in the dominions of the Emperor of Russia, but in those of a much less powerful potentate, the Prince of Reuss. “Le Prince de Reuss ! Ma foi, c'est la première fois que j'entends parler de ce Prince là. Ah, ah ! je sais ce que vous voulez dire, Monsieur ; c'est un de ces petits princillons, qu'on trouve partout en Allemagne, et sur lesquels l'Empereur d'Allemagne n'a aucun pouvoir ! Pardi, nous n'avons point de tels gens chez nous. L'Empereur y mettroit bientôt ordre, allez. Il n'y rien de tel chez vous non plus, Monsieur ; n'est-ce pas ? Ah, je le crois bien ; vous êtes trop sages pour cela, vous autres Anglois.”§

* You are an Englishman, sir, from what I learn. I like the English. After all, sir, there are but two nations in the world ; the French and you English. Don't you think, sir, that the king of Prussia must have lost his senses to dare o declare war ? He might have been satisfied that the Emperor should let him reign in his city of Berlin. But it does not signify ; it is all the better for us. How far is it from this to Berlin ? Depend upon it, sir, we shall be there before long.

† This is neuter country, belonging to the Prince of Reuss.

‡ Sir, what is the meaning of that ? I thought we were in Germany, and all of a sudden we find ourselves in Russia.

§ The Prince of Reuss ! Faith, that is the first time I ever heard of such a

I have thought it right to detail these short but authentic specimens of the numerous dialogues, in which I bore a part before we reached Gera. Most of the soldiers who conversed with me paid many compliments to the English, and seemed to draw a marked distinction between them and every other nation. It is difficult to say whether their enthusiastic attachment to their leader, their contemptuous detestation of the Prussians, or their confidence as to the successful result of the campaign, were most predominant. I was led to infer, from the general tone of their remarks, that they thought it would be as easy to advance to Berlin as to return to Paris.

When we arrived near Gera, our chasseur gave each of us a tolerably broad hint, that he expected some indemnity for having quitted his corps, in order to protect us and our baggage. He seemed tolerably satisfied with a Frederick d'or, which was given to him by each of us ; and when we parted, I added some silver, which I believe induced him to see our baggage deposited safely at the principal inn. We ourselves were conducted to the house at which the Grand Duke of Berg had his headquarters ; and after ascending the staircase, found ourselves in a kind of antechamber, in which there were a number of French officers in various uniforms. Mr. Regel was first ushered into the Grand Duke's apartment ; and, as soon as he quitted it, I was introduced.

It was not without feelings of anxiety that I found myself in the presence of this distinguished personage. I found him standing near a table, on which there was spread a very large map of Germany. Small wooden pegs, thrust through circular pieces of cork (at least so they seemed to me), were inserted into the names of various places on the map, whilst others were lying loose upon it for the same purpose. I should be very ungrateful if I ever forgot the kind, frank, and prepossessing manner in which his Highness received me. He was dressed in

prince. Ah, ah ! I know what you would be at. You mean one of those petty princes who are to be met with all over Germany, and over whom the Emperor of Germany has no power. Faith, *we* have no such people. The Emperor would soon say to them, "Begone!" There are no such people in your country either. Is it not so? I don't doubt it. You English have too much sense for that.

a kind of red velvet habit, bordered with gold ; and as soon as I contemplated his open and expressive countenance, I felt relieved from all embarrassment. After bowing slightly, he begged that I would advance, and told me I had nothing to fear ; that he should merely put some questions to me, which he requested I would answer as correctly as possible. These interrogatories so much resembled those which afterwards were put by Napoleon, that it would be superfluous to state them in detail ; but I recollect that he seemed very anxious to know where Marshal Möllendorf was.

Having ascertained the very few particulars, which I was enabled to state, in regard to the numbers, position, and rumoured intentions of the Prussian army, he concluded by assuring me, that he had no doubt of the correctness of what I had stated ; that he believed I was the person whom I represented myself to be : and that he was therefore the more sorry that it was out of his power to supply me with passports for proceeding on my journey, but that he was willing to do me the only service he could, by sending me to Auma to be examined by his Majesty the Emperor and King, who, he had no doubt, on hearing my story, would do me that favour, which, had it been in his own power, he would himself most willingly have granted.

It is impossible to describe how much I felt astonished at this declaration, and how much I was confounded by the unexpected prospect of being thus brought into the presence of the greatest man of the age. Before I had recovered myself, the Grand Duke had rung the bell, and given some orders to his servant ; in consequence of which, an officer in (I think) a green uniform entered the room. "Count," said the Grand Duke, "this is a young English gentleman, who has been stopped at the advanced posts." The officer immediately addressed me in English ; and, after putting two or three unimportant questions, turned round to the Grand Duke, and said, "Yes, I see he is evidently an Englishman." "Well, Count," said Murat, "as you are going to Auma at any rate, you will be so good as to convey this gentleman and his travelling companion with you in the carriage, and cause them to be examined by his Majesty the Emperor and King ; telling

him, at the same time, that they have already been examined by me, and that nothing occurred which induced me to form any surmise to their prejudice." He then nodded to me very graciously ; and, after bowing profoundly, I left the apartment, accompanied by the officer, and remained in the antechamber, whilst he went to inquire about the carriage and horses.

I soon learned that this gentleman was Count Frohberg (or Mountjoy), grand veneur to the King of Bavaria, who stood very high in the confidence and good graces both of his own sovereign and of Napoleon.

Whilst waiting for his return, I saw the Grand Duke pass through the antechamber, clad in a sumptuous uniform, with many stars, and leading to a repast a lady, who, I was informed, was a Princess of Reuss. He stopped for a few minutes, and spoke to a Prussian officer, who had been taken prisoner, I believe, at the battle of Saalfield. I was not able to hear very distinctly what passed ; but I understood him to be taxing the Prussians with temerity, in having attacked a French corps with a very inferior number ; adding, that although the Prussians might not love the French, they at least ought to esteem them. After this short conversation, the Grand Duke made a slight inclination of the head, and followed the Princess into the other apartment.

Count Frohberg soon afterward returned, and informed us that the carriage was ready. We immediately got into it, and set out for Auma.

I found my new companion very kind-hearted and intelligent, a little sanguine and hasty in his temper, but evidently most susceptible of gratitude and friendship. His countenance was pale, but animated. Our conversation was chiefly carried on in English ; and he inquired with much eagerness after his British friends.* Before we had been many minutes in the carriage, he asked me whether I was acquainted with Lady Louisa Manners (the present Countess of Dysart), accompanying his inquiry with a cordial encomium. I was unable at that time

* I had the satisfaction of being presented to his amiable widow, when at Munich, in 1816. The Countess informed me that her husband had alluded to this adventure, and expressed much kindness towards me ; and she was so obliging as to present to me a ring which had belonged to him.

(though now more fortunate) to answer that question in the affirmative ; but asked the Count in return, whether he knew her ladyship's son-in-law, my intimate and excellent friend, Colonel Duff (now Earl of Fife). As soon as I mentioned that I was a friend of Colonel Duff's, he shook me by the hand with the greatest warmth ; and our common regard for my distinguished countryman (a regard in which all who know him so largely sympathise,) not only created a link of attachment between us, but mainly tended to render his exertions in my behalf more cordial and more unremitting.

We met, in the dark, a long row of waggons and artillery, at a narrow part of the road, where two carriages could not well pass abreast ; and our carriage was obliged to draw up in a field, until these waggons and other conveyances had proceeded. It was in vain that my friend, the Count, dismounted angrily from the carriage, and authoritatively desired the drivers to draw up on one side and allow our carriage to pass, telling them who he was, where he was going, and that he was expected to sup with the Emperor. They coolly laughed at all his earnestness ; and one of them told him that he was afraid his supper would be very cold before he got to his journey's end.

The Count did not recover his good humour until some time after we had quitted the scene of our detention. The spectacle around us was most interesting. A number of fires were kindled in various directions, around which we perceived the French soldiers singing, shouting, sleeping, or cooking their victuals.

The Count was remarkably communicative ; but without attempting to detail many interesting facts which he narrated, I cannot avoid recording one speech of his, which remained deeply impressed upon my mind.

I mentioned that I had left the Prussian army in as high spirits and as confident of victory as the French ; and that I therefore thought the issue of the contest rather doubtful. "A decisive battle," replied he, "will be fought before many days have elapsed ; and I will bet you sixty Napoleons to one that the victory will be ours. You say that the Prussians are in high spirits ; but on what is their confidence grounded ? Not, surely, in respect for the talents of their General—not on the

remembrance of exploits of their own, nor in love for the service in which they are so ill used ? The French, on the other hand, adore their leader, who so often has conducted them to victory : —their own past achievements inspire them with confidence in themselves :—they are attached to a service, in which they are well aware that the meanest and most friendless may acquire reputation and advancement. The Emperor knows their character well, and has employed every means to conciliate affection to his person, as well as to enforce obedience to his authority. No service is permitted to pass unnoticed or unrecompensed. He is endowed with an excellent memory, and is often known to address even a private soldier or subaltern officer, whom he remembers to have seen at Austerlitz or Marengo, reminding them of their former good conduct, and calling upon them to act up to it in future. By such means, he not only captivates the heart of the person so noticed, but excites emulation on the part of all who witnessed such a scene, and who long, by future prowess, to attain a similar distinction. The very institution of the Legion of Honour, which is attainable by all classes, has greatly increased his popularity, and is become a general object of military ambition. In short, I believe I may say that no General was ever more studious to captivate the affections and win the confidence of his army ; nor was any ever more successful."

I do not pretend to say that these are the exact words of Count Frohberg, but they express his sentiments without any exaggeration. He cherished a warm attachment for the person and character of Napoleon ; but I am persuaded that his opinion, though somewhat biassed by this feeling, was founded on personal knowledge, as well as on that accurate information which his rank and station afforded him so many opportunities to acquire.

We arrived at Auma at a very early hour in the morning. The Count alighted from the carriage, and repaired to the house at which the Emperor's head-quarters were situated. He returned almost immediately, and informed us that his Majesty had retired to rest ; but added that he would come and let us know as soon as the Emperor was ready to receive us.

The morning was very cold, and we remained, rather uncomfortably, in the calèche (the leather in front of which closed but imperfectly), for upwards of an hour. My friend Mr. Regel and I agreed, that we would not prepare any answers to any questions; but that, by narrating every circumstance exactly as it occurred, we should avoid every discrepancy which could excite any suspicion. The Count at last returned, and informed us that the Emperor was up, and wished to see us. This was to us an anxious moment; and we descended from the carriage with feelings which I shall not attempt to pourtray. "You need not be afraid," said the Count, "the Emperor won't eat you." I assured him that I was not afraid of that, and that he, who had nothing to fear, was shivering from the cold as much as I was. This remark, however, made me summon up more resolution than a youth of sixteen might otherwise have felt under such circumstances. I had reminded Mr. Regel that it was now my turn to be examined first. We walked hastily across the street, and, after ascending a staircase, found ourselves in the antechamber, in which there were a number of officers, and where I observed also some materials for breakfast. The Count opened a door, and beckoned me to follow him. I heard him say, "Voilà, Sire, le jeune Anglois, dont je viens de parler à votre Majesté."* The door closed as soon as I entered the room. I made a low bow; and, on raising my eyes from the ground, perceived standing before me a little figure, arrayed in a white night-cap and dressing-gown; an officer in uniform, whom I found to be Marshal Berthier, the Minister at War, was standing by his side. The Emperor stood still, with his arms crossed, and a cup of coffee in his right hand: he surveyed me attentively, and said "Qui êtes-vous?"† My reply was, "Sire, je suis sujet de S. M. Britannique."‡ "D'où venez-vous?"§ "Sire, Je viens de Gotha en Saxe; et en me rendant delà Leipzig, j'ai été arrêté par quelques soldats des avant-postes, qui m'ont mené à Gera chez le Grand Duc de Berg; et S. A.

* Behold, Sire, the young Englishman of whom I have just spoken to your Majesty.

† Who are you?

‡ Sire, I am a subject of his Britannic Majesty.

§ Where do you come from?

m'a envoyé ici pour avoir l'honneur d'être examiné par V. M."* "Par où êtes-vous passé?" "Sire, je suis passé par Weimar, Erfurt, et Jena, d'où n'ayant pas pu procurer des chevaux pour nous conduire plus loin que jusqu'à Gleina——" "Où est Gleina? et qu'est-ce que c'est?" "Gleina, Sire, est un petit village, appartenant au Duc de Gotha."†

Upon hearing that I had passed through these places, he paused, and then said, "Tracez-moi le plan de votre route."‡ He then sat down at a table, on which a map of Germany was spread, in every respect similar to the one which I had seen at the Grand Duke's. Berthier was seated at a smaller table, in the corner of the room, to take notes of what passed. I stood at Napoleon's left hand, and the Count placed himself exactly opposite. Napoleon, as soon as he had seated himself, placed his right elbow on the table, and leaning his face upon his thumb and forefinger, looked me full in the face, and said, "Quel jour êtes vous parti de Gotha?"§ At that moment I had forgotten the exact day of our departure; and, knowing the great importance of accuracy in regard to dates, I began to calculate backwards from that day, to the one upon which we left Gotha. This pause, though but a short one, excited the Emperor's impatience, and he repeated, in rather an angry tone, "Je vous demande, quel jour êtes-vous parti de Gotha?"|| His abrupt manner, and a significant look, which I saw him exchange with Berthier, would have very much interrupted my calculation, had I not fortunately at that moment concluded it, and named the exact day of our departure. He then looked for Gotha in the map, and asked me a number of questions as to the strength of the Prussians in that place,—the reports prevalent in regard to their probable movements, &c. He next sought out Erfurt, and

* Sire, I come from Gotha in Saxony; and in going from thence to Leipzig, I was detained by some soldiers of the advanced guard, who brought me to the house of the Grand Duke of Berg, at Gera, and his highness sent me here to have the honour of being examined by your Majesty.

† Which road did you come by?—Sire, I came by Weimar, Erfurt, and Jena; from whence, not having been able to procure horses to take us further than Gleina———Where is Glein, and what is it?—Sire, Gleina is a small village belonging to the Duke of Gotha.

‡ Trace out the plan of your route.

§ On what day did you leave Gotha?

|| I ask you, what day did you leave Gotha?

inquired whether I had observed any troops in motion between the two places? He was very minute in his interrogatories with regard to Erfurt. He asked how strong the garrison was there? I replied, that this was a point which I had not had any opportunity to ascertain. He asked me if I had been at the parade? I replied in the affirmative. "How many regiments were present?" "Sire, I cannot tell;—the Duke of Brunswick was then at Erfurt, and there seemed to be almost as many officers as soldiers assembled on the parade." "Is Erfurt a well-fortified town?" "Sire, I know very little about the strength of fortifications." "Y a-t-il un Château à Erfurt?" * Upon this point I felt some doubts; but was afraid to plead ignorance again, lest he should imagine that it was feigned. I, therefore, boldly said, "Oui, sire, il y a un Château." † After inquiring whether I had made any observations on the road between Erfurt and Weimar, he proceeded to question me minutely as to the state of the latter place,—the number of troops quartered there,—the destination of the Grand Duke, &c.

On my mentioning that Jena was the next place at which we stopped, Napoleon did not immediately discover its exact situation on the map. I, therefore, had the honour to point to it with my finger, and show him the place at which he so soon afterwards achieved so brilliant and decisive a victory. He inquired who commanded at Jena,—what was the state of the town,—whether I knew any particulars about the garrison, &c.; and then made similar inquiries with regard to Gleina and the intervening road.

Having followed up the investigation until the moment when we were arrested, he paused, and looked at me very earnestly. I may here remark, that he put no questions to me in regard to my parentage or situation in life. I presume, that these particulars had been fully explained to him by Count Frohberg. "Comment! (said he) voulez-vous que je croie tout ce que vous dites? Les Anglois ne voyagent pas ordinairement à pied sans domestique, et comme cela—" ‡ (looking at my dress, which consisted in an old box-coat of rough and dark materials, which

* Is there a castle at Erfurt?

† Yes, Sire, there is a castle.

‡ How, said he, would you have me believe all that you say? The English do not commonly travel on foot without a servant, and in such a dress.

I had for some time previously only worn as a cover round my legs, when travelling in a carriage, but which I had been glad to resume as an article of dress, over my other clothes, when obliged to travel on foot). “Il est vrai, Sire,” I replied, “que cela peut paroître un peu singulier, mais des circonstances impérieuses, et l'impossibilité de trouver des chevaux, nous ont obligés à cette démarche : d'ailleurs, je crois que j'ai dans ma poche des lettres qui prouveront la vérité de tout ce que j'ai dit au sujet de moi-même.”*

I then drew out of the pocket of the old box-coat some letters, which had accidentally lain there since I received them during the preceding year ; and I also produced, from another pocket, some communications of a more recent date. When I laid these upon the table, Napoleon pushed them quickly towards Count Frohberg, nodding to him at the same time rapidly with his head. The Count immediately took up the letters, and said to the Emperor, whilst opening them, that, from having examined and conversed with me during our journey, he thought he could be responsible for the truth of everything I had said.

After cursorily glancing through some of the papers, he said, “These letters are of no consequence, and quite of a private nature : for instance, here is one from Mr. Sinclair's father, in which, after reminding him of the attention he had paid to the Greek and Latin languages in England, he expresses a hope that the same care will be bestowed upon the acquisition of the French and German abroad.”

Napoleon's features here relaxed into a smile ; and I never can forget the kindness with which he eyed me, whilst he said, “Vous avez donc appris le Grec et le Latin ; quels auteurs avez-vous lu ?”†

Not a little surprised at this unexpected question, I mentioned Homer, Thucydides, Cicero, and Horace ; upon which he replied, “C'est bien, c'est fort bien ;”‡ and then turning to Berthier, he added, “Je ne crois pas que ce jeune homme soit espion ;

* It is true, Sire, that such conduct may appear a little singular ; but imperious circumstances, and the impossibility of procuring horses, have obliged us to take this step ; and I believe I have letters in my pocket which will prove the truth of the account I have given of myself.

† You have then learnt Greek and Latin ; what authors have you studied ?

‡ That is good, very good.

mais l'autre, qui est avec lui, le sera, et aura amené ce jeune homme avec lui pour être moins suspect.”* He then made a slight inclination of the head, as a signal for me to retire ; upon which I bowed profoundly, and passed into the antechamber ; after which Mr. Regel was introduced.

This was the first and last occasion on which I ever beheld Napoleon. The expression of his countenance remains indelibly present to my mind ; it was at that time thin and sallow ; but every feature beamed with intelligence. I was more particularly struck with the penetrating glance of his eye, which seemed, if I may so express myself, to anticipate the answer to every question, by reading it intuitively in the soul. His manner was at first somewhat repulsive and abrupt, but became gradually softer, and in the end quite prepossessing. There were several words, which I felt some difficulty to express in French ; amongst which, I remember, were “ baggage-waggons ” and “ wheel-barrow.” He himself, however, immediately suggested the appropriate terms ; and it appeared to me, that nothing could surpass the lucid and comprehensive nature of all his questions and remarks. He omitted nothing that was necessary, and asked nothing that was superfluous. I entered his apartment under the impression, that I was allowed to appear before the greatest man of the age. My prejudices against him, I must admit, were very strong. I considered him as the implacable enemy of my country, and the restless subjugator of Europe ; but I could not quit his presence without admiring the acuteness of his intellect, and feeling the fascination of his smile.†

After descending the staircase, I repaired to a kind of bonfire, which was burning not far from the house, and around which there were a number of French soldiers ; some of whom were sleeping, and some conversing with much noise and gesticulation. One of the latter, who was leaning his head upon his elbow, eyed me very contemptuously, and, addressing me in the very same words which Napoleon had used, exclaimed, “ Qui êtes-vous ? ” Not thinking it necessary to treat him with much ceremony,

* I do not think this young man is a spy, but the other who is with him is probably one, and has brought this young man to avoid suspicion.

† It is a circumstance not unworthy of remark, that of the four individuals present at this interview, I am now—1820—the only survivor.

and supposing that, by such a declaration, I should command some portion of his respect, I drew up, and replied with a frown, “*Je suis étranger, et je viens d'avoir l'honneur d'être examiné par S. M. l'Empereur et Roi.*”* This, however, did not produce the desired effect; for the soldier only looked at me still more indignantly, and exclaimed, “*Pardi, on voit bien que c'est à présent tems de guerre: en tems de paix, tu ne pourrois pas t'approcher de l'Empereur de trois cents pas.*”† He then turned his head away, and no farther notice was taken of me, either by him or by any of the others.

Mr. Regel, in the mean time, was examined by the Emperor, and returned nearly similar answers to nearly similar queries; but when he stated, that private affairs had rendered us anxious to reach Leipzig without delay, Napoleon interrupted him, and said, What private affairs could be of sufficient importance to make you resolve upon passing through two hostile armies? I can't conceive that *private affairs alone* could have induced you to take this step. Mr. Regel replied, that we were provided with the necessary passports for passing through the Prussian army, without any molestation; and that, with respect to the French, we had no expectation of falling into their hands; for we supposed, that they were advancing in a quite opposite direction; nay, he believed, that such was the opinion of the Prussians, and of the Duke of Brunswick himself. Napoleon then exclaimed with a smile, “*Ce sont des perruques. Ils se sont furieusement trompés.*”‡

As soon as Mr. Regel's examination was over, Napoleon said to Count Frohberg, “*Retenez-les quelques jours, jusqu'à ce que quelque chose de décisif sera arrivé; et puis renvoyez-les.*”§

Mr. Regel then joined me in the street. We repaired to a kind of public-house in the neighbourhood, and entered one of the rooms. We here found many soldiers lying upon chairs, or stretched on the floor: bottles, glasses, spilt wine, and beer,

* I am a stranger, and I have just had the honour of being examined by the Emperor.

† Pardi! It is pretty apparent that this is the time of war. In time of peace you would not be permitted to approach the Emperor by 300 paces.

‡ They are blockheads. They have prodigiously deceived themselves.

§ Detain them for some days till something decisive has happened, and then dismiss them.

fragments of victuals, &c. lay in confusion on the table ; the odour and appearance of the whole apartment were equally offensive and disgusting. I threw open one of the windows, and sat there in the hope that I might still have an opportunity to see my friend Count Frohberg ; nor was I disappointed ; for, in about an hour, he passed within sight of the window. On my calling to him, he came to me immediately ; and, having predetermined what to say to him, "My dear Count," I exclaimed, "you have been in England ; and acknowledge, that you there met with much kindness and hospitality. I hope, that you will avail yourself of this opportunity (the only one which ever may occur) to show your gratitude for the attentions you experienced. Pray return to the Emperor, and expostulate with him upon the cruelty of leaving us in this forlorn place ; more especially as we have fallen into his hands upon neutral ground, and without any evil design. I hope that his Majesty will at any rate permit us to return to Gera, where we shall find our baggage, where our situation will be far more comfortable, and where we shall be equally unable to do any mischief, even if such were our intention or our wish."

The Count readily complied with my request ; and returning almost immediately, informed me, that we had leave to return to Gera, and that the Emperor had added with a smile, "Quant au jeune homme, dites lui que je suis fort content de la naïveté de ses réponses."*

The Count kindly accommodated us with the use of the carriage, which had brought us to Auma. He himself, I believe, returned on horseback. We soon found ourselves in the midst of a long file of waggons and carriages, on many of which were written, "Le Ministre de la Guerre." Cavalry and foot soldiers preceded, followed, and surrounded us on every side, and the whole scene was busy, brilliant, and impressive.

On arriving at Gera, we put up at the post-house, where we were unable at first to procure beds ; the whole house being occupied by persons connected with the *Grande Armée*. Many interesting occurrences took place whilst we continued in this house. I never can forget the sensations, with which I saw

* As for the young man, tell him that I am very well pleased with the naïveté of his answers.

successive regiments march through the town. They all seemed to be in the highest spirits. Their martial music was more varied and animating than any which I ever heard, either before or since. The cavalry, though perhaps not so well mounted as some other troops which I afterwards saw, were peculiarly striking in their personal appearance ; and I could not but admire more particularly the grace, dexterity, and splendid accoutrements of the officers.

I acted, in general, as interpreter at the post-house. Many an officer, of various rank, came in and exclaimed, “ Y a-t-il quelqu'un ici qui parle François ? ”* And upon my signifying, that I believed I could make myself intelligible in that language, more than one of them replied, “ Ah ! voilà enfin un homme raisonnable.”†

The postmaster's situation was a very trying one, and he conducted himself with much temper and propriety. The most unreasonable and incompatible requests were made to him every moment. There were constant demands for provisions, beds, horses, stabling, hay, corn, &c. when his supplies had long since been in a great measure exhausted. “ Faites comprendre à cet Allemand,” said an officer of rank, (and this happened repeatedly,) “ qu'il faut que j'aie un lit ici ce soir.”‡ It was in vain that the postmaster conveyed to him, through me, the true but unwelcome intelligence, that he had not a single bed to give him ; all the rooms, and even his own, being already occupied by French officers. “ Cela n'est pas mon affaire,” replied the other. “ Que ces officiers s'arrangent le mieux qu'ils pourraient.”§ “ I am an aide-de-camp of Marshal ——, and must have a bed, whatever happens.”

Amongst others, my friend Count Frohberg authoritatively demanded lodgings. The postmaster shrugged up his shoulders, and exclaimed, “ So muss ich ein fürstliches Zimmer aufmachen ! ” and he at last gave up some apartments, reserved, as I understood, for the accommodation of one of the sovereign

* Is there any one here who speaks French ?

† Ah ! here is at last a man of sense.

‡ Make that German understand that I must have a bed here to-night.

§ That is no business of mine. Let those officers make themselves as comfortable as they can.

Princes of Reuss. The Count was so obliging as to procure one of these rooms for my use during one night. The next morning he also obtained permission for us to reside on parole at the house of Mr. Weissenborn, a friend of Mr. Regel's, who resided a little way beyond the town, and who received us with the greatest kindness. He held a very respectable situation under the Prince of Reuss, and behaved, in very trying circumstances, with great firmness and urbanity.* His house had been several times plundered; but before we came and brought our baggage there, a guard had been stationed for its protection. Mr. W. not only had several officers and soldiers quartered successively in his house, but was constantly annoyed by demands for rations, forage, &c. Amid all his difficulties, I never saw him lose his temper, though many circumstances occurred to irritate and annoy him. I was informed, that many of the houses in the neighbourhood were plundered in the most wanton manner; that the locks were sometimes forced open, even when the keys were tendered to the marauders; that they often broke bottles of vinegar, when disappointed in their expectation of finding wine; and that scenes were everywhere exhibited of wasteful and unfeeling outrage.

We here received the bulletins of the progress of the French army with great regularity, and heard from the top of a church the distant sounds of the cannonade of the fatal battle of Jena. Nor was it possible to reflect without shuddering, that every report, which faintly reached our ears, indicated the continuance of slaughter and desolation, and would cause the tears of the widow to flow, and the heart of the orphan to bleed.

I learned with more sorrow than surprise the event of this decisive action, by which the chains of Germany were, for a time, more strongly riveted than ever. I shall not attempt to describe our own silent consternation, or the triumphant enthusiasm of the French troops, with whom we had an opportunity to converse, whilst they were eagerly advancing to join their victorious comrades.

The French commandant at Gera delayed for several days, under various pretexts, to furnish us with passports; but I at

* I again experienced a most kind reception from my worthy friend, when I revisited Germany in 1816.

length contrived to see him ; and, after reminding him, that his orders were to detain us, until something decisive had taken place, I asked him whether this had not already been realized to the greatest possible extent ? He laughed, and told me, that he believed I could not now do any harm, if I were ever so willing. He accordingly signed my passport, and we set out as soon as possible for Altenburg, where I parted from my friend Mr. Regel, and proceeded alone to Dresden.

I here experienced a very civil reception from the French commandant, Col. Thiard ; but although I might detail many circumstances which I remember with peculiar interest, and which might not be devoid of importance in the eyes of the reader, I think it more advisable here to close the narrative of events, which I have perhaps recorded with too much minuteness, but which afford to me a never-failing source of varied and pleasing retrospection.

As might be expected, the narrative which Mr. Sinclair gave on his return to England of his personal interview with the first Napoleon, who was at that time at the very height of his military glory, excited the greatest interest in the aristocratic circles of London. In itself the narrative possessed attractions of no common kind, but when told by Mr. Sinclair in his own winning manner its inherent interest was greatly increased ; for, in the course of a prolonged life, in which I have met with many persons eminent for the way in which they could tell a story, I have met with but few who could do so more effectively than the friend who is the subject of these pages. But the incessant importunities addressed to him for a repetition of the narrative, though often coming from the highest and most beautiful in the land, wearied Mr. Sinclair, and made him resolve that under “no conceivable class of circumstances would he again be prevailed on to renew the recital of the ‘oft-told

tale.’’ If the story was not literally encored, just as the superior acting of an actor or actress is on the stage, there were aristocratic lady leaders of the fashion at that early period in the present century’s history, who besought Mr. Sinclair to repeat his narrative whenever they met him in the fashionable *salons* of London. The Duchess of Brunswick, in particular, admired the story and Mr. Sinclair’s mode of telling it so much, that she would not have tired of hearing it had it been repeated in her presence every day of the week. I believe it was chiefly because of her Grace’s solicitations for its repetition, almost on every occasion in which she met with Mr. Sinclair in the drawing rooms of Mayfair, that he was, as it were, compelled to come to the resolution to resist all entreaties to recite any more his popular narrative,—much too popular for his own comfort.

Sir George Sinclair,—for Mr. Sinclair had long before this succeeded to the baronetcy of his father—in a letter addressed to the *Northern Ensign*, made an emphatic reference to the incidents here so graphically described, on the anniversary of the battle of Jena, in the year 1861,—exactly fifty-five years afterwards. What a lengthened interval! I subjoin some of the remarks and reflections of Sir George, which had been called forth by the recent conduct of Prussia in fraternising with so much seeming cordiality with the Emperor of the French :—

This is the anniversary of an event which, in Butler’s Chronological Exercises,—a work of which my friend Carlyle, when here [in Thurso Castle] expressed high approval,—I find thus described :—“October 14th, 1806. A dreadful engagement near

Jena between the French and Prussians, which proved extremely disastrous to the latter. This is sometimes called the battle of Anerst, from an adjacent village. The Emperor Napoleon and the King of Prussia commanded their respective forces, and both armies displayed the greatest bravery."

During my detention, before and after the battle,—a detention considerably longer than my friend was aware of,—I had frequent opportunities to witness, or hear of, the cruelty and capriciousness of the Bonapartist soldiers and officers, and the prostrate helplessness of the Germans; for at the hospitable mansion near Gera, which I inhabited for several days, not only was the well-stocked cellar completely emptied, but all the vinegar bottles broken by the disappointed and infuriated bandits. I need not add that all the money and much of the clothing were carried away. The house of a much esteemed professor was completely stripped, and all his books and manuscripts wantonly tossed out of the windows.

I was credibly informed that Bonaparte lodged at the palace of one of the Princes of Reuss, who, with much emotion, pointed out to him a burning village in his "neutral" dominions, on which he had bestowed much pains and expense. The Corsican shrugged up his shoulders, looked at him with a sardonic grin, and said, "You have chosen war, and must take the consequences,"—an insulting sarcasm on a petty but popular sovereign, who was wholly guiltless of any proceedings by which hostilities could have been either occasioned or justified. I am old enough to have been personally cognisant of the insults, exactions, and oppressions which Germany, and especially Prussia, endured from Bonaparte and his myrmidons, until, maddened by despair and exasperation, they rose as one man against the most unprincipled ruffian who ever wore the Imperial mantle; and at length, with the assistance of their loyal and like-minded allies, not only expelled him from their own country, but succeeded in hurling him from his ill-gotten throne, and emancipating France from his ignominious yoke. The confederated sovereigns displayed the most consummate wisdom by adopting the determination never to acknowledge any member of the Corsican family as ruler of the realm which he had brought to the brink of ruin, and whose resources he had wasted in un-

provoked wars, undertaken from a base and blood-thirsty spirit of vindictiveness, vain-glory, and ambition.

During Mr. Sinclair's residence in Germany, after he had completed his education in that country, he met with much of the highest and choicest society in Austria and Prussia. His facility of acquiring the knowledge of languages when at Harrow was the subject of wonder alike to tutors and to his fellow pupils at that celebrated seminary of learning, but it made itself more manifest still during his stay in Germany. On one occasion he was dining at the court of Prussia, when an interesting and animated discussion sprang up on some topic which occupied public attention at the time. One of the party, who was an accomplished person, took an erroneous view of the matter in dispute, but every one present was afraid to enter the lists with him, till Mr. Sinclair, who was seated near the king, had the courage to do so, and to the surprise of the king—father of the present King of Prussia—and of everyone constituting the guests of royalty, not only triumphantly refuted the arguments of the other, but did so in such pure German, that the king, turning to the nobleman who had introduced him to the Prussian court, said, in half-indignant tones, under the impression that Mr. Sinclair was a native of Germany,—"I thought you told me he was an Englishman." But it was not in the German language alone that Mr. Sinclair made marvellous progress. He was equally successful in acquiring a wonderful knowledge of every branch of learning to the study of which he applied himself. And whatever he once learnt he never forgot. Of his most retentive memory, I had, in the latter part of his life, many striking proofs.

The Germans, as every one knows, are a remarkable people for the aptitude they possess for mastering foreign languages, and as a body they are proud of the fact. Mr. Sinclair used to tell an amusing anecdote in connection with this German pride of the facility with which they can acquire a knowledge of foreign languages. When he was at the court of Austria, Count Rosenberg specially prided himself on his fancied knowledge of the English language. In conversation with Mr. Sinclair, the Count asked him to correct him if he ever, when speaking English, made use of a wrong word. Mr. Sinclair, as might be expected, courteously undertook to comply with his request. A few days afterwards, the Count asked Mr. Sinclair whether he "had not been at the ball the evening before ?" Mr. Sinclair answered that he had not been at any ball on the night in question. "I am certain," said the Count, "that I saw you in one of the boxes." "Oh ! you mean," remarked Mr. Sinclair, "the opera. Yes ; I was there ; but I must explain to you, that we do not, in England, call the dancing at the opera a *ball*, but the *ballet*." Count Rosenberg replied, "No ; in French it is *ballet*, but in English it is *ball*." Mr. Sinclair rejoined, "Surely, Count, you must admit that I am likely to be correct in speaking my own language !" "No ;" said the Count, mortified to think that his knowledge of the English language, on which he so much plumed himself, was thus so grievously at fault ; "No ; you have been so long out of your own country, that you have forgotten your own language !"

CHAPTER III.

Return to England—His election as Member of Parliament for Caithness—His *début* as a speaker in the House of Commons—His Marriage with Miss Camilla Manners, daughter of Sir William Manners—Second Tour to the Continent—Intimacy with Mr. Joseph Hume—Letters from the Latter.

MR. SINCLAIR had not been long in his native country, after his return from the Continent, before he was chosen member of Parliament for the county of Caithness. He succeeded his father, Sir John, who was obliged to vacate his seat in consequence of his acceptance of the chairmanship of the Board of Excise. He was one of the very few members of the representative branch of the imperial Legislature, whose names are to be met with in the history of the House of Commons, that were returned to Parliament before they had attained their majority. He was chosen to represent the constituency of Caithness-shire in the House of Commons when he was only in his twentieth year. It was a curious coincidence that Sir Robert Peel, with whom, as Mr. Peel, Mr. Sinclair was so intimate, when school-fellows at Harrow, should have entered Parliament at nearly the same time. The reputation of both the young men, for talents of no common order, had gone before them ; and when they took their places in St. Stephen's, the greatest interest was felt both within and without the walls of Parliament, to see which

of the two was destined to achieve pre-eminence in the representative branch of the Legislature. Those who were personally acquainted with both, knew that Mr. Peel had one great advantage over Mr. Sinclair, namely, that he was deeply imbued with the spirit of ambition, and was prepared to leave no stone unturned, consistent with personal honour, to achieve a high reputation and standing in parliament; whereas Mr. Sinclair, while most scrupulously doing everything that was patriotic and right, was constitutionally remarkable for his modesty, and would not, on any account, however great the prize within his reach, have resorted to any expedient which was at variance, in however small a degree, with his own convictions of what was strictly moral and honourable. The result was what might have been expected. It was the universal feeling that, while Mr. Sinclair far surpassed his personal friend and parliamentary rival in general knowledge and general literary attainments, Mr. Peel was the most effective speaker, and possessed other qualifications for office which, with his family relationships, were sure to pave for him the way to a prominent position in the Government of the country.

But though there was much less of the clap-trap speaker in Mr. Sinclair than there was in Mr. Peel—indeed, I ought to say rather, there was none—it was confessed on all hands that, so far as extensive and varied information and classical eloquence were concerned, there were then few men in the House of Commons, if we except Mr. Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham, and Mr. Canning, whose speeches could, in the respects I have mentioned, compare with those of Mr. Sinclair. But we all know the destiny, as public men, of the two

fellow-students and friends at Harrow. The ambition of Mr. Peel, growing as he advanced in years, blended as it was with great energy, was soon gratified. He had not been long in Parliament before he raised himself to great distinction, ultimately became leader of the House, and in due time, as every one knows, Prime Minister. Mr. Sinclair was the very reverse of Mr. Peel in relation to the qualities of ambition, energy, and perseverance. He was a singularly modest and retiring man. He never dreamt of accepting a prominent place in the Government of the country ; nor, indeed, did he aspire at being in any sense a public man. He sought not popular applause, but was content with the still small voice within, which whispered approval of what he said and what he did, whether in the House of Commons, the drawing-rooms of the great, or in the less pretentious circles of society. In politics he was a moderate Liberal, but he was a man of too high character, too upright, too independent, to be influenced in the House of Commons, whether as regarded the speeches he made, or the votes he gave, by mere party considerations. The great question with Mr. Sinclair was,—“ What is right ? ” And according to the conclusion to which he came on the matter, was the course which he adopted. But these are points to which I shall have occasion to refer more fully in future pages of my volume.

It is an interesting fact that, while Mr. George Sinclair was the youngest on the list of freeholders of the county of Caithness, who constituted the twenty-two electors who then formed its constituency, he should have been chosen to represent it in Parliament. It is a no less interesting fact, that he should have outlived by several

years every one of the twenty-one electors by whom he was thus first returned to the Legislature.

Scarcely had Mr. Sinclair, though a mere youth—hardly, indeed, having fairly emerged from boyhood—entered parliament, than he attracted the attention and won the admiration of Mr. Percival, then the Prime Minister of the British empire. So much, indeed, did Mr. Percival appreciate the abilities of Mr. Sinclair, that on one occasion he did him the honour of asking him to move the answer to the address from the Throne. Probably no one equally young had ever before been called on to perform so important a political duty. And the more Mr. Percival came to know of young Mr. Sinclair, the greater was his respect for him personally, and his appreciation of his accomplishments and abilities. It will serve to show how very desirous the then Prime Minister of the country was to secure the political support of the youthful legislator to his administration, that, on the latter avowing, at that early period of his parliamentary career, his attachment to and intended advocacy of the cause of moderate parliamentary reform, Mr. Percival wrote to him a letter of some length, in which occurs the following passage:—“I should not be acting with that openness towards you with which you have honoured me, if I did not express my regret (I have no right, and have no idea of presuming, to do more) that you are likely to exhibit another instance of a young, ardent, intelligent, but inexperienced mind, which, caught by the plausibilities of Theory, will be led to countenance alterations whereof no human wisdom can foresee the practical result, on a Constitution which, whatever imperfections may belong to it, has been practically the

cause and the instrument of procuring to this country a degree of liberty and prosperity never known to exist in any country or under any Government upon earth. You ask, I am sure formally, to observe that our Constitution has also this additional claim to our support, at the present time, because it has hitherto proved sufficient to secure itself, and all that depends upon it, in times when all other Constitutions have been crumbling under the effects of their convulsions, which similar theories have occasioned elsewhere. But I have no doubt, before you take a decisive step on this subject, you will first form, perhaps have already formed, a dispassionate estimate of the blessings which you put to hazard by any alteration, compared with the improvements in prospect, without forgetting the possibility at least of mistake, and the certainty of ruin to all we now enjoy, which, if your reforms should not answer, the result of your experiment would produce.” To the letter from Mr. Percival in which this passage occurs, Mr. Sinclair returned the following answer; in which will be seen the promise of that independence and political integrity which was so strikingly fulfilled during the whole of his prolonged public career, and which, as I can most emphatically affirm from my great intimacy with him, he exemplified from the time of his quitting parliament until the day of his death. “ My dear Sir,” said Mr. Sinclair, in answer to the letter from Mr. Percival, from which I have made a quotation, “ One act of kindness frequently produces the same effects as an acquaintance of many years; and as the letter with which you honoured me last night contains such sentiments as no one but a real well-wisher could express, I trust that where silence would be un-

grateful, you will not consider gratitude as importunate. Allow me, therefore, to return you my sincere thanks for the favourable reception which my letter experienced, and for the candid and truly friendly tenor of the answer. Any observations of yours upon any subject must always carry with them very great weight, and the more important the subject is, the greater must be the diffidence of those who may happen to differ from you in opinion. Having obtained a seat in Parliament at a much earlier period of life than I either desired or expected, I am conscious that the liability to error, which is common to all mankind, must necessarily be almost inseparable from youth and inexperience. My chief reason for supporting a moderate reform in Parliament is, that it would tend to increase the confidence of the nation in their representatives, if the mode of election were more free, and if the number of burghs dependent upon individual control were diminished; but nothing is further from my thoughts or from my wishes than to support any measure calculated to produce any wanton or dangerous innovation. That in these opinions I may be mistaken, I most readily admit, and of the two alternatives I would rather do nothing than run the hazard of doing too much. But I forget how inconsiderately I am intruding upon your patience. I know that from you it is impossible to steal an hour and not defraud the public weal."

Within a few years of Mr. Sinclair's entering Parliament, one of the most important events of his life took place. I refer to his marriage, in the year 1816. For some time previously he had been paying special attentions to Catherine Camilla, second daughter of Sir William and Lady Manners. Her paternal grandmother was

Louisa Manners, afterwards Countess of Dysart in her own right. Mrs. Sinclair was sister of the Earl of Dysart, who is still alive. In passing, I may remark, that Mrs. Sinclair's grandmother, the Countess of Dysart, was acknowledged by universal consent to have been one of the greatest beauties at the Court of George the Third, before his lamentable mental illness may be said to have put an end to his Court, in the sense in which the latter word is usually understood. The Countess of Dysart had three daughters, all of them great beauties; but it was the universal impression in aristocratic circles, that even after her daughters, beautiful as they were, had emerged from their teens, her beauty still transcended theirs. I ought to add, that probably there is no instance on record, in the higher walks of life, in which any lady retained her surpassing beauty so long as did the Countess of Dysart. Even when she was so far advanced in life as to be considerably beyond the threescore years and ten, the allotted period of human life, she could scarcely be said to have lost a single trace of that beauty which elicited the admiration of all who saw her when she had emerged into womanhood. She lived to the very advanced age of ninety-four, when she died at Kew, where she had resided for many years. What is more wonderful still, is the fact that, though she had been blind for ten or twelve years before her death, she took as deep an interest in all that related to the literature of her day, and as to what took place in the world of fashion, as when she was in the prime of life. This fact has been related to me by the brother-in-law of the lady whom she chose for her companion, and who habitually read to her every work, —but more especially works of fiction—as it came from

the press,—which attracted any amount of attention in the world of literature.

It was, as I have said, to Miss Camilla Manners, the grand-daughter of this distinguished beauty, and in many respects wonderful woman, that Mr. Sinclair had for some time been paying his addresses. On the 1st of May, 1816, they were married. Miss Manners is described, in a reference made to her in a memoir of her husband, as being tall, very handsome, and graceful, resembling her aunt, the beautiful Countess of Fife, whose painful death—from her lap-dog when in a rabid state licking her face—caused such general mourning in Scotland in 1805. Though I had not the privilege of Miss Manners' personal acquaintance at the period of her marriage, nor for a goodly number of years thereafter, yet I can easily conceive what a handsome woman she must at that time have been, from what she was when I became acquainted with her, as Lady Camilla Sinclair. She was as fine a specimen of a thorough lady, alike in her tastes and manners, as one could anywhere meet with; while with her graceful bearing there was blended a geniality which made every one at perfect ease who was privileged to be in her society.

The marriage of Mr. Sinclair with Miss Camilla Manners proved, as might be expected from the fact of its being a marriage of pure affection, an exceedingly happy one. In confirmation of this, and as showing to what an estimable lady Mr. Sinclair had united his domestic destinies in life, I transfer to my pages one of many similar letters which Mrs. Sinclair wrote to her husband during those temporary separations which circumstances rendered necessary. But this letter is one of many

which are valuable, as not only illustrative of the union of hearts, and consequent domestic happiness, which subsisted between the writer and her husband, but of the evangelical views which she entertained on religious subjects.

Ham House, Dec. 5th, 1818.

MY DEAREST GEORGE,

As this is the last letter I shall know where to direct, I am unwilling to lose the opportunity, although you have not been so liberal in scribbling as usual ; but your travelling about is a sufficient reason. I was charmed with your delightful letter, which I received yesterday—so pious, so affectionate, and so rational. It is my greatest delight, my dearest love, to find you so occupied with the things of the next life, the one grand object which should engross us, and fill up every void in the heart and mind. I can look forward with hope and faith that through the atonement of our Saviour and the regeneration of our hearts by his Holy Spirit, our names will be enrolled in the book of life, and that we shall enjoy together an eternity of happiness. This is a delight which God does not grant to all, to have a husband who has such serious impressions as you have, and who is an additional spur for me to press forward to gain the prize, and a bright example of early piety. Go on, my dear love, in the path you now are, and endeavour to wean your affections more and more from the things of this life, that you may transfer them to heaven. I am as well and as happy as possible. Have I not everything, with one exception, that heart can wish ? a husband who is at once my lover and my friend, beautiful children, and the kindest relations, besides health to appreciate all the comforts of life. Among the minor comforts I would reckon local advantage, as this spot, particularly after absence, causes me the most pleasing and enthusiastic sensations. I love Petersham with a fondness I can never transfer to any other spot, and Ham because it is so near it. Emilia is much less shy, and goes to grandmamma and aunt Margaret, and is very merry in the drawing-room of an evening, singing Hie for Maeker John, etc., etc. Little Dudley is a fine fellow, and is said to have his mamma's eyes. His nose is long, and his chin

is thought like yours. The two children are now better friends than they were. Emilia is of course the most entertaining, and a very great amusement to me. Your mother and sisters are well and very happy. Farewell till we embrace again. I long for that moment. It will be next Saturday at farthest, I trust. I kiss this paper for you.

My dear George,
Your most attached
CAMILLA SINCLAIR.

A few words may be needful here in order to make this letter fully understood. Ham House, from which it is dated, and in which Mrs. Sinclair was on a visit at the time to her relative, the Countess of Dysart, is about a mile and a half above Richmond, on the left-hand side of the Thames. It is an imposing, massive structure, with a palatial appearance like the mansions of the olden times. Probably few mansions in Great Britain can boast of more numerous traditions of historical interest. It is especially celebrated as the place in which the Cabal held their sittings, in the reign of Charles the Second, to whose proceedings Hume and all our other English historians have devoted much of their space. The parties constituting the Cabal were five in number. Their names were Lord Clifford, Lord Ashley, the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Arlington, and Lord Lauderdale, and they assembled together from time to time in the capacity of conspirators, to carry out the views and wishes of that monarch, whatever they might be,—no matter how much at variance with the civil and religious liberties of the land. They were first called the Cabal by Bishop Burnet, because the first letters of their names formed the word Cabal,—Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale. Ham House is still a great object

of interest to all intelligent persons who are fortunate enough to obtain admission to it. I have, at intervals, for years past, been in Ham House; but on one occasion I spent a part of a day in it, in company with Miss Agnes Strickland, author of the "Queens of England," and, benefiting by her almost unequalled, certainly unsurpassed, knowledge of English history, acquired an amount of information regarding the royalty of the country, from the time of Alfred down to the end of the last century, which, I believe, could not be obtained in any other mansion in Great Britain. Ham House is enriched with pictures, sculptures, and other interesting memorials of past ages, and the more interesting of these Miss Strickland explained to me, with a fulness and with a graphic effect which probably no other living person could have done.

There is another point in Mrs. Sinclair's letter to her husband which requires a passing notice. She refers to his religious views. It is right I should remark, that the circumstance which she had in her eye, when she alludes to her delight at finding from a letter of his to her, to which this is an answer,—that his religious sentiments are now so sound and so scriptural, is that of his having, during his residence in Germany, become in some measure tainted by the Rationalism then, as now, prevalent there. Though nothing transpires in this letter of Mrs. Sinclair's to her husband, to give the slightest ground to suppose that she had any hand in bringing him out of his Rationalistic errors, she was, in the hands of Divine Providence, the principal means by which the deliverance was accomplished.

I have lying before me a letter from Mr. Sinclair to

Mrs. Sinclair, which is obviously an answer to some letter from her, similar to that which I have just quoted. I give this letter because it shows that he was no less happy in his wedded life than Mrs. Sinclair, and that the most perfect accord existed between them in relation to their religious sentiments.

Boulogne, June 4, 1822.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Your sensible and affectionate letter delighted me beyond measure; nothing can be more rational, than your increasing indifference with regard to the noisy and frivolous pleasures of London; nothing more kind and amiable than your anxiety for the welfare and happiness of your husband and children. For my own part, I am never more contented than in the bosom of my family; and I hope that my mind is in some degree weaned from an attachment to certain illusions, which education, example, habit, and practice, had for some time fostered and encouraged. I am, undoubtedly, conscious that my triumph is very imperfect—that I cannot be too vigilantly on my guard against the deceitfulness of my own heart—that vanity and selfishness too often govern and mislead me—that my temper is still too often hasty and irritable—that I am sometimes not adequately grateful to God for the unmerited mercies I enjoy. But I should indeed be ungrateful to my heavenly Father, if I did not feel that some improvement has been wrought; that I am more humble, more contrite, more satisfied, than I once was; and am now more frequently enabled to worship Him in spirit and in truth. I took a walk last night on the beach—which is one of the finest and most extensive I ever saw—and read some of the psalms and prophets, whilst surrounded by the wondrous works of God. I felt for a time the purest and most unspeakable joy—my conversation was in Heaven, and my eyes were involuntarily filled with tears of gratitude and love. I experienced, it is true, very poignant feelings of humiliation when I reflected upon my own blindness, folly, and stubbornness; but then the Father of mercies and God of all comfort permitted me to consider the height, the depth, the length, and the breadth

of His redeeming love and mercy, which appeared to me as clear, and as wise, and as wonderful, as the works of creation and providence which my delighted eye contemplated ; and the future happiness of the justified through Christ Jesus, though seen as through a glass darkly, filled my heart with confidence and transport. Alas, the human mind—at least so weak a one as mine—cannot long indulge in these visions of spiritual joy ; the objects of sense, and the cares of life, too soon recall the soul from Heaven to earth : but it is indeed a glorious privilege to be sometimes, even for a few moments, permitted to enter into communion with God, and feel that his Spirit dwells in the heart. If I had no duties and obligations, incompatible with such an arrangement, I should like to retire with my children and you to the country ; to give up London, with all its temptations and disappointments, and devote my time entirely to domestic quiet and enjoyments.

I have bought your shoes, ribbons, satin, &c., and sashes for dear Dudley, Emilia, and Adelaide. Give my kindest love to each of them, and say that I shall set out on Thursday or Friday for England, according as the steamvessel sails from hence—it arrives either to-day or to-morrow.

Sir Brooke is well—he breakfasts in bed at six ; I breakfast here at eight—he comes in at nine : we dine at one, and Sir B. goes to bed at four. I walk on the shore alone in the evening, and devote some hours to reading and reflection. There is no alloy to my happiness and quiet, except your absence, and that of my darling children.

Were you not shocked and grieved at the death of our dear Duke of Gotha ? It has made me very unhappy. I wrote to Count Salisch yesterday on this melancholy subject.

I suppose there is no chance of Laura setting out on her travels.

Believe me ever,

My dearest Love,

Most affectionately yours,

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

After his marriage Mr. Sinclair paid a second visit to the continent, accompanied by Mrs. Sinclair. He

introduced his bride to those friends whom he formerly associated with when in Germany. Among the families whom he and Mrs. Sinclair visited on the occasion, were some of the most distinguished in the circles of German society, including several princes and princesses, and dukes and duchesses. Among them may be mentioned those of Saxe Weimar, Gotha, Meiningen, &c. While Mr. Sinclair and his young wife were thus associating on a footing of the closest intimacy with the royalty and nobility of Germany, they were the means of bringing about an event which possesses great historic interest, both in Germany and in this country. It was mainly, if not exclusively, through their instrumentality that a matrimonial alliance was formed between the then Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, and the Princess Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen.

This was an event on which Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair had the greatest reasons to congratulate themselves. It was a great historical fact, and yet such was their exceeding modesty, and their freedom from the opposite quality, that notwithstanding my many years' intimacy with both, I do not remember ever to have heard either of them make the slightest reference to it. In bringing about that marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair rendered indeed an essential service to their country, for probably no Queen Consort in England ever possessed a higher character for all that was truly virtuous, or possessed in a higher degree the affections of the people of this country, than did Adelaide, the Queen Consort of William the Fourth.

But though neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sinclair were in the habit of speaking of the part they took in bringing about the marriage between William the Fourth and Queen

Adelaide, Sir John Sinclair, Mr. Sinclair's father, gives some particulars respecting the matter, in the following letter, which he addressed to the Duke of Clarence, a short time prior to their marriage :—

Ormby Lodge, Ham Common, April 14, 1818.

SIR,

I hope it will not be considered premature or importunate in me, to offer to your Royal Highness my heartfelt congratulations on your approaching union, which bids fair to be equally auspicious to the country and to yourself. Sincerely, however, as I rejoice at any event which is conducive to your Royal Highness's happiness and welfare, I should not have ventured to address you on so delicate a subject, had it not been for a circumstance which has very forcibly recurred to me.

When my son and I were walking to Bushy Park some months ago, to pay our respects to your Royal Highness, I accidentally said to him, "You have recently visited a number of the German courts : which of the Princesses whom you have seen would make the best wife for the Duke of Clarence ?" He answered immediately, "The Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen ;" and proceeded to eulogise her character in very glowing terms. Your Royal Highness may therefore conceive with how much satisfaction we have since learnt, that an event is about to be realised which my son had represented to be so peculiarly desirable.

Mrs. Sinclair and he, about fifteen months ago, passed some time both at Liebenstein and Meiningen in the society of the Ducal family, with which they have since had the honour to be in habits of the most friendly correspondence.

Whilst my son was abroad, he used to write to his friends very full and accurate details respecting the various places which he visited. These letters have been carefully collected and preserved ; and it has occurred to me, that it might be interesting to your Royal Highness to peruse an account of Meiningen, and the illustrious family there, which my son transmitted to his friend Lord Dudley and Ward, at a time when he could not possibly foresee the fortunate event which gives so much additional interest to these details.

Mrs. Sinclair has also communicated to me a letter which she received last year from her Highness the Princess Adelaide, which displays so much good sense and warmth of heart that I am persuaded your Royal Highness would peruse it with peculiar pleasure. If wished for, these documents shall be transmitted. In the interim, I beg to request your Royal Highness's acceptance of a printed account of Liebenstein, which my son drew up, and inserted in a periodical publication, that the nature of that establishment might be known in England.

Excuse the liberty of addressing your Royal Highness respecting these particulars, and permit me to subscribe myself, with much respect and regard,

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's
Most faithful and obedient Servant,

JOHN SINCLAIR.

I shall in a future part of my volume have to refer at some length to the great intimacy which subsisted between the Duke and Duchess of Clarence and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, after the Duke ascended the throne of Great Britain, as successor to his brother George the Fourth. In the meantime I cannot help inviting attention to a remarkable proof in connection with the Duke of Clarence, of Mr. Sinclair's moral courage,—though constitutionally one of the most modest men it was ever my lot to meet with—wherever a great principle was involved. Having spoken at considerable length at a meeting, in Thurso, of an Auxiliary Bible Society, his speech made so profound an impression on all who heard it, and drew forth so much admiration, viewed only as a display of theological eloquence,—that it was published by request. This was in the year 1823, when Mr. Sinclair was little more than thirty years of age. He sent to the Duke of Clarence, the future Sovereign of Great Britain, a copy of this speech,

with a letter, from which I make the following extract :—

The larger, though not very bulky, printed document, which I have also the honour to transmit, is one which I at first felt some hesitation about sending to your Royal Highness. I well know, and gratefully remember, how willingly you have always read or listened to whatever I have taken the liberty at any time to suggest ; but there is one subject which you have studiously avoided, if not positively interdicted, and it is that *very* subject, which is discussed (though most imperfectly) in the inclosed little treatise—at page 6 of which, you will find an address of mine to the Bible Society of this place, which was printed at their particular request. In perusing lately the proceedings of the parent institution, I discovered that its thanks are voted to (I believe) every Member of the Royal Family, with one single exception—and I will not deny, that I experienced no inconsiderable share of sorrow, that any such exception should exist. Your Royal Highness will perhaps be offended at the freedom which I venture to assume—but the remark, which Massillon addresses to the wealthy and powerful, shall never, whilst I exist, and am in any degree honoured with your confidence, be applicable to yourself. He says to the great, with his usual felicity of expression, “*personne ne vous amie assez, POUR OSER VOUS DEPLAIRE.*”* I will boldly appeal to your Royal Highness’s feelings, and solicit your countenance and aid in behalf of a system, the object and effect of which are, to promote the glory of God, to disseminate the principles of peace upon earth, and excite mutual good will amongst men. I might mention, as a subordinate, but powerful motive for compliance, that your Royal Highness, by patronising this institution, would conciliate the regard and esteem of many individuals in the country, most eminent for piety and worth. But I would rather found my advice upon a nobler inducement, that of promoting the interests and glory of Him, through whose sacrifice and merits alone our eternal welfare is secured, and to whom we can never evince any feelings of gratitude and love at all commensurate with the value of the blessings which He has procured for us, or of the price at which

* No one loves you enough, Sire, to incur your displeasure.

they have been purchased. I am conscious that I am a most unworthy, as well as feeble, advocate of this great cause. The remembrance of many sins and follies almost incapacitates me from standing forward in its behalf. But the consolation I derive from God's Word, and the great though, alas, most inadequate change which it has been permitted to effect upon my own thoughts, and conduct, and affections, render me anxious that the same inestimable blessing should be extended (if it were possible) to every family, and to every individual upon earth; and I am convinced that your Royal Highness's name and patronage would be most beneficial and important. Few circumstances would afford me so much genuine satisfaction, as to be permitted to announce to the Society your Royal Highness's determination to lend it the sanction of your name. Your Royal Highness will perceive that I am not venturing to intrude upon the sanctuary of your own religious sentiments or private devotions,—not because I feel indifferent as to either, but because I have no right whatever to trespass, unsolicited, upon your confidence, on those solemn and momentous particulars. I ask pardon for this intrusion; my heart often gets the better of my discretion, but though I yield to no one in zeal for your Royal Highness's temporal interests, I am still more anxious that you should inherit a crown, of which no contingency can deprive you, and which never can fade away.

As a piece of literary composition, no one can peruse this extract from the letter of Mr. Sinclair, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, without admiration. But it has a far higher, because holier order of merit than the mere beauty of its diction. We see in every sentence the simple and sincere Christian, and we are no less struck with that devoted attachment to principle, as a believer in Jesus, which led Mr. Sinclair to run the risk, by his fidelity to his Christian principles, of displeasing, it might be losing the friendship of one who, being the reigning monarch's brother, and his probable successor to the Throne of these realms, was necessarily occupying

the very highest place, short of that of the sovereign himself, in the ranks of the royal and aristocratic society of the land. What a noble incident was this in the character of Mr. Sinclair! And all the more noble because he was at the time on terms of the closest intimacy with the most distinguished aristocratic families of the land. Nothing but divine grace, operating with its irresistible power on the mind and heart of Mr. Sinclair, could have enabled him to write to the Duke of Clarence, the prospective king of the United Kingdom, such a letter as that from which I have made the above extract. What a rebuke does the fact administer to all of us who profess to be the servants of a Master who is in heaven, when made conscious by the testimony of our consciences, that we are silent when we ought to speak,—dumb when we ought to open our mouths to say a word in favour of Him whom we call our Lord and Master. What the ultimate effect of this fidelity of Mr. Sinclair to his principles,—this noble display of moral courage, was, is a point on which I cannot speak. All we know of the reception which Mr. Sinclair's representations and counsels met with is contained in the following brief note which the Duke of Clarence wrote in answer to his letter, so far as it related to the extract I have given.

Bushy House, August 24, 1823.

I have enclosed to my daughter Mary, who is with Lady Erroll, in the Isle of Wight, the Tract, and ever remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours unalterably,

WILLIAM.

I say it with all deliberation, and without being influenced in the slightest degree by my personal intimacy

with, and my profound regard for, the writer, that a nobler or more eloquent letter was never, all circumstances considered, addressed by one human being to another. Had Mr. Sinclair never written or done anything else in the exposition and enforcement of his views as a believer in Jesus, that one letter to the future sovereign of these realms, would have been enough, in my estimation, to entitle him to a prominent place in that glorious roll which contains the names of the noble army of Christian heroes, who, in their day, shed so great a lustre on the religion of Jesus.

I am sure I but anticipate the desires of my readers when I now present them with two quotations from this speech of Mr. Sinclair.

How many of those whom I address are entire strangers to each other—unconnected by any tie of relationship or of acquaintance—without any common interest in the passing scenes around them ! But oh, how important, and how endearing, are the spiritual claims, which each of us possesses on the regard and the friendship of all ! We are subjects of the same Creator, who is no respecter of persons—we are disciples of the same Redeemer, whose blood alone cleanses from sin—we offer up our prayers for sanctification to the same Blessed Spirit, who can alone strengthen us in the inner man, and bear witness with our spirits, that, though once afar off, we are now brought near, and become God's children by adoption in Christ Jesus—we are all heirs of the same great and precious promises, which alone exhibit to our view an asylum from the wrath of an offended God, and a path to acceptance and forgiveness—we all desire to become living stones in that building not made with hands, of which Christ himself is the corner-stone, and the redeemed of the Lamb the superstructure.

Speaking of the incomparably greater importance of the things which relate to eternity than those which

have reference only to time, Mr. Sinclair, in the speech in question, said—

It has pleased God to impart unto all of us (and to myself in particular, who am less than the least of his mercies) unnumbered temporal comforts. But all the worldly advantages which his bounty has profusely bestowed: nay, all that our hearts could desire, and all that his providence could grant, are still but as dust in the balance when contrasted with the unspeakable gift of his love—with that of mercy, which as much surpasses every other blessing in value and in importance, as eternity transcendeth time. Ought not our hearts to burn within us, as we contemplate the charter of salvation, which alone secures for us a personal interest in the glorious heavenly inheritance—that great and everlasting charter from which all of us mainly deduce the same momentous and consolatory inferences, though perhaps as to a few of its minor and subordinate clauses some shades of difference may exist.

I will hereafter have occasion to advert again and again to the elevated and eminently consistent character of Mr. Sinclair as a Christian. Suffice it in the meantime to say, that in no class of circumstances in which he might chance to be placed did he fail to prove faithful to his high calling as a believer in Christ, and this, too, I repeat, though moving in the very highest circles of society, at a period, during the reign of George IV., when the aristocracy of the land were far from being remarkable for even the profession, much less the practice, of the higher forms of the religion of Jesus.

But I return to Mr. Sinclair in his capacity as a member of the Legislature. As such he acted, as I have before said, on all occasions with thorough independence. He was what we would now-a-days call a moderate Liberal; but he was too honest, and had too much nobility of nature and elevation of principle, to become the slave of either of the

two great parties into which the Parliament was at that time divided. Had he consented to act steadfastly with the Tories then in power, there was no office in the Liverpool-Eldon Government of the day to which he might not have aspired; but his was too noble a nature for that. He was influenced in all his actions by principles too honourable and upright, to allow himself to be tied to the chariot wheels of either of the two great parties in the State. The question with Mr. Sinclair invariably was, not by whom a particular measure was brought forward, or by whom it was opposed, but what were its merits or demerits. As regarded the effects of the course he pursued in Parliament, in relation to its bearings on his own personal interests as a public man, the thought never once entered his mind, much less influenced his speeches or his votes. He invariably spoke and voted in consonance with his convictions of what was right in the sight of God, and most adapted to promote the best interests of the country. In accordance with his convictions, he was a strenuous advocate of Catholic Emancipation, and the emancipation of the West India slaves; while he voted against various Government jobs, which were at that time lamentably rife. The extravagant and corrupt pension list of that day had an uncompromising opponent in Mr. Sinclair. On several occasions, indeed, he had the moral courage to vote for financial and other reforms which Mr. Joseph Hume was, at the period in question, perseveringly bringing before Parliament. The result was, that people began to say that he had adopted Mr. Hume's extreme political and ultra-economical views. Nothing could have been further from the fact. Mr. Sinclair never, at any period of his life, was what is called an

extreme man ; but he saw that Mr. Hume was frequently right in his introduction of, or in the hearty support he extended to, various measures of a reformatory nature ; and, like an honest, a courageous, and independent man, Mr. Sinclair gave a practical expression to views which were in accordance with those of Mr. Hume, either by his speeches or votes, or by both.

Mr. Sinclair had not been long in Parliament before he had formed various friendships with several of the best known public men of the day. To some of these I shall have occasion to refer when I come to give some of the many letters which passed between him and them. Among the earliest of Mr. Sinclair's intimacies I may here mention the friendship which was early formed between him and Mr. Hume, and which continued to subsist until the day of Mr. Hume's death—a period of upwards of forty years. Though not sympathising with Mr. Hume in the extreme liberalism of his views,—more extreme, perhaps, on various points than those of any member of the House of Commons in the first quarter of the century,—Mr. Sinclair greatly admired the honesty, the independence, the moral courage, and indefatigable perseverance with which Mr. Hume pursued his course, as the exposer and denouncer of the flagrant jobs and gross corruption which, previous to the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, were so rife in every department of the public service. Mr. Sinclair's intimacy with Mr. Hume must have commenced very soon after the entrance of the former into Parliament, for I find, from a large collection of letters from Mr. Hume now before me, some of them written as far back as the memorable year 1812, and in March of that year,—which was three years before the battle of

Waterloo. I have, I ought to mention, one letter from Mr. Hume to Mr. Sinclair, now lying before me, which was written two days before that great conflict, the issue of which exercised an influence on the destinies of Europe too great to be conceived. As I shall have to recur hereafter to the close and cordial friendship which subsisted between Mr. Hume and Mr. Sinclair, for considerably more than a generation, I will only, in this part of my volume, give two of Mr. Hume's letters, written to Mr. Sinclair, at an early stage of the parliamentary career of each. Mr. Hume was generally considered by those who had not the privilege of his personal acquaintance to be cold in his feelings and dry in his manners. There never was a greater mistake. I can say, from personal knowledge of him, as well as from an acquaintance with some of the lady members of his family, that in private life he was one of the most genial of men,—ever ready to render a service to any deserving person he knew; while in the domestic circle he was a model of all that was worthy of imitation. A better husband or more affectionate father was nowhere to be met with. Out of a multiplicity of letters written to Mr. Sinclair, from the year 1812 until a short time before Mr. Hume's death, in 1854, I will, as I have just remarked, content myself by giving two. One was written in August, 1819. In it we see how high Mr. Hume's estimate was of Mr. Sinclair's abilities and accomplishments. But that letter is interesting, as showing what were Mr. Hume's own views on the great political questions of the day, and also as indicating the course which he meant to pursue in his legislative capacity, and to which he undeviatingly adhered during the prolonged period of more than forty years.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was happy to receive yours of the 13th, and pleased to find you, Mrs. Sinclair, and children so comfortably and quietly settled at Thurso, where the weather must be very pleasant. We have found it rather hot in these parts to take exercise in the middle of the day, or, if active, to take it without inconvenience. Mrs. Hume and I left London on the 28th to pass a week or two of recreation at Worthing, until her brother should arrive from Trinidad, when our plans for the summer were to be regulated to coincide with his, who has been out of England for seven or eight years, and Devonshire has been in contemplation for our tour ; but Mrs. Burnley, who has been left in our house, was attacked with fever, which soon assumed dangerous symptoms, and obliged us to return to town, where we have been ever since. We had her removed to the country, convalescent, two days ago, and I, after an attack of inflammation in the side, which yielded to the loss of twenty-eight ounces of blood in twenty-four hours, prepare to leave London this evening for Cheltenham, where I shall take the waters for ten or twelve days ; and I almost long for my return, that we may go down to Worthing quietly to remain for two months. I assure you I shall enjoy the quiet of the sea coast as much as you do ; for although Worthing is a fashionable place, we have resolution enough to keep entirely aloof from society, except in as far as we may encounter it in our walks. I have much to do and much to learn, and little time for either, as week after week roll on, without my accomplishing what I considered certain to be effected. Like the children who find more than they can eat when they have got it, we are often planning more than human ingenuity or exertion can overtake under the varied and chequered system in which we live.

With respect to future proceedings, I consider your *forte* to be able to confine yourself to general principles and general views, and, if properly directed, such a power is most important in the House of Commons, who are, as you have witnessed, impatient of detail, and render every man who, like myself, has the misfortune to consider that a whole is made of parts, and that an increase or decrease, or proper understanding of that whole, is best acquired by an intimate knowledge of the parts,—only

bearable because decorum forbids them altogether to put him down.

I do hope you will see that between a too strict adherence to general principles or to details there is a medium which, in almost all questions, might be observed, with great advantage to both the speaker and his hearers, and, with your industry, if so directed, you have a fair chance of success.

Economy with me is the order of the day, and I look on that as the best reform that can be attempted. There are various ways in which that may be effected, and each man, as he is likely to be affected, wishes to put the reduction off his own shoulders. But I think you assent that there is not a man in the pay of Government, from the soldier to the minister, who is not, under the circumstances of the country, *overpaid*; and there is not any establishment in the civil, military, or naval department which is not too great, and which ought not to be reduced. With such opinions, you will say, I have plenty of work, and may go on. No. The difficulty is to persuade others that I am right, and to make the reform in time to prevent serious mischief. You ask, will I reduce the army or navy in these times of trouble and disturbance? I answer, yes, however paradoxical the answer may appear to you.

A skilful physician will apply his ingenuity to remove the cause of the disease, for if he attempts any other course he runs the risk of ruining his patient by aggravating the distemper.

Taxation and extraordinary expenditure—I ought to say excessive expenditure—are the diseases of the State; and reduction of expenses, in that view, will cure it.

The army in a well-governed and free state, in times of peace, ought to be small; but will you say that a military expenditure of ten millions sterling is small? The practical efforts of the yeomanry show that regular troops are not wanted to enforce any orders, however illegal and unjust they may be; and to support the peace of the country, and maintain the laws against violence and aggression, every man in the State is, or ought to be, the active protector; and I feel confident they would be so on all proper occasions.

I am confident you must concur with the public in deprecating the rash and cruel infraction of the laws at Manchester,

where the particularly quiet and orderly conduct of the mass deserved a very different treatment from what they met with. It is certainly assimilating the behaviour of the magistrates to the practice of the criminal courts, where a man may be hanged for stealing 40s., as well as for firing a town; where, on the mere allegation of outrage of a few, a body of armed men carried death among a crowd of innocent people. If, however, all were innocent, the presence of a large regular military force could alone have given confidence to the magistrates to have acted so illegally and so severely. Ergo, I would reduce the military, preserving order by rendering the magistrates more attentive to justice and humanity, and by depriving a Government, who sanctions such conduct, of the false and mischievous support which a large military body gives to them, and has always given to oppressors. This, you will say, is strong language, but when I witness the parade and conduct of Government in pensioning a constable who receives a death wound in executing an offensive duty, and for a doubtful crime, whilst they sanction the outrage of the laws which inflicts death on some and wounds on hundreds of poor wretches, whose greatest crimes are to exist "out of employ" in a half-starved condition, and yet have the forbearance quietly and legally to assemble to petition for relief, or to consider the best means of obtaining that relief, I think it is time to look to improvement. A reduction of the military and all other establishments must be made if you are to gain ground —as you will see,

With yours sincerely,
JOSEPH HUME.

The other letter from Mr. Hume to Mr. Sinclair, which I quote from the numerous letters from the former to the latter, placed in my hands, is the following, which is dated London, December 25, 1822:—

MY DEAR SIR,

Mrs. Hume and I had been talking about you the evening before your favour of the 7th instant arrived, and we were happy to hear you and your family were so well.

I hastened from the north with more speed than I had at first intended, because I found that my friends were killing me with kindness, and I have since then intended to write to your father and you, to apologize for not seeing you on my return, as I had promised.

I reached home on the 1st of October, and enjoyed the quiet of Morden and the comfort of my family until the 18th of November, when we all came to town.

My troubles commence as soon as I am accessible, and every person who is aggrieved considers that I can advise or assist him, and thereby much of the time I ought to devote to other purposes is taken up ; Mrs. Hume and the children have been, since you went away, and are now, in good health, which tends much to make amends for other troubles which my public situation entails upon me.

You are perfectly right in saying that the tread-mill gentry do not work so many hours as I do every day, but there is a little difference in my being able, if I should choose, to leave off my labour. I cannot, however, at present do that, and therefore in point of fact, we are on a par,—BOTH, I HOPE, PROMOTING REFORM.

I send you by this or following post a copy of my speech last session, respecting the Church Establishment in Ireland, and would direct your attention and that of your father, and any other person you think can read it attentively, and favour me with their remarks *pro* and *con.* relative to the several positions therein maintained.

In short, I wish the clergy to be all well paid,—no starving curates and 2000*l.* absentees. I wish the bishops reduced in number, and their incomes equalized,—the property of the church *all* applied to the uses of government, or to form a fund from which the clergy should be paid according to their duties,—the land freed from tithe and the support of the clergy, both in Scotland and England, and the clergy paid by a general tax on the funds and land, in the same manner as the army and navy are now paid ; all existing interests to be held sacred both to the clergy and lay proprietors of tithes, &c.

Part of this is explained in the speech, the rest will be in the ensuing session.

I beg you will inform your father that the association of the counties will not avail the farmer or landowner. It is not in the power of the Parliament (I would add very fortunately so) to afford relief to them, unless by the reduction of taxes, which will relieve the whole community, though in a greater degree, under present circumstances, the landowners. I always speak in the belief that public faith is to be kept, and that the interest of the debt is to be reduced by the same means as the five per cents. were reduced, and under the system I have advocated may very soon be so.

Many may think it strange, but I anticipate little reduction in the revenue, if the rental of land is reduced this year to one quarter of what it was in 1813. The landed interest have too long had a most erroneous idea of their own importance to the finances of the country, and are now very much surprised to find that the revenues of 1822 are larger than those of 1816-17, although the rentals have been so much reduced. The interest of the debt can be paid, although land yields, as I said, only one quarter or one third of the rates of 1813-14; and if it was not paid, the landed owner would not get one shilling more, unless by the operation of the unjust and oppressive corn laws. There is no fear of any convulsion; the resources of the country are ample, if well directed. Mrs. Hume joins in best respects to Mrs. Sinclair and yourself with,

Yours, &c.

JOSEPH HUME.

What Mr. Sinclair said, and what he himself endorsed, as to the intrusion of strangers on Mr. Hume's privacy at this period of his parliamentary history, and still more ten years afterwards, when the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed,—was known to almost every one who knew anything of his public life. But I will more particularly allude to this fact in a subsequent page.

I here interrupt my narrative for a brief period—an interruption which I am sure will be pleasing rather than the reverse to the great majority of my readers—to advert

to one or two points in the public career of Mr. Hume which, so far as I am aware, have not hitherto obtained that prominence in the notices which have been given of him, to which they were entitled. And, first of all, permit me to remark that no man ever stood higher in public estimation for thorough integrity of character, than did Mr. Hume from the first day he crossed the threshold of St. Stephen's until the hour when he last set foot in the House of Commons. Men of all parties, equally within and without the walls of the House, competed with each other as to who should, in this respect, render him the greatest homage. He not only never was a party to any job, but his sole aim in everything he said and did was to promote what he believed would be for the country's good. Such indeed was the opinion universally entertained of the integrity and patriotism of Mr. Hume, that on the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, and in the prospect of an immediate general election on that measure becoming the law of the land, crowds of aspirants, in the Liberal interest, to a seat in Parliament, earnestly supplicated letters of commendation from Mr. Hume, knowing that a certificate of character from him would have been worth a score of such certificates from other public men. I remember, as vividly as if it had been but yesterday, that in the general election which followed the legislative adoption of the Reform Bill of 1832, the Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, son of the author of "The Man of Feeling" and other popular works, came to Elgin, my native town, in the capacity of a candidate for the representation of the Elgin district of burghs. He mentioned to me, as one having some influence with the constituency in virtue of my position as editor of the Elgin

paper of that day, that he was the personal friend of Mr. Hume, and would receive, were it necessary, Mr. Hume's recommendation to the suffrages of the constituent body. It is well known that many candidates made use of Mr. Hume's name on the occasion of that election—the first under the reformed Parliament—who did not in reality entertain the Liberal principles they professed, but were Tories in their hearts. The term “Conservative” was then unknown.

Mr. Hume's popularity at this period, and for many years afterwards, was a source of great inconvenience to him. His correspondence was so extensive, that to have answered all the letters he received, even in the briefest manner, would have required the services of at least half-a-dozen clerks. Nor was that the worst of the matter. The calls at his house were so frequent—often made for no other reason than that the parties should be able to say that they had seen Mr. Joseph Hume—that it would have required the exclusive services of one of his domestics simply to open the door, and to ascertain whether or not it was convenient for Mr. Hume to see the applicants for an interview. And then, in relation to some of the multitudes who were admitted, it was difficult to get them to withdraw. Mr. Hume was too good-natured to give such persons what is called a broad hint to retire; but at last he found, by a very “ingenious device,” how that desirable object might be accomplished without in any way wounding what the French would call their “susceptibilities.” His plan was, when he wished to get rid of a person “calling,” to ask him to accept one of his many pamphlets on the principal questions of the day. Of course the offer was

thankfully accepted, and the party receiving the pamphlet could not think of resuming his seat, but, with the repetition of thanks for the pamphlet, would bid Mr. Hume good morning, and make his exit.

Those who remember the course which Mr. Hume consistently and uniformly pursued in Parliament, and read the divisions which took place on the great questions which were before the House for fifteen years of his parliamentary life, prior to the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832,—will have a distinct recollection of the fact that during all that period he never was once in a majority in any important division that took place. With regard to the divisions which took place on motions of his own, these were so unpopular in the close borough parliaments which preceded the first Reform Bill, that he rarely could boast of a minority of more than from fifteen to twenty. But from that time, except during the occasional short-lived intervening Conservative ministries, his name was generally to be found in the majority on the great public questions of the day.

Those who are old enough to recollect Mr. Hume's labours in the House of Commons from thirty to thirty-five years ago, will remember that he was persistent and uncompromising in his attacks on the bishops. He was among the first seriously to propose their expulsion from the House of Lords. Had he lived till now, no one would have more heartily rejoiced to witness the partial realisation of his wishes, by the expulsion of the Irish bishops from the Upper House, as an instalment of his views,—which will, according to all appearance, soon be followed by the ejection of the English bishops from the Hereditary House. The favourite epithet which Mr.

Hume applied to the bishops was, that they were all so many drones,—persons who, though so liberally paid, did nothing for their money. In connection with the use of the word “drone,” his private secretary told me an amusing story. Mr. Hume one day chanced to see no fewer than four cats as he passed along the hall of his house in Bryanstone Square. He immediately asked one of the servants whether they had so many as four cats. He received an affirmative answer, on which he objected to so many of that class of animals being kept, remarking that three could surely do all the work in the way of catching the mice, and that one of them must be a “drone,” and therefore be turned out of the house. An inquiry was instituted as to which of the four should be ejected, and the verdict was that a sleek and fat animal called Tommy, belonging to the housekeeper, did nothing but eat and sleep all day. It was decided that he should be got rid of; but to this the housekeeper vehemently objected, saying that she would rather quit her situation than part with her pet Tommy. However, before next morning, Tommy disappeared; but how he was spirited away, or whether he went of his own accord, remained a mystery to the housekeeper till the end of her days. I give the anecdote as it was given to me, as I have said, by Mr. Hume’s secretary, as showing that he applied in his own domestic establishment, even to animals, the scriptural principle which he sought in the House of Commons to apply to bishops and others,—that if any one will not work, neither should he eat.

It seemed to be the general impression, I may here remark, among those who knew no better, that Mr. Hume was neither a correct speaker nor writer. If by “correct”

were meant elegant or polished, I would admit the justice of the charge. Mr. Hume never aimed at polished diction, nor eloquence, nor oratory, in the ordinary acceptance of the terms. All he sought to accomplish as a public speaker was, that he should enunciate his views with plainness and force, so as to make himself understood, and, if I may so express myself, *felt* by those to whom he addressed himself. And in that he eminently succeeded. My connection with one of the morning papers furnished me, for many years, with opportunities of hearing Mr. Hume, and I have pleasure in recording the fact, that hardly any member of the House was listened to with greater attention or respect. Few indeed of the many M.P.'s, during my long professional acquaintance with the representative branch of the Legislature, were held in higher estimation by men of all shades of political opinion, than the member at one time for the Montrose district of burghs, and at another for Middlesex, our great metropolitan county.

In thus adverting to the character of Mr. Hume, because of his exceeding great intimacy with Mr. Sinclair, I may be permitted to digress for a few moments, while I vindicate his memory from the imputation so often sought to be fastened upon him,—that he was a cold Benthamite, an unfeeling *doctrinaire*,—without sympathies for suffering humanity. A more groundless charge was never preferred against any man. Mr. Hume felt deeply for individual or collective distress, but his views did not always harmonise with those of people generally, as to the best mode of dealing with national distress, or distress under any of those circumstances in which it was the duty of Parliament to deal with it.

Every one who knew Mr. Hume in the private relations of life will bear me out when I repeat that he was an eminently good-natured, kind-hearted man. I could furnish many proofs of this, but, as I am speaking parenthetically, I must not adduce any.

When far advanced in life, Mr. Hume paid a visit to his friend,—long before this Sir George Sinclair—at Thurso Castle. Sir George again and again mentioned to me how delighted he was to have his old and venerable friend under his roof, and Mr. Hume no less enjoyed the hospitalities of his accomplished and warm-hearted friend, the Lord of Thurso Castle.

As I have digressed so far, I may be permitted to mention one more fact,—to me, on various accounts, an especially interesting one. I had the good fortune to dine with Mr. Hume, then generally called the veteran reformer, the last time he ever dined out of his own house. The place in which we met was the residence of the late Mr. William Williams, then the member for Lambeth, and residing in Regent's Park Square. There were twenty of us, all members of Parliament, with the exception of three others and myself. Mr. Hume's health was proposed as the father of the House of Commons, and on replying to the toast, which I need not say was drank with enthusiasm, Mr. Hume said, that as he felt very feeble, the gentlemen around Mr. Williams's hospitable board, would, he was sure, kindly accord to him permission to say a few words without rising from his seat. I need not say that this was unanimously granted. Mr. Hume then gave a most able and lucid review of his legislative career from his entering Parliament until that night,—a period approaching half a century. To me Mr.

Hume's speech possessed a special interest, because much of it was grounded on a remark which I had made twenty years before, in my work, "Random Recollections of the House of Commons." Mr. Hume's speech must have occupied at least half-an-hour, and was, I need hardly say, listened to with profound attention and great gratification, as sentence after sentence proceeded from the lips of the venerable speaker. It was his last public utterance. His voice was never heard again beyond the limits of his family circle. From that evening he became daily more and more feeble, until, a few months afterwards, he closed his eminently useful life on earth, and his prolonged career as a public man.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair's Intimacy and Correspondence with German Princesses
—The Queen's "Early Years of the Prince Consort"—Letters from the
Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Albert's Mother, to Mrs. Sinclair—Letters
from the Duchess of Clarence to Mrs. Sinclair.

IN connection with Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair's intimacy, referred to in a previous chapter, with the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, when in Germany, formed rather more than half a century ago, the fact long afterwards had acquired an interest which it did not possess at that time. Little did either the Duke or Duchess then suppose that their son should become the Prince Consort of the Queen of England, and be, next to her, the greatest personage in the greatest empire in the world,—an empire whose inhabitants are not far, if at all, short of 170,000,000, and on which, as has justly been said, the sun never sets. The circumstance of the second son of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg thus becoming elevated to the loftiest position to which anyone other than the Sovereign herself could attain,—gives a special interest in his parents, to the people of these realms. Queen Victoria was duly alive to this when preparing her recent work for the press. In that work—"The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Compiled under the Direction of her Majesty," and published two years ago by Smith and Elder,—she makes repeated references to her father-

and mother-in-law. The latter was the Princess Louise of Mecklenburg, and was married in 1817 to Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg. In a memorandum in relation to them, written in the year 1864, and published in the work just named, the Queen gives the following account of the Duchess :—

The Princess is described as having been very handsome, though very small ; fair, with blue eyes ; and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her. An old servant who had known her for many years, told the Queen that when she first saw the Prince at Coburg, in 1844, she was quite overcome by the resemblance to his mother.

She was full of cleverness and talent ; but the marriage was not a happy one, and a separation took place in 1824, when the young Duchess finally left Coburg, and never saw her children again. She died at St. Wendel in 1831, after a long and painful illness, in her 32nd year.

The Duchess-dowager of Gotha, her step-mother, writes to the Duke the following account of her, on 27th July, 1831 :—

“ The sad state of my poor Louise bows me to the earth. . . . The thought that her children had quite forgotten her distressed her very much. She wished to know if they ever spoke of her ; I answered her that they were far too good to forget her ; that they did not know of her sufferings, as it would grieve the good children too much.”

The Prince never forgot her, and spoke with much tenderness and sorrow of his poor mother, and was deeply affected in reading, after his marriage, the accounts of her sad and painful illness. One of the first gifts he made to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her when a little child. Princess Louise (the Prince’s fourth daughter, and named after her grandmother) is said to be like her in face.

On receiving the news of her death, the amiable Duchess of Gotha again writes to the Duke of Coburg :—

“ My dear Duke, this also I have to endure, that that child whom I watched over with such love should go before me. May God soon allow me to be re-united to all my loved ones.

. . . It is a most bitter feeling that that dear, dear House [of Gotha] is now quite extinct."

The Duchess Louise was the last descendant of the family. Many years later, her earthly remains were brought to Coburg, and she now reposes next the Duke and his second wife, in the fine family mausoleum at Coburg—only completed in the year 1860—where the Queen herself placed a wreath of flowers on her tomb in the autumn of the year.

The references which the Queen here makes to the mother of Prince Albert are equally characterised by great delicacy of touch and depth of feeling. Her marriage was, indeed, as her Majesty says, "not a happy one." I have the leading facts before me, under the hand of a late German princess, but it is not necessary to make any special allusion to the circumstances that led to the separation which took place. The matter excited a great sensation not only in all the continental courts, but among the people of Germany. The Duchess of Clarence, in a letter dated from Bushy Park to Mrs. Sinclair, furnishes some interesting details connected with the affair. She says, in one part of her letter to Mrs. Sinclair:—"By a letter I have had from Saxony, I have been made acquainted with the Duchess of Coburg's separation from the Duke. She is already married. She had written to the Duchess of Gotha, saying that she was glad, and that her second husband was the proper husband for her. I do not think that the Duke of Coburg is to be blamed in respect to his conduct towards his wife, though he may have his faults, and she has acknowledged her ill-behaviour. I lament the more I think over the separation; for the Duchess is a person of great talents, and possesses many good qualities to make her worthy of general regard and affection, if she only

would make use of them." It will, I doubt not, be gratifying to her Majesty to be made acquainted with the kind way in which the Duchess of Clarence, afterwards the Queen Consort of the Queen's predecessor on the throne of these realms, thus speaks of the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, the father and mother of Prince Albert, and consequently her Majesty's father- and mother-in-law.

That the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg was a woman of strong affections and exceedingly tender feelings is further shown by the following letter to Mrs. Sinclair, written on the death of her Highness's father. A more affecting letter I have hardly ever met with. It was written in French, but I give a translation into English.

24th May, 1827.

What a dreadful shock, dear, beloved Camilla, what a heavy grief, has unexpectedly overtaken me. I am so overwhelmed that I can scarcely collect my thoughts to seek consolation. Alas! there is none for the loss of a father.

I have read over again your last letter, wherein you speak of him to me with so much tenderness. Good God, what a change since that moment. I can hardly realise the idea, which seems to me a sort of frightful dream,—in no other form can I view it. He passed a month—the happiest of my life—with me at Coburg, in good health, robust and gay; and in three weeks I am mourning at his tomb. He had suffered from an inflammation of the lung, and, after six days of severe suffering, a stroke of apoplexy closed his life. You know how I loved him, my dear friend, and I can assure you that you would have been sincerely attached to him; I have lost in him a true friend. I have seen him four times, and he is more beautiful in death than ever he was in life. A charming smile plays on his lips, and a heavenly calm sleeps upon his features. I paid him the last tribute by placing on his head a crown of laurel, which he had so well deserved. He is buried in a beautiful park, where already repose the remains of his father and two of his brothers.

Pity me,—reply to me soon,—and in words of friendship, which alone can soothe my grief. May Heaven preserve you from such a misfortune, and bless all those who are dear to you. Mr. Sinclair doubtless will share my sorrow. I am, however, with my poor mother, who is utterly overwhelmed ; but she will shortly leave here and go to the springs of Ems, where we shall stay until the end of July. Write to Coburg. This journey, wherein I shall find recreation in viewing the beautiful countries of the Rhine, is to me simply disagreeable ; but it is imperative on account of my health, which is suffering in this heavy affliction. How I have been complaining to my poor cousin Adelaide of these newly arrived disasters. The Gazette nevertheless is wrong, and your sad foreboding too soon realised. Adieu, my good angel.

Yours ever,

LOUISE D^E DE SAXE.

The next letter from the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg is of a very different character from the preceding. It is lively in its manner, and varied in relation to the topics on which it touches. That part of it which refers to her children, and especially to Prince Albert, will be read with particular interest. It will be observed that when the Prince was only ten months old he was a singularly sweet-tempered and pretty child, and thus gave promise of that amiable disposition and fine personal appearance for which he was remarkable when he reached the years of manhood and became the happy and honoured husband of our Queen,—whose devotion to his memory is the admiration not of this country only, but of the whole civilised world. The letter, like the other, is in French. The following is a translation :—

Coburg, July 20, 1820.

My good and amiable Camilla, receive my best thanks for your affectionate letter of the 16th June ; it has given me great pleasure as a proof of the continuance of your friendship. I should like to have had it in my power to embrace you, and to

express my gratitude for all the loving things you have said in it: keep for me that precious souvenir which is near my heart. That my bracelet had pleased you gives me hope that you will wear it often, and then think of me.

I have lately had here two delightful young Englishmen, full of goodness and spirit,—Sir Charles Smith and Charles Dawkins (Daukions); I do not know how you write the name of the last-named. They are relations, and that's all I know of them. They accompanied us to Gotha, where we passed eight days together. They were very handsome in feature, and elegant in figure. I asked news about you from them, and they told me that they had seen you in London, and that you have a sister who is a superb beauty.

Since I wrote we have been having one fête after another. Sixteen balls in the space of six weeks, rural festivals, concerts, excursions into the country, illuminations,—in short, everything you can think of in the way of merry-making. The Duchess of Wurtemberg, my husband's sister, her husband, her daughter, two sons, the Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, the Prince Adolphe of Nuremberg, three families of Princes of Reuss, Prince Metternich, Minister of Austria, and the hereditary Princess of Saxe-Hildburghausen, passed some time here since we have been in Gotha, where they feted us much. You see, then, what sort of life we have been leading. What say you to the arrival of your Queen,* and of all the hubbub she has made? Write me, I pray you, all about her, and in full detail, if you *dare*, of all that relates to her. Give me an account, too, of the coronation of the King. In short, write about everything. English news is so interesting just now that we cannot hear too much of it.

My children bring great joy to Gotha. Ernest is very amusing. He chatters like a magpie, and shows great intelligence, which rejoices me greatly; he grows prettier and prettier. Albert [afterwards Queen Victoria's husband] was always very handsome, cheerful, and good. He has cut seven teeth. He already walks entirely by himself, and says papa and mama. Is not that a little prodigy for ten months old?

Mademoiselle de Maiert, of whom you spoke to me in your letter, sister to my maid of honour, has married a Monsieur de

* Caroline of Brunswick.

Wangenheim, and is the mother of a boy of nine months old. The one who wrote to you married a Monsieur de Hollebeck. If you see my sister-in-law, the Duchess of Kent, or the Duchess of Clarence, remember me kindly to them.

The Duke thanks you for your "souvenir," and I pray you to say a thousand kind words on my part to Mr. Sinclair.

I remain, my dear Camilla,

Your ever devoted friend,

LOUISE D^E DE SAXE.

The following is another of the light gossiping letters in which we meet with proofs of that cleverness of Prince Albert's mother, to which the Queen, in her "Early Days of the Prince Consort," refers. It was written in 1830, only one year before her death. It gives a graphic description of Paris after the fighting previous to the expulsion of Charles the Tenth. I should mention that the letter, like the two preceding letters of the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, is addressed to Mrs. Sinclair. It is long, but the interest is sustained throughout. The two sentences, "Have you seen the little Victoria? They say she is charming," will be read with interest by all her Majesty's subjects.

St. Wendel, Principality of Lichtenberg,

Left bank of the Rhine,

8th Nov. 1830.

A thousand thanks, my dearly-beloved friend, for your loving letter dated from the Pavilion at Brighton, which gave me all the more pleasure that it disclosed the desire of entering on a correspondence with me. If I followed the promptings of my heart, there would not be a week elapse that you would not hear news from me; but I should so abuse your patience and your purse, that I can only pray you from time to time to remember me, and promise, on my own behalf, that you shall hear from me also from time to time. I am delighted that my letter has pleased you; yours and all that interests you will always have an interest for me.

I am happy to hear, my dear Camilla, that you have spent such an agreeable time with your grandmamma and my dear cousin Adelaide.* Have you seen the little Victoria? They say she is charming. May she contribute, at a future day, to the happiness and glory of her people! It is, indeed, a sad thing for Adelaide that she is childless, for she would certainly have brought up children well. I wish them for her with all my heart. What you told me about the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg has deeply affected me. I should, before this, have gone to see him, had I thought that my visit would be agreeable to him. However, now that I know it, I shall not fail to pay my respects to him whenever he may come in our vicinity. He has a fine château at Meisenheim, twelve leagues from here, and he intends, as I am told, to press me to summer there. I shall go there certainly, to express my gratitude for the kindness he has shown towards me. If you should see him again, or if you find an excuse for writing to him, I beg you will bear testimony to my gratitude, and you will oblige me extremely, my dear friend. Everything that you tell me in relation to your charming children gives me lively interest. I wish that I could see them and press them to my heart.

I am much vexed that my last letter should have put you to so much expense. I will restrain myself in future, and will not again scrawl over so much paper.

You will, perhaps, recollect, dear friend, what I wrote in my last letter about an expected visit of Baron de Zach. My famous friend arrived here in capital health, and intends to stay till the month of October, when we shall go together to Hyères, just "to warm ourselves at the fireside of good King René," as a provincial proverb has it, speaking of the wine of the south of France. Our dear old friend had scarcely been here a fortnight, when he was seized with the most acute pains, and found a renewed formation of calculus. He would have returned instantly to France, but the events of July supervened. He was now in perplexity which sun to worship,—so he wrote to his physician, the learned Civiale, to ask what he ought to do in so critical a moment. Civiale replied, that he ought to hasten to Paris, and not concern himself about political trouble which had entirely

* Queen Consort of William the Fourth.

ceased with the fall of Charles X. Monsieur de Zach, therefore, resolved to follow the advice of his doctor, and induced my husband and myself to go with him to Paris, and thereafter to go with him to Hyères. Behold us, then, in Paris, fifteen days after the revolution ! I had formed a grand idea of the enthusiasm I should behold, and the brightest illusions accompanied my journey. Arrived in this renowned capital, I could scarcely recognise it as the same. All was gloomy and sad. Silence reigned everywhere, the shops were closed, elegance in dress had disappeared, the only carriages visible were cabs and omnibuses, the funds had fallen, the finest emporiums had disappeared, and day by day new bankruptcies were announced. The friends of Charles X. were in hiding, or appeared wearing enormous tricoloured cockades. Everywhere you see malcontents and men scowling, or with faces pale with fear. By day all is quiet, but during the night the uproar is incessant. The victors of July run wildly through the streets, singing, shouting, and swearing. My husband went to the Pantheon, and saw the tombs. The guide said to him, "Here repose the ashes of the great men honoured by France." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a working man, with his arm in a sling, cried, "Bah ! the great men ! Look at me, yes, me ! I am one of the wounded !" I merely tell you this anecdote to give you an idea of the spirit which animates the French people at this moment. Having seen what was to be seen in Paris in 1829, I limited myself to a visit to the theatre, where I heard the "Parisien" and the "Marseillaise" sung by Nourrit, who had himself fought courageously during the three memorable days. We were also present at the great review of the National Guard. My old friend, during this period, expected another operation, and the doctor declared to him that he must not leave Paris before he was entirely cured, and that he must not go to Hyères. We did not wish to undertake such a long journey at such a time without him, and so we returned here.

We are just now more anxious about the events in Belgium than our own troubles, though they have been very serious. The events in Germany have had a good influence in respect of the future well-being of my countrymen. The Prince Regent (of Saxony) is a young man of the highest intelligence

and best intentions, loving good for its own sake, and is adored by his subjects, while they have no affection for the old King. At the head of affairs, however, is the best friend of my late father and of me,—Baron de Lindenau. He is about fifty years old, of high talent and integrity. He was minister at Gotha under my father and my uncle, and was respected as a father. After the division of my native territory, he left it and entered into the service of Saxony. The unanimous voice of the nation, and the desire of the Prince Regent, placed him at this crisis at the head of affairs. He perfectly understands the situation, and will secure the happiness of my dear Saxony! You will have this letter through his good offices. He will forward it to the English ambassador at Dresden.

The particulars you have given about your young family have interested me deeply, and I am delighted to find that I was not deceived in the ideas I had formed of them. Pray express to Mr. Sinclair the pleasure his kind remembrance has given me. I often recall the happy time passed in your company, and the instruction given me by your husband. I had a visit some weeks since from Mademoiselle d'Ultenhoven, formerly maid of honour to the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. She recollects having met you frequently, and desires to be remembered to you. Do you recollect Mademoiselle De Boek, who was with me at Gotha? She is very ill at present, her disorder being very singular and of rare occurrence: she has abscesses in the bones of her face, and suffers dreadfully. I lately received the portraits of my dear children, but unfortunately they are so badly painted that they resemble caricatures; yet despite being especially ugly, I am glad to have them, and add, by imagination, what they are deficient in. Adieu, beloved friend, and do not forget to write shortly to your attached and devoted,

LOUISE D^E SAXE.

I have spoken of the Duchess of Clarence as being another of those continental Princesses who cherished a warm friendship for Mrs. Sinclair. Most of her letters are written in English, and, considering that she was a German, are wonderfully correct. A very extensive correspondence

was carried on between the Duchess of Clarence, after she was the Queen Consort of William the Fourth, and Mrs. Sinclair. In all the letters of the Duchess, she shows that she cherished a very special regard for that lady. She unbosomed herself to her on matters both of private and great public importance ; but as this was done, in various instances, in confidence, all such portions of the letters of her Royal Highness are, of course, to be kept sacred. Some of them are exceedingly interesting in a general point of view, and all are pervaded by a fine genial feeling. The following letter was written by the Duchess of Clarence, from Bushy Park, but I do not know the exact date. The Duchess had, at this time, taken a great fancy to Orkney straw hats, Mrs. Sinclair having sent her one as a present. Her Royal Highness expresses her delight with this new kind of ladies' hat in the following letter :—

I received your very kind letter yesterday, my dear Mrs. Sinclair, and beg of you to accept of my best thanks for yours. I also am very much obliged to you for the specimen of the Orkney straw hat manufacture, which is quite beautiful, and gives me great pleasure to patronise it. I beg you to order me a hat as fine as they can make it. I keep the pattern to show to my sisters-in-law, when I go up to London, as I hope to induce them to order one of these national “Orkney” (and not Leghorn they ought to be called in future) hats. As I wish to take my Orkney hat abroad, to show it them as a pattern, I beg that you will bespeak it immediately, that I may have it in May, before our departure for the continent. It is very satisfactory to think that we will in future no more send to Italy for our hats, but have them at home just as good as the Leghorns are. Pray tell me whether you want the pattern back or not, as I wish to keep it to show it, in the hope of making this manufacture better known. Is it long in existence, or only since a short time ? Perhaps you could learn the different prices of hats,

and get me some more patterns of the different sorts of straw. Forgive me the trouble I give you, but I know it will give you pleasure to assist in bringing forward this manufacture. I rely on this when I permit myself to give you these commissions.

Again, evidently soon after the date of this letter, the Duchess of Clarence writes the following on the same subject :—“ I beg you to order me two more straw hats of the Orkney manufacture, of the same sort as the specimen which you have sent me. They are for the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent. This black ribbon is the measure of the Duchess of Kent’s head, and the Duchess of Gloucester begged me to order her hat exactly of the same size as mine.”

The following letter refers to various matters of a general kind, but chiefly in relation to the health of the Duchess. The good sense of her observations on physicians will be indorsed by everyone who bestows a moment’s reflection on the subject.

Bushy, Feb. 3rd, 1826.

MY DEAR MRS. SINCLAIR,

I have to thank you for two very kind letters, and beg to excuse my not having answered the first of them much sooner. However, as idle as I have been, I have not forgotten you in the time of my silence, but very often thought of my kind friends in Scotland. I thank you most sincerely, also, for your kind offer of consulting Dr. Hamilton in my behalf, but I must candidly own to you that I cannot submit to it, as I can have no confidence in a physician I do not know personally, or, to speak more correctly, who does not know me ; for I think the physician ought to be acquainted with his patients if he is to do them really any good.

I am *most grateful* for your kindness, and the great interest you take in the *greatest wish* I have, but I cannot do what you propose.

I hope to gain my object by the baths of Ems, which cer-

tainly have done me a great deal of good, but they must be used more than once to prove effectual. With the aid of God, if it is His will, I again may have the blessing of possessing a child. I trust and hope Ems will do me all the good I expect from it. We intend to go there again in May, and we shall afterwards proceed to our dear Settenstein. I have been much better in health this winter than for many winters past, and I certainly owe it to the waters of Ems, in which I have much reliance.

I am sure that you and Mr. Sinclair will have much regretted the death of the venerable and excellent Dowager Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, which is a great loss to all her friends and relations. It has affected me most deeply to hear of her unexpected death, occasioned by weakness only. She has had another fall lately, and broke again her collar bone, which accident may be considered as the cause of her death, for in consequence of it she became weaker and weaker, and finished best her exemplary life without a struggle or a groan, falling into a sleep out of which she never woke again. I regret her very much, though I must consider it a blessing to her to be united with her husband, which she wished so anxiously to take place.

God bless you all, is always the sincere wish of your truly affectionate friend,

ADELAIDE.

In subsequent parts of the volume I shall have occasion to make repeated references to the Duchess of Clarence, not only as the Duchess, but after she had been raised to the highest attainable dignity in this country,—that of Queen Consort to the reigning Monarch.

CHAPTER V.

Intimacy with his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth—Letter from Mr. Sinclair to the Duke—Letter to Lord Liverpool—Letters from his Royal Highness to Mr. Sinclair.

I HAVE spoken in the preceding chapter of the intimate friendship which was formed between the Princess Adelaide of Meiningen, afterwards the Queen Consort of William the Fourth, and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, during the stay of the latter in Germany, after their marriage. I have likewise mentioned that it was in a great measure through them that the marriage of Princess Adelaide of Meiningen with his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence was brought about.

The interest which Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair took in promoting the marriage between the Duke of Clarence and the Princess Adelaide will be inferred from the following letter which Mr. Sinclair wrote to the Duke on the subject. I ought to state, as throwing light on some parts of this letter, which might otherwise be obscure, that shortly before it was written his Royal Highness contemplated breaking off the marriage, solely on account of his feeling that the sum to be allowed him by Parliament as a marriage settlement, was not sufficient to enable him to maintain his position as son of George the Third, and brother of the reigning King.

April 17th, 1818.

SIR,

I am well aware that in thus venturing to address you, I expose myself to the charge of temerity and presumption; but I feel truly anxious for your Royal Highness's happiness, and so sincerely regret the unexpected obstacle which has intervened to thwart it, that I shall sacrifice every other feeling to that more important consideration. If the union which your Royal Highness projected were to take place, you would espouse a Princess so moderate in her wishes, so unambitious in her views, so amiable and rational in her disposition, so unaccustomed, and I may say superior, to all pomp and show, that even upon a limited income, and in a state of comparative retirement, she would be happy, cheerful, and contented. I have passed many days with her family at Liebenstein and Meiningen, where they live in a style the most simple and unostentatious. My wife and I have frequently conversed in the most unreserved and friendly manner, not only with herself and her mother and sister, but also with Mademoiselle de Rhamer, the lady who superintended her education, and with many other persons who had known her from her infancy. From all that I have seen and heard, I feel perfectly convinced that the Princess is in every respect qualified to promote your Royal Highness's happiness; that, as long as it might be necessary, she would conform, and most cheerfully conform, to any plan of retrenchment which your Royal Highness might suggest or deem expedient; that, towards those respecting whom you, Sir, must feel most anxious, she would behave with the solicitude of a mother, and the confidence of a sister. In short, I entertain not the slightest doubt that you would every day feel more satisfied with the wisdom of your choice. The Princess's sister is wedded to a very worthy and excellent husband, Duke Bernhard, the Grand Duke of Weimar's youngest son. They live at Ghent upon (I presume) a limited income, but are perfectly happy and contented. The Princess herself, I am sure, would be equally so at Bushy; she will not only *agree to*, but *recommend* the strictest economy, and would, in the bosom of her family, prove a model of every conjugal virtue.

Although your Royal Highness has declined the alliance on

account of the inadequate amount of the increase proposed by Parliament, you are still at liberty to marry with your present income, and might truly state that, though you had refused the augmentation because it seemed to be granted ungraciously and with reluctance, you had nevertheless determined to enter into a union, which in itself appeared so auspicious, and to live upon your present resources. I humbly submit that such a step would be very popular in the country, and you might effect the renewal of a negociation which, if broken off, you will often regret ; but which, if brought to a favourable conclusion, I am persuaded you will never repent of. If it should be thought necessary or desirable, my attachment and esteem for the family of Meiningen would supersede every consideration of private convenience, and I would myself repair privately to Meiningen and enter into such an explanation as would, I trust, remove every unpleasant impression.

If your Royal Highness should be displeased at the liberty I have thus taken in suggesting these considerations, I beg, at least, to say that I am alone responsible for it—as I have written this letter under the impulse of my own feelings, without even my father's knowledge (who is now in town), and prompted only by my respect for your Royal Highness, and my dutiful attachment towards the Princess whom I hoped to have congratulated as Duchess of Clarence. If I have been unduly officious, I must console myself with reflecting upon the goodness of my motives, and shall always remain, with every sentiment of respect,

Sir,
Your Royal Highness's
Devoted and obedient Servant,
GEORGE SINCLAIR.

As the marriage, which, soon after this, took place, turned out to be an eminently happy union, it was natural that their Royal Highnesses should ever afterwards cherish a special regard for the two friends who had been the principal mediums through whom the union had been accomplished. The Duke of Clarence accord-

ingly carried on an intimate and continuous correspondence with Mr. Sinclair, while the Duchess and Mrs. Sinclair equally carried on a correspondence between themselves. Of course it was of a nature less interesting in a public sense than that which passed between the Duke and Mr. Sinclair. I will therefore confine myself to that between his Royal Highness and Mr. Sinclair. I have lying before me a series of letters from the Duke of Clarence to Mr. Sinclair, both when his Royal Highness bore that title, and afterwards, when he sat on the throne of these realms as William the Fourth, but I will, in this chapter, confine my extracts and references to the letters which his royal friend wrote to him while bearing the title of the Duke of Clarence.

I may here mention, by way of preface to the letters I am about to transfer to my pages, that when the Duke of Clarence, from whose pen they proceeded, came to the throne of England, on the demise of George the Fourth, it was the prevailing impression that he not only took little interest in public affairs, but that he was more or less wanting in mental capacity to do so. This impression, it will be seen, from the very first letter I shall give, was an erroneous one ; both in respect to the assumption that his Royal Highness took no interest, or a comparatively slight one, in public affairs, and to the belief that he was deficient in those qualities of mind which were necessary to his doing so, even if he had had the disposition. But in order that the first letter of the Duke of Clarence, which I am about to lay before the public, may be understood, as well as some points in other letters of his which will follow, it will be necessary to give a place to one which Mr. Sinclair addressed to the Earl of Liver-

pool, then Prime Minister, in relation to his Royal Highness' private affairs. This letter from Mr. Sinclair is dated the 2nd of May, 1819, and was written in consequence of one which he had just received from the Duke of Clarence in relation to his pecuniary embarrassments, which were so great as to necessitate his remaining out of England at the time. The letter of his Royal Highness is written in a style of penmanship to which no one could take exception, while its orthography is correct throughout :—

May 2nd, 1819.

MY LORD,

I was yesterday honoured with the enclosed letter from his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, by whose commands (as your Lordship will see) I take the liberty to enclose it for your perusal. I trust I may be permitted to add a few remarks, explanatory of the circumstances which led to this correspondence. I had the honour to be very well acquainted with her Royal Highness the Duchess prior to her marriage, and have, both before and since, been in the habit of occasionally writing to both these illustrious personages : when offering to the Duke my tribute of condolence, on a recent melancholy frustration of his hopes, I used the freedom to communicate to his Royal Highness those observations which, from my situation as a Member of Parliament, I had made with respect to the temper and disposition of the present House of Commons. I stated my entire conviction, that it would be impolitic to ask, and impossible to obtain, for his Royal Highness, a larger grant of public money than the former Parliament appeared disposed to vote ; and I strongly recommended to the Duke that he should accept of the increased allowance then offered—ascripting his refusal to a wish, entertained by his Royal Highness, to have saved even that expense to the country, by residing abroad—and his acceptance of it now to his anxiety, in consequence of Hanover not agreeing with the Duchess, to return and reside in England. I at the same time informed his Royal Highness, that these sentiments were merely those of a humble individual ; and of one

who, from conscientious motives, and though favourably disposed towards his Majesty's Government, had been under the necessity of voting against the grant to his Royal brother the Duke of York;—so that I might, perhaps, be biassed to overrate the economical disposition of the present Parliament.

I need not take up any more of your Lordship's time, and shall only express my hope that, in order to facilitate the Duke's return to England, for which he appears so anxious, and which is in many respects so desirable, a proposition, to the amount formerly agreed to by Parliament, may meet with the sanction of his Majesty's Ministers, and the concurrence of the House.

With every good wish, and sentiments of high respect, I have the honour to be,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's obedient Servant,
GEORGE SINCLAIR.

To this letter of Mr. Sinclair, Lord Liverpool returned the following answer, two days after he received it:—

Fife House, 4th May, 1819.

SIR,

I have had the honour of receiving your letter, together with the inclosure from his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

I am concerned to say that I can by no means agree with you in the view you have taken of his Royal Highness's situation.

His Royal Highness did not object to the grant last year on the ground of the expense it would occasion to the country, but because it was wholly insufficient to enable him to maintain *his station in this country*, and did not place him in the same relative situation as even some of his younger brothers.

I do not see, therefore, how I can in justice to his Royal Highness, recommend him to authorise a message to be sent to Parliament to say that he will accept that grant which he refused last year.

No person can be more anxious for an addition to his Royal Highness's income than I am. I think he is at least entitled to be put upon the same footing as the Duke of Kent, who has

the income of Governor of Gibraltar, in addition to the grants of Parliament.

If the Duchess had been so fortunate as to have had a child who had lived, there would, I am persuaded, have been no difficulty in obtaining a grant to this amount.

This, however, does not appear to be the time when any proposition advantageous to his Royal Highness, and at the same time creditable to him, could be made.

I need scarcely add, after what I have already said, that I shall be most happy to take the first favourable and proper opportunity for furthering such a purpose.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your very faithful humble Servant,

George Sinclair, Esq.

LIVERPOOL.

This letter of Lord Liverpool, as First Minister of the Crown, is creditable to him for the independence which it showed in dealing with matters which so closely concerned the brother of the then Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, and himself the not improbable heir to the Crown at no distant day, considering the course of life the Prince Regent had led and was leading. One would hardly have expected this proof of independence, and regard for what was due to the nation, from one who, in conjunction with his colleagues, Lords Castlereagh and Sidmouth, suffered largely in his character as a public man, on account of the general belief that he was, though in private life an amiable and excellent man, one who was ever ready to assist in, or connive at, any job which would promote the views and gratify the wishes of any member of the royal family.

To the above letter from Lord Liverpool, Mr. Sinclair returned the following answer, enclosing the accompanying memorandum :—

who know so well the head and heart of this amiable and excellent princess, must be persuaded that she will in a short time become a just and universal favourite with the English public; and another session, if she proves a mother, will induce the House of Commons to make her situation what it ought to be. My best and sincerest wishes attend Mrs. Sinclair, to whom I am anxious to be presented; we leave Hanover on the 17th, and I trust and believe the Duchess, after having the bath at Lienenstein, will land in dear old England a healthier and stronger woman than ever. You must not be angry if I shake you by the hand when we meet, like an old acquaintance. In the meantime adieu, and ever believe me,

Yours, sincerely,

WILLIAM.

The subjoined letter relates to the same subject as the above correspondence between Lord Liverpool and Mr. Sinclair; namely, the national allowance to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. It will be observed that, up till this time, he and Mr. Sinclair had not personally met. The letter is dated “Lienenstein, July 3, 1819”:

DEAR SIR,

Though as yet personally unknown to you, I cannot address you under any other name for all the kindness and real friendship you have so uniformly shown me and the excellent Duchess.

Yours of 22nd June reached me last night, and accept my sincere thanks for all the expressions contained in your letter, which do so much honour to your head and heart; if you, Sir James Graham, and Barton, think a moment favourable with Lord Liverpool, and he agrees to the measure, you have my full authority to take the proper steps this session for the Six Thousand Pounds; but whatever may be my temporary pecuniary difficulty for *this* session, I have my reasons not to take any step in Parliament without the consent of Lord Liverpool; equally have I the same strong objection to residing away, either from St. James' or Bushy; but in our first private confi-

idential conversation, I will detail to you circumstances not fit for paper, but which I can confide to your honour; as to all the other parts of your letter, I agree with them entirely, and approve entirely of yourself, Barton, who has my entire confidence, and Sir James Graham, if he will take the trouble, considering most fully my circumstances, and the establishment I must maintain: you will show this letter to Sir James and Barton.

I would have written more fully, but my annual attack has left me so weak I can hardly hold my pen; the Duchess, thank God, is going on favourably, and the bathing agrees with her perfectly; she unites with me in very sincere and hearty good wishes towards yourself and the amiable Mrs. Sinclair. The Duchess of Meiningen, and all your numerous friends here, are equally anxious for the health and welfare of your excellent lady and yourself. I shall hope to hear from you shortly again. Adieu, and ever believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours, sincerely,

WILLIAM.

Probably few persons to be found in the same station of life as that which the Duke of Clarence at this time occupied have furnished such unmistakable proofs of gratitude and friendship for services rendered, as his Royal Highness did in his various letters for the proofs of friendship received from Mr. Sinclair. The following letter, dated "Dunkirk, September 17, 1819," may be quoted, amongst many others in my possession, as a specimen of the Duke's high appreciation of what Mr. Sinclair had done for himself and his Duchess, and of the profound estimation in which his Royal Highness held Mr. Sinclair. The subjoined is the letter referred to:—

DEAR SIR,

You may be surprised at the place from whence I write; but the public prints will have informed you of the melancholy event which has detained us here. I carry this letter myself to Dover, where the Duchess will enjoy the sea air and bathing. She is,

who know so well the head and heart of this amiable and excellent princess, must be persuaded that she will in a short time become a just and universal favourite with the English public; and another session, if she proves a mother, will induce the House of Commons to make her situation what it ought to be. My best and sincerest wishes attend Mrs. Sinclair, to whom I am anxious to be presented; we leave Hanover on the 17th, and I trust and believe the Duchess, after having the bath at Lienenstein, will land in dear old England a healthier and stronger woman than ever. You must not be angry if I shake you by the hand when we meet, like an old acquaintance. In the meantime adieu, and ever believe me,

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DEAR SIR,

You may be surprised at the place from whence I write; but the public prints will have informed you of the melancholy event which has detained us here. I carry this letter myself to Dover, where the Duchess will enjoy the sea air and bathing. She is,

thank God, as well as possible, considering her miscarriage ; and Dr. Halliday assures me her general health has not been impaired, and that the causes which brought on this melancholy accident were her natural agitation of mind from parting with her mother and sister, and the bad roads, not occurring in England. He sees no reason for her not eventually becoming a mother of children. This sad state of things, of course, again throws back my expectations, and shows, if possible, the necessity of my following the advice of my friends greater than ever. Yours of 19th July, by some strange irregularity in the foreign post, never reached me till the 23rd of August, on the road, and that of 21st August I found on my arrival at Ghent : the first, travelling as I then was, I could not at that time answer, and the last I hoped to have acknowledged in a few days after its receipt, on my reaching Dover. However, the Duchess's misfortune has detained me here some time. Your first letter was altogether consonant to my ideas respecting every point but that relative to my children, and on this our difference was not great ; but, by letters on which I can confide, and by a positive and direct message brought to me by Sir John Warren from the Regent, I have every reason to believe my brother sees my situation with regard to my family as I could wish. This was the only difficulty between the Regent and myself. I trust and believe our meeting and proceeding will be as formerly, and that the same perfect good understanding and friendship will subsist between us, and, indeed, be increased by the sweetness and agreeable company of the amiable and excellent Duchess. I have written twice to the Regent, consequently I have nothing more to say in answer to your first letter, of which I now entirely approve. There could never be a doubt of my entering at once into your ideas contained in your second letter, and I trust my conduct will prove me worthy of so good and excellent a wife. Neither ambition nor the love of money, however, influenced me. At my time of life I take things as they come, and, with the resignation and moderation of the Duchess, I flatter myself we shall live so as to convince the British nation that we submit with pleasure to the situation in which they have placed us. I hope and believe our way of proceeding will meet with public approbation.

The Duchess unites with me in every sincere and hearty good wish towards yourself and Mrs. Sinclair, and we shall both be very happy to see you and your amiable lady whenever you return to London. I shall then be able to talk over many things on which it is impossible to write. Adieu for the present, and ever believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM.

It will be observed that in the beginning of this letter the Duke alludes to a fact not generally known,—that there was at one time a prospect of an event which might have retained the Crown in their Royal Highnesses' family.

Passing over several letters, which are chiefly of a friendly character, the next which I shall give from the Duke of Clarence to Mr. Sinclair is partly in answer to one received from the latter, relative to some point, which does not appear, on which they seem to have differed. This letter is equally creditable to Mr. Sinclair and to his Royal Highness. It shows that Mr. Sinclair was no flatterer of his royal friend, but that, on the contrary, he plainly expressed his opinions even when he knew that they differed from those of his royal correspondent. The letter is no less creditable to the latter, because it shows his good sense in receiving in a right spirit the expression of views on the part of Mr. Sinclair which were at variance with his own. This letter is dated “St. James’s, October 31st, 1820,” and is as follows:—

DEAR SIR,

Knowing so perfectly the sincere regard and friendship you have for the Duchess, me, and mine, I must thank you for your third letter of this day, which has just reached me. I accept with gratitude your advice of caution and prudence in my lan-

guage. You know me, I trust, too well to think for a moment I can quarrel with you for differing with me in opinion on any political point. On the contrary, I shall always esteem that man who has the boldness and the openness to fairly deliver me his opinion whenever he and I may dissent on public measures ; but these points are much more fit for discussion than for writing, and I hope soon after the bill is finally disposed of to have an opportunity of talking the matter fully over with you ; indeed, volumes would be requisite to state the different bearings on my mind. Beyond Saturday se'nnight the discussion in the Lords cannot last,—many think not so long, but the event will show. My opinion on the cool discernment of Lord Liverpool is by no means changed, and I look with confidence to his lordship ; but, once more, this subject is only fit for conversation.

Another motive for wishing to see you is relative to the nurse you formerly mentioned ; it is high time I should be prepared with a good one ; and I must request you will give me the necessary particulars respecting the woman you formerly mentioned to me. I can add, with equal pleasure and truth, that the amiable and excellent Duchess is advancing most favourably in her present state ; she unites with me in every hearty good wish towards yourself and Mrs. Sinclair. Adieu, till we meet, which I hope will be shortly, and now believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours unalterably,

WILLIAM.

Omitting several letters of the Duke of Clarence in his correspondence with Mr. Sinclair, which were written in the intervening twenty months, the next one which I shall transfer to my pages possesses a State interest, because expressing the views of his Royal Highness respecting the intention of the then King of Prussia, the father of the present sovereign of that country, to annex the dominions of Hanover to his own dominions. It would appear that the incorporation of the kingdom of Hanover, accomplished three years ago by the present Prussian

monarch, may be said to have been a traditional part of Prussian policy. The allusion to the then rumoured intention of Prussia to incorporate Gotha is also interesting. The letter is at once sensible and smart. It is dated—

Bushy House, Jan. 3rd, 1822.

DEAR SIR,

In answer to yours of 31st October, I am to observe, that however ill you may think of the Prussian Eagle, and whatever may be my ideas respecting the Prussian monarch coveting the dominions of Hanover, I must acquit him of all thoughts of the Duchy of Gotha, though, according to law, the Duke of Meiningen *ought* to succeed to the *whole*. I am inclined to think, to prevent serious disputes, there will be a division between *three* branches, which will facilitate mutual exchanges between the sovereign dukes. At the same time, I must observe, the late Duke of Gotha *certainly* intended the Duke of Meiningen his *sole* heir.

You are an excellent and sensible man, but too sceptical for governing any country. Our Constitution is our boast, and yet the very difficulty you justly mention, of Ministers being too much occupied in baffling their parliamentary opponents, must be the natural result of a representative system. I have long lamented the *great landed* interest of this empire should be in opposition. I have always told you I do not understand finance; but, both as a statesman and as a farmer, I do not see the means of obviating agricultural distress, either by the Legislature or the Cabinet. I believe the real cause to be, that our farmers are *gentlemen*, and not *yeomen*: at the same time, the prices of all grain were in Germany in the summer lower than here, and, I understand, in the rest of Europe.

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM.

The next letter from the Duke of Clarence to Mr. Sinclair which I shall quote possesses no common interest, because it chiefly relates to what was then the great

question of the day, namely, agricultural distress. Seldom has the country been more powerfully agitated than it was at this period by the prevalence and the pressure of that distress. Those who entertained the opinion before alluded to, that the Duke of Clarence had neither the capacity nor the disposition to apply his mind to the consideration of great public questions, will see by the following letter, principally relating to the agricultural distress of that day, how erroneous, though prevalent, that impression was. The letter is dated "Bushy House, February 3, 1822. Late at night."

DEAR SIR,

On my return last evening from Windsor, I found yours of the 1st instant from Himley Hall. I beg my best respects to the excellent, venerable, and hospitable Viscount and his lady. I am glad you have such excellent accounts of your amiable wife and lovely children. We go to-morrow to town, and return here on Saturday: I am anxious to hear the Speech, and what will be said in the House of Lords. Much is to be, and can be done for the agricultural interest;—we must see what Ministers intend. Tithes and poor's rates might, in my opinion, be levied on the *funded* as well as on the landed property; and the farmer, the grower of corn, might be protected, when the ports are open, by a duty on *imported* corn equal to *our own*—which pays tithes and poor's rates. I give you my idea, and when we meet we can talk the matter over fully: though the distress of the country is great, I have very strong reason to believe the kingdom in general is improving, except the counties of Kent, Sussex, and Cumberland. The state of Ireland is very far from pleasant, but the accounts from thence are clearly exaggerated;—no permanent remedy can be found till the country gentlemen will reside on their estates, and encourage good order and civilization: we may, and shall, put down the bad spirit; but no essential good can result without the great landholders living, as we do in this island, on their estates.

The Duchess is very well, and already anxious the week was

out she might return here—in which idea I join her implicitly. She unites with me in every good wish for your health and welfare. I shall hope to see you shortly after your return home, and ever remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM.

Another of the letters of the Duke of Clarence to Mr. Sinclair, which possesses general interest, because referring to various topics at the time occupying much public attention, is dated “Bushy House, October 23, 1822.” It was written soon after the memorable visit to Scotland of his brother, who by this time had become George the Fourth. The following is the letter:—

DEAR SIR,

Being once more able to hold a pen, I am happy to acknowledge yours of 11th instant from Edinburgh. My attack on my return has been peculiarly unfortunate, as I was particularly well all the time I was out of the Kingdom. I hope and trust the Duchess returned materially improved in every respect by her continental excursion; and I can add, with great satisfaction, she landed in this country with sincere pleasure. I am glad yourself, Mrs. Sinclair, and the children are so well; the Duchess unites with me in every sincere wish for the continuance of health and prosperity to yourself and those you do and ought to love.

I trust and believe the King’s visit to Scotland has answered in every respect; and God grant the favourable impression may last for ever. You and I do not often differ; and we agree perfectly about pageantry and state ceremonies, which are both state necessities.

We certainly *hear* of agricultural distress, but we *see* nothing of reduction in the way of living of those who complain.

Lord Liverpool is a very great loss; and your remarks respecting the effect of his death are, I am afraid, too correct.

The Gotha succession *cannot* produce *bloodshed*, but *has* already *ill-blood*: however, if the Duke of Meiningen, who is

the next heir to the present reigning imbecile wretch, will only be firm and moderate, the Dukes of Coburg and Hildburghausen will not be able to effect anything against the interest of our young friend, who by law succeeds to the whole sovereignty. The late Duke died greatly in debt, and his daughter, the Duchess of Coburg, is without fortune. I do not think the state of either mind or body of the present Duke of Gotha can set him aside from the Government; it is not imagined he can live long, however.

I never spoke or attempted to speak German whilst abroad; but I am returned highly pleased with men, women, and things from Germany. Remember me kindly and particularly to Mrs. Sinclair,—God bless you, her, and the children,—and ever believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours unalterably,

WILLIAM.

Another letter is, in parts, perhaps more interesting, in one sense, than any of the letters to Mr. Sinclair from his Royal Highness which I have given. It is one which shows him to great advantage in various respects, whether viewing him as a man, as a member of the Legislature, or as the not improbable future sovereign of Great Britain,—a distinction to which, in a few years afterwards, he attained. Instead, however, of quoting it *in extenso*, suffice it to say that it shows how thoroughly opposed his Royal Highness was to the foreign loans which were so common in this country at that time. He clearly saw how great their immoral effect was, as well as impolitic, viewed in their relations to the State. He says: “These foreign loans are a matter of surprise to myself and others, and as contracted without the consent and any interference of our Government. I do not see how the possessors of the various

bonds can expect Ministers to interfere. I do not, however, agree with you that the King of Spain is right in not confirming the loan : it must hurt the credit of Spain. I have ever seen the difficulty of our Government interfering with the monied men relative to foreign loans, but it is injurious, in my mind, to the empire, the introduction of the measure of thus assisting nations with British capital who might turn our own money against ourselves ; there is, however, an observation to be made, that time and circumstances certainly alter things, and the Cabinet have, particularly during the last session, adopted measures, relative to our present intercourse with the other nations, contrary to the received opinion of our ancestors."

I find another letter, dated November of the same year, in which his Royal Highness answers a letter of Mr. Sinclair to him in favour of parliamentary reform. I subjoin an extract, from which it will be seen how much in favour of a reform in Parliament Mr. Sinclair was, and how much opposed to it the Duke was. "No one," he says, "esteems you more sincerely than I do, and it is always with real regret I differ from you ; but on the point of parliamentary reform I cannot agree with you ; believe me confusion *must* and *would* ensue if ever reform of Parliament should *unfortunately* ever be carried ; under no circumstances, at no period, and never mind by whom this measure might be brought forward, never ought reform to be carried : it is the absolute ruin of the country : this is my opinion on the subject. We agree on most points, and where we differ, I am confident we are animated with what appears to ourselves the real interest of the State. I differ entirely with Hume respecting the policy about the fisheries ; though we enjoy

peace, and God grant it may last, yet war must at length inevitably come, and we ought to encourage our seamen."

Probably the most interesting letter altogether is that which is dated the 24th of March, 1826. No one, I venture to say, who did not know the Duke of Clarence in private, would have believed that he could have written a letter displaying so intimate a knowledge of the currency question, which was creating a universal interest at that time. Nor would it have been believed that, even if he had understood the subject, he could have expressed himself with so much clearness and force in the enunciation and advocacy of his views. I may remark in passing, that as the question of the comparative merits of a metallic and paper currency is about to excite as great an interest, if not greater, than at the date of the letter, it acquires a special interest at the present time.

Bushy House, March 24th, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

In answer to yours of 18th instant, I am confident you will very shortly hear from Admiral Otway that everything is arranged concerning your *protégé*. I am glad all those you ought and do love are well; and the Duchess unites with me in every sincere and kind wish towards yourself and Mrs. Sinclair, to whom I beg to be particularly remembered.

I cannot admire the new theories, and do not like the Government giving in to the Opposition, and the sort of courting between the two parties. We ought to have a good Government and a sound Opposition, to which the King might have recourse, if necessary. Steady and moderate declaration of sentiment on *the* currency and on other *new* points to which Administration and Opposition are, in my opinion, heedlessly running, may recall the nation to its good sense, and bring fair discussion forward. *Speculation* was certainly the principal cause of the late commercial distress; but the *evil* effects of

free trade are beginning to be felt, and Baring, who is a man of good sense and of information, is aware he is one of those who encouraged ministers to their new commercial system, and was therefore hampered to know what to say in Parliament. Free trade produces speculation ; and now the difficulty is felt respecting *paper* and metallic currency, and the commercial interest is forcing this new system relative to corn, which involves the positive existence of the landholder. Depend upon it, Government will find their difficulties increase by their free trade ; and I am most seriously alarmed at the *decrease* of our seamen and the *consequent increase* of *foreigners*. I believe Scotland *cannot* go on *without* paper, and I much doubt Ireland *can* ; but look to the consequence of the *alteration* in the *corn laws*, if connected with the withdrawing *paper* in Ireland, what will become of the sister kingdom, now emerging, *by its corn* being imported into this island which it grows through the medium of *its paper* ? I had really been in hopes that, except in *religion*, all sides were uniting as to the other proper means of encouraging Ireland. But free trade must hurt the *corn* and *linen*. Yet I believe the *ins* and *outs* mean well. But I cannot approve of *theory* against *practice* of so many years' standing. I shall tire you, and therefore remain,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM.

Throughout the letters of the Duke of Clarence, we see indications, not to be mistaken, of his dislike to Roman Catholicism. In one letter he is somewhat jocular at the expense of the popes. Referring to the election of one, in 1823, when Leo the Twelfth was chosen to fill the papal chair, he says :—“ They have got a Leo the Twelfth, and I did not expect any more popes. I thought Austria would not have permitted another election ; but being now seated in the papal chair, I wish he may remain there quietly for a length of time. What would I give to see but *one old lady* a Catholic in Ireland.”

In another letter, written about the same time, we

find as sound judgment and good sense as could be met with anywhere. Mr. Sinclair, like his father, Sir John, had carefully studied, and thoroughly understood, the subject of the currency, which was at that time, owing to the recent passing of Peel's Currency Bill, exciting great and universal attention in the country. Mr. Sinclair had evidently been asking the opinion of his Royal Highness on some phase of the question, for we find the latter expressing himself thus in relation to it :—

I will never venture an opinion in a matter I do not understand. Finance is out of my way. I am glad you, who do understand this intricate subject, are satisfied with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Both Robinson and Peel rise in public estimation. But I clearly see and rejoice at the increasing prosperity of the empire. It may be, and must be, slow ; but I really think the present measures pursuing in Ireland will ultimately and permanently tranquillize that country. I dread for the West Indies, unless the Cabinet stand firm against Wilberforce and his associates. Believe me, religion has nothing to do with politics ; they must, and ought, ever to be separated. I shall ever be happy to shake you by the hand wherever we meet, and trust you will not stop at Edinburgh, but reach London. However, you and I have the good sense to make ourselves contented with our lots wherever we are placed.

What a happy thing it would be for individuals, and for the world at large, if everyone not only adopted, but uniformly acted on, the latter sentiment,—that of making ourselves contented with our lot wherever we may be placed.

The opinions, on great public questions, of one who was, when he expressed them, so near to the throne of England as was the Duke of Clarence at the period to which his latter letters refer, will be read with interest

still. On the subject of the emancipation of the West India slaves, in connection with the agitation then so vigorously carried on for their manumission, Mr. Sinclair's royal correspondent thus wrote :—“ As far,” he says, “ as relates to Ireland, the session has done a vast deal of good: and the more the sister kingdom is discussed, decidedly the better for the country, and consequently for the empire. But the West Indies ought never to be mentioned. If Wilberforce and the saints continue their lamentable, dangerous, and ill-judged language and motions in Parliament, every European man, woman, and child will be murdered by the blacks. Religion is requisite to govern mankind. But philosophy and religion, mixed with politics, will not do, and only can, and must, throw governments into utter confusion. I will not say another word on the West Indies. I admire discussion, and shall never think the worse of you for differing from me.”

The frightful prediction that the emancipation of the slaves, if the measure should be carried, would be followed by the murder, by the blacks, of “ every European man, woman, and child,” was, happily, not fulfilled. So far from all the Europeans in the West Indies being massacred on the passing of the measure, not one European lost his life at the hands of the blacks.

The Duke of Clarence, at this time, repeatedly expresses his views on the Irish difficulty, which seems to have been as great as now. He says, in one letter, “ The more Ireland is discussed in Parliament, in my opinion, the better for the sister kingdom, and consequently for the empire at large. Education may withdraw the low and ignorant Irish from the absolute sway of their priests,

which must be an object with all those who wish the tranquillity of that country. Government must not force improvement in Ireland, but leave it, as Canning wisely stated, to individuals to feel their own progressive way in advancing in whatever may contribute, in their different ideas and manner, towards the various points of commerce and agriculture wanted in a country so peculiarly situated. On the point of religion, people are so divided, I cannot venture an opinion."

It was, if I remember rightly, in 1835, that Mr. Sheil, then the most popular Irish member, next to Mr. O'Connell, in the House of Commons, said, with great energy, looking at Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, that Ireland would prove the grave of his Administration. And such was the fact. On the Appropriation Principle, the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel were defeated, and resigned in consequence. At the time to which the next letter of the Duke alludes, the Ministry of Lord Sidmouth was placed in peril by the Irish question. His Royal Highness says : "However highly I must appreciate the Chancellor and his brother, and Lord Sidmouth, yet these three great men think of Ireland as they did when at Oxford, in the reign of George the Second. The Cabinet is hampered by them : this is clear, and on the other points there may be differences amongst ourselves. I think you have drawn the Chancellor to perfection." The Chancellor referred to was Lord Eldon, and his brother was Lord Stowell,—the latter one of the best judges that ever sat on the English bench.

I find another letter, written about this period, by the Duke of Clarence, in which he expresses himself in terms of decided disapproval of free trade in all its phases.

The following extract from this letter will be read with special interest at the present time, when a movement has been set afoot, and has made some progress, to obtain a considerable modification, if not an entire repeal, of the free-trade measures passed some years ago:—“ You do me but justice,” says the Duke, “ in believing my thorough attachment to our native land, and its real interests. I may err from the *head*, but I *cannot* from the *heart*. I agree with you in the general prosperity of the empire, and in the likelihood of the continuance of peace. But I see with concern the attempt of some to set *Protestant Great Britain* versus *Catholic Ireland*, and I trust Mr. Huskisson, urged on by Mr. Bolton of Liverpool, and Mr. Wallace, stimulated by Mr. Hall, the great speculator, of London, may not bring the *Agricultural interest* of the United Kingdoms in direct opposition to the *Commercial* ideas by endeavouring to alter the Corn-laws. Equally do I dread Messrs. Huskisson and Wallace, under the influence of Messrs. Bolton and Hall, throwing the carrying trade into the hands of foreigners, and reducing the nursery for our seamen, under the plea of increasing the revenue and the manufactures. We cannot for ever remain at peace, and I dread the want of seamen in a future war by encouraging the smaller vessels of foreigners. Other nations can never cope with us in long voyages. It is the coasting trade, and the immediate introduction of small and light draft of water vessels, that I apprehend will peculiarly injure the education of apprentices at sea.”

Whether right or wrong in his views on the question of free trade, it must be admitted that he thought more on that question, and wrote more intelligently on

it, than most people gave him credit for being able to do.

The question of a paper currency is another which is likely to be brought prominently before Parliament, as it is already occupying the attention of the country. The views of the Duke of Clarence on that question I find expressed in a letter to Mr. Sinclair, under date of March the 4th, 1826. He says: "I do not see how England, and especially Scotland, can go on *without* paper currency: at the same time nothing has so facilitated the *infamous* speculation which has produced the present panic as the excessive and improper fabrication of paper in small notes by the country bankers. Government are right in allowing *three* years for the experiment, and probably in the course of that time the means may be found to limit the extent of issue of small notes. The small farmer and little tradesman in the country cannot, in my opinion, go on without a proportion of small notes. Scotland and Ireland require consideration, as they are both different from England, and the minister is aware of this. Still, however, with all the liability and facility to speculation, I do not conceive the United Kingdoms can carry on their usual social intercourse *without* a *quantum* of small notes. Unfortunately, new theories are the fashion, and I only hope this spirit of innovation may not injure the vital interests of the empire. In 1830, the Bank Charter expires, and it is considered probable it will not be renewed. I am anxious to know in what manner the public money will be disposed. But these things are more for *conversation* than for *letters*. It proves, however, you and I have the interest of the country seriously at heart."

Various other letters from his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, written to Mr. Sinclair, are in my possession ; but as they are letters more expressive of the very sincere friendship which he felt for the subject of these Memoirs, than of references to the great political questions of the day, I pass them over, especially as the date of the last letter I have given was within a few years of the royal writer succeeding to the Crown of England, and when consequently, I will have to speak of him no longer as the Duke of Clarence, but as the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland. This he became, under the title of William the Fourth, at the death, on June 26th, 1830, of his brother, George the Fourth. I will content myself here with relating a brief anecdote connected with the accession of the Duke of Clarence to the Crown of these realms, which Mr. Sinclair, after my intimate acquaintance with him as Sir George Sinclair, used to relate to me. A friend was the first to apprise Mr. Sinclair of the fact of George the Fourth's death ; and he did it in these words : "Your *friend*, the Duke of Clarence, is *King*." To this Mr. Sinclair, on the spur of the moment, with that ready repartee in which he so signally excelled, replied, "But is the *King* my *friend*?" There was a happy combination of wit and philosophy in this response to the announcement that the Duke of Clarence had been raised to the Throne of these realms.

It may be interesting to mention that, though I have sixty or seventy of the Duke's letters to Mr. Sinclair now before me, I do not find a single instance in one of the number of an erasure or interlineation. The only parallel case of the kind which has ever come under my own special observation, was that of the late Sir James Graham. The

late Sir Charles Napier gave me, soon after his return from the command of the Baltic fleet, in the time of the Crimean war, a perusal of all his correspondence with Sir James Graham, as First Lord of the Admiralty ; and out of about fifty letters and despatches written by Sir James, there was not a single erasure or interlineation. This is a fact which, I imagine, is of very rare occurrence.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Sinclair's Speeches in Parliament — His Scientific Pursuits — Literary Efforts and Poetic tastes—Early Aristocratic Friends—The Duke of Gordon—The Duchess of Gordon and Mr. Pitt—Lord Fife—Lord Glenelg —Lord Ward.

PROBABLY no man that ever sat in the House of Commons could boast of superior literary attainments or more varied intellectual knowledge than were possessed by Mr. Sinclair; but it is no uncommon thing for a man to be and to possess all this, and yet not to enjoy the reputation for it to which he is entitled. This was not the experience of Mr. Sinclair. He not only was, but was known and admitted to be, the most accomplished man in either of the several Parliaments of which he was a member. When I mention this fact, no one will feel surprised on my adding that whenever it was known that he was to make one of his great speeches, the House was sure to be filled with members anxious to hear him. Nothing, indeed, on such occasions, but some unavoidable cause would have prevented any of the more intellectual members from being present. If he did not speak often, he made up for the unfrequency of his speeches—unfrequency, I mean, as compared with other members who were nightly on their legs—by the quality of his matter, and the faultless beauty of his style. Some of Mr. Sin-

clair's speeches, indeed, created quite a sensation ; but probably no address he ever delivered within the walls of St. Stephen's elicited so marked a display of admiration in the House, or made a deeper or more abiding impression in the country when read, than did his memorable speech on the condition of the working classes, in the year 1828. The distress in the country was at that time not only deep, but universal. "National distress," and proofs and illustrations of its existence and universality, with endless prescriptions for its cure, everywhere met the eye whenever any one opened the pages of the newspapers of the period. Again and again, the question was brought before Parliament, and prolonged and exciting debates took place in relation to the best mode of dealing with it. On one of these occasions, when none but the most influential men would be heard on the subject, Mr. Sinclair addressed the House at considerable length. There was but one opinion with relation to the character of his speech. The House was charmed with it,—indeed, was carried away captive by it. It abounded with argument and wit in pretty equal proportions ; while it was pervaded by a love of justice and a sympathy for the suffering lower classes, which have rarely been found in unison in either House of Parliament. It was in the highest sense of the term a *great* speech. It was universally acknowledged, equally within and without the walls of Parliament, to be a brilliant intellectual achievement.

I wish that the plan of my work allowed me to make copious quotations from a speech, characterised alike by enlightened statesmanship and transcendent eloquence. But I am not, as regards space, a free agent. So far from

being poor in relation to materials, I am encumbered by their affluence. I can only, therefore, transfer to my pages a few passages as samples of Mr. Sinclair's sympathy with the sufferings and sorrows of the industrial classes, and of the wit, the argument, the eloquence, which characterised the celebrated speech to which I refer.. It was delivered at a time when myriads of our weavers and other operatives in the manufacturing districts were either entirely out of employment, or only partially employed ; and when their own starvation, and that of their families, led hand-loom weavers in many instances to the breaking of frames, and the committing of other acts of violence. Mingled with his sympathy for them, there was blended in Mr. Sinclair's remarkable speech a bold and unsparing censure of those in the higher classes of society who, entirely wrapped up in selfishness, had no feeling for their utter destitution, their intolerable distress. Mr. Sinclair said :—

How many honest and respectable fathers of families are at issue with those who maintain that the present system is working well ! It does so undoubtedly, as far as the Court and the persons who subsist on the taxes are concerned. It is well adapted to further the interests of all who have realised or inherited large incomes, or who can secure preferment for their brothers, promotion for their uncles, legations for their children, pensions for their widows, or power, and place, and patronage for themselves. None of *us* are gratuitous eulogists of things as they are. We never know what it is to want ; we never devote one hour to those harassing occupations by which the lives of millions are embittered and abridged. It is, indeed, often asserted that our duties are multifarious and fatiguing, but we can at pleasure modify, suspend, or relinquish them. The privileges and recreations of the legislator are as numerous as the privations and hardships of the labourer are intense. The former can retire from his sphere of exertion whenever it suits

his convenience or caprice, to take his ride in the Park, or his rubber at Crockford's, or enjoy a hebdomadal "feast of reason and flow of soul" at Grillon's. The latter must perform the daily routine of his drudgery without any alternative, and is a stranger to the resource of pairing off for the night or retiring to enjoy rural leisure for the week. We participate in all the refinements and embellishments devised by modern ingenuity. We all expect that we shall this evening retire to comfortable places of abode, where those whom we love are surrounded by all the conveniences and most of the luxuries of life. But what shall we say with respect to the destitute hand-loom weavers and the hundreds of thousands throughout the manufacturing districts, "subject to like passions as we are," and as anxious as we possibly can be for the welfare and the comfort of their offspring, who, long ere morning's dawn, are summoned to unremitting, unhealthy, and unprofitable toil, or perhaps are cut off from obtaining employment at all ; who have no other prospect than of returning at a late hour of the night to their forlorn and cheerless homes in a state of bodily exhaustion and mental despondency ; and who can bequeath no legacy to their children but a career as wretched as their own ? Is it consistent with reason or common sense that persons so circumstanced should feel any strong attachments to the institutions under which they live—or, ought I not rather to say, under which they are doomed to pine in unrelieved and unpitied wretchedness ? And may it not sometimes occur to them, however erroneously, that those who have nothing to lose may have something to gain, even through the appalling medium of anarchy and civil discord ? If a feeling of desperation and a thirst for vengeance should impel them to deeds of violence, and that some modern Menenius should say to them, "Will you undo yourselves ?"—might they not reply, in the simple and appropriate language of the Roman citizen, "We cannot, sir ; we are undone already." And to what quarter can they look for compassion ? From whence are they to hope for assistance ? To transmit their complaints to the House is an empty ceremony, and a vain delusion ; as well might they address themselves to the Congress at Washington, to the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, or to the Cortes assembled at Madrid.

Nothing could be more racy, nothing more pungent, than the following passage from this speech of Mr. Sinclair, where he describes, in a manner singularly graphic, the conversation which he had on one occasion, at dinner, with an aristocratic spinster, in relation to the condition of the working classes, at the period which he mentions.

I have often listened with indignation and disgust to the colloquial homilies of selfish affluence. How triumphantly does the bloated sensualist, who encumbers his lordly board and stimulates his languid appetite by an endlessly diversified array of costly viands, and who is, perhaps, in secret addicted to practices more flagrant in the sight of God, indulge in a pathetic invective against crimes, which his unearned hereditary opulence has placed him beyond the temptation of committing, and to which the poor are only impelled by destitution, neglect, and despair! Away with such easy eloquence—such nauseous cant—such cheap morality! Nothing is more common or less difficult than to paint the vices of others in the most glowing colours, or to endure their sorrows and witness their sufferings with the most exemplary resignation. I had the honour, some years ago, to sit at dinner next to a very prim, somewhat antiquated, highly-respectable spinster, deeply interested in the fluctuations of the three per cents. and of the quadrille table, and who, in the society of a sleek and snarling lap-dog, feasted on all the delicacies of all the seasons. Whilst she was enjoying, quite *con amore*, a well-replenished plate of rich and savoury turtle soup, allusion was made to the disturbances then raging in certain districts, where the working classes had been driven, by want of employment for themselves and of sustenance for their families, to perpetrate acts of violence and intimidation. My fair neighbour shrugged up her shoulders, turned up the whites of her eyes, and, during the brief intervals from self-complacent deglutition, exclaimed, “Oh, sir, national unthankfulness is a very heinous sin! How multiplied are the benefits which a gracious Providence is daily showering down upon us, the unreasonable inhabitants of this highly-favoured

land ! I wish I could only expostulate in person with our misguided and unthinking countrymen themselves ; I should ask them whether it would be decent, or even possible, to pray for a larger measure of comforts than we actually receive ? ” “Champagne, ma’am ? ” “ If you please. But, sir,” continued she, whilst the butler was pouring a bumper of *Vin d’ Ay* into a long capacious glass, “ I blush to think of the return which we are making for mercies, of which we are very unworthy ! Is it not awful and melancholy to consider”—here she drank off her wine, which was remarkably well iced—“ that perhaps at this very moment, by way of requital for all our blessings, we are committing outrages and breaking frames ? I declare, when one reflects upon such horrid infatuation, it makes one’s flesh creep from head to foot, lest, as a just chastisement for all our crimes, we should, in the twinkling of an eye, be deprived of all our comforts—may I trouble you for another spoonful of the green fat ? ” In connection with this good lady’s admonitory lamentations, there were two elements which she altogether overlooked. In the first place, she omitted to remember that, if by some lucky windfall or providential dispensation, the most reckless of these unhappy delinquents had come into possession of a fortune equivalent to the hundredth part of the mercies which she enjoyed with so keen a relish, and prized with so exemplary a thankfulness, he would have vied with herself in the loudness of his encomiums on the benefits resulting from tranquillity and subordination. In fact, riches and radicalism, though not invariably incompatible, very seldom go hand in hand. I am persuaded that many a blustering political fire-eater would be thoroughly cured of all his levelling crotchetts and revolutionary vagaries, by opportunely marrying a dashing widow and participating in the usufruct of a well-paid jointure, or by unexpectedly burying an inconvenient uncle, who, in the capacity of rightful owner, was the only bar to his entrance upon the enjoyment of a title and estate. On the other hand, my worthy friend plumed herself upon being what would now be termed a staunch Conservative, and a decided enemy to all innovation, both religious and political. But no principle was so predominant in her creed as a mortal antipathy to the income-tax, her chief objection to which was the great difficulty of evading it. She had, fortunately,

lived long enough to see it abolished, an event which delighted her much more than the triumphs of Waterloo or Trafalgar ; and in defiance of the old adage, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, she was constantly directing against its *manes* the whole artillery of her eloquence. Now, if the Duke of Wellington himself, whom she often pronounced to be the most consummate statesman, as well as the greatest captain, of the age, had evoked the grim spectre of that grinding impost from its tomb, I do not say that her arms would have been employed in destroying frames, but her tongue would have been constantly levelling at his Grace the most envenomed shafts of vituperation, and all her dependants would have been marshalled, with herself as generalissimo at their head, to support Opposition candidates at the next general election.

The following is the peroration of Mr. Sinclair's speech. It is characterised alike by its feeling for those who were the victims of the deep distress which prevailed at the period at which it was delivered, and by the sound philosophy which marked its suggestions as to the way in which the working classes ought to be legislated for by Parliament.

We may rest assured that sufferers whose passions are inflamed, or whose spirits are broken, by physical hardships and privations, consider political privileges and abstract rights as a very slender source of consolation or indemnity. It is useless to remind those who are receiving seven shillings a week in exchange for their labour that they have the benefit of trial by jury. It is insulting to impress upon the mechanic, when disheartened and enfeebled by excessive toil, that he is entitled to the freedom of the press ; and we can scarcely expect that men will be punctual in their Sabbath-day devotions and observances when their tempers have been soured, their intellects stupified, and their strength exhausted by the incessant drudgery of the preceding week. Although I am sure that the industrious classes may be soothed and satisfied if we adopt such a system as shall ameliorate their condition, the consequences must, I

fear, be most awful if, whilst laudably engaged in devising means for the protection of Hottentots, Hindoos, and Hill-coolies, we any longer consign so large a proportion of our fellow citizens to a state of ignorance, bondage, degradation, and distress.

These are a few specimens of a speech alike remarkable for its humanity, its moral courage, the pungency of its satire, and its eloquence. Rarely has the legislature of the land had so large an amount of wholesome and urgently-needed truth addressed to it, than was spoken to it on this occasion by one who, in an eminent degree, combined in his own person the qualities of a patriot and philanthropist. No wonder though such a speech, so novel, as well as so just in many of its severest strictures, should have created a sensation among the assembly to whom it was addressed ; nor can we marvel that a speech which read so beautifully when published—which, indeed, all Mr. Sinclair's speeches when correctly reported did—should have excited universal admiration in the country, mingled with the most profound gratitude to the speaker, on the part of those whose cause he so feelingly, so ably, and so eloquently advocated.

But it was not on the occasion of the delivery of this speech alone that Mr. Sinclair was admired and applauded by a crowded House. He was always received, when he rose to speak, with a marked attention, which indicated the high respect in which both personally, and as a man of no ordinary intellectual acquirements, he was held by all who could appreciate mental culture of no common kind, in unison with the high personal character for which Mr. Sinclair was remarkable. And here let me say, in justice alike to the House of Commons, and as an

encouragement to men of high personal character, that, knowing as I do a good deal of the various Parliaments since the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, I have never yet known an instance in which a member who had reached a high standard of moral worth was not held in much esteem by the House of Commons, as well as by the public generally.

But though a Member of Parliament at this period of his life, and not only taking an active part in legislative matters, but commanding the admiration of a "listening senate," Mr. Sinclair, during his residence in Edinburgh, attended, in the capacity of an ordinary student, several of the more advanced philosophical and scientific classes in the University. So great was his thirst for knowledge in all its varied forms, that he regularly attended, among others, the lectures of Dr. Hope on Chemistry, those of Dr. Knox and Dr. Monro on Anatomy, and also a course of lectures on Botany. To the professional students in each of these branches of philosophy and science, Mr. Sinclair was not only courteous but kind, and they in return regarded him with mingled feelings of friendship and admiration. He returned from his attendance on these and other lectures with a face radiant with delight, and used to say that he was never so happy in his life as when his legislative duties admitted of his residence in Edinburgh, and consequently of his being present at the lectures on philosophy and science to which I have alluded.

I may here remark in passing, that the Dr. Knox, whose classes on anatomy Mr. Sinclair attended while a Member of Parliament, was the Dr. Knox who, upwards of forty years ago, acquired such an unenviable

notoriety in connection with the murders committed by Burke and Hare, in order to procure him, for a certain sum, subjects for his anatomical pursuits. His house was attacked by the populace, and he himself was obliged to flee for his life. It was believed that he connived at these murders, instead of believing Burke and Hare to be simply resurrection men. On that point I express no opinion, because I have no means of forming one. When public indignation in Edinburgh had somewhat subsided, Mr. Sinclair used to tell the story of each of his servants refusing to open alone the door to Dr. Knox. They would only do so when two of them went together,—their fear being that anyone opening the door singly would be “Burked.” He was allowed, by universal consent, to be the ugliest man in the United Kingdom,—a fact of which he used to speak playfully. But if no one could surpass him in the hideousness of his countenance, he was probably the greatest anatomist the world ever produced. Young men came not only from all parts of the British empire to study under him, but from all parts of the civilised world; and I remember his mentioning to me, towards the close of the Crimean war, when speaking of the number of young men who had distinguished themselves by their humane, their devoted, and skilful services in ministering to the necessities of the wounded on the field of battle, that many of them had been students under him, and that he believed fully three-fourths of those, whether in the army, or practising as surgeons in various parts of the country and our colonies, and who had acquired a high reputation in their profession,—had been brought up under him.

But this is a slight digression. While Mr. Sinclair

thus, as an amateur, attended philosophical and scientific classes in Edinburgh, on a footing of equality with professional students, while a married man and a Member of Parliament,—he was not insensible to the charms of general literature. On the contrary, his was a practised pen in well-nigh every department of the *belles lettres*. Many of his pieces, embracing the extremes of grave and gay, of poetry and prose, were published at the time in the various journals of the day, and in diversified forms of literature, but the great majority was never published. His exceeding modesty, and humble estimate of his own intellectual capacity, led him to limit to the circle of his personal friends the knowledge of many things of a very high order of merit, which lie wrote. I could fill many pages of this volume with specimens of what Mr. Sinclair wrote under these circumstances, and I regard it as a matter of deep regret that so few of them should have seen the light of day. But my materials for the size of the work, to which it has been arranged from the first it should be limited, forbid my here transferring to my pages more than two exemplifications of what I have just stated. The first is entitled “List of Scarce Books,” and is an exceedingly happy *jeu d'esprit*. There is written on the back of the MS. the name of “William Bosville, Esq.” Mr. Bosville was Mr. Sinclair’s great-uncle. The following is the

LIST OF SCARCE BOOKS.

Copernicus’s Hints on Hackney Coaches in a Letter to Arch-bishop Tillotson.

Noah on Transubstantiation, with Notes by Diodorus Siculus.

Sir Isaac Newton’s Court Guide for 1812.

Macdonald on Maccabees.

Tuffen on Timothy, James on Jonas, Curran on Canticles, Este on Esther.

Sinclair on the Second Book of Samuel, and Bosville on Bel and the Dragon. Folio, 6 vols.

Marcus Aurelius's Complete Art of Cookery. 10 vols, 4to.

Xenophon's Travels in Cochin-China.

Virgil's Dryden, and Homer's Translation of Pope's Iliad.

Tooke's Collects for Every Day in the Year.

Mayne on Materialism, and Bosville on Burnt Offerings.

Silius Italicus on the Diabetes.

A Reply to Ditto by Sir Walter Raleigh.

Mark Antony on Catholic Emancipation.

Twelve Dying Speeches of Remarkable Malefactors, collected by Hermes Trismegistus.

Confucius's Refutation of Antipædo-baptism.

Aristotle's Bath Guide, with a View of the Pump-room by Paul Veronese.

Isocrates on the Tendency of Country Banks.

Theopompus on Theophilanthropism.

Caleb Quotum on Church Preferment.

Dr. Jerome on —, with Cuts.

Parr's Commentary on the Lost Books of Livy.

Bentivoglio on Benefit Societies.

Bosville's Letter to the Right Honourable George Rose on the Necessity of Doubling the National Debt.

Bosville's Defence of Missionaries against the Calumnies of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Beaumont's Theory of Hydraulics, with a Dissertation on the Influence of the Moon on Vegetation.

Miltiades on Military Discipline.

Maynes's Tears of Lusitania ; an Epic Poem in Forty Books.

Sinclair (George) on the Importance of Sparrow's Dung as a Manure.

Barbarossa on Broad-wheeled Waggons.

Este on the Nolo Episcopari.

A Speech intended to have been Spoken at the British Forum by Robinson Crusoe on the Alarming State of the Times.

Plutarch on the Plagiarism of the Moderns.

Methusalem's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses into Cop-

tic, with Critical Remarks by the Honourable Colonel Hanger.

Gray's Elegy in Coptic, by Weston.

At the time the question of the wealth, and the abuses connected with it, of the Irish bishops, contrasted with the condition of the inferior clergy, was creating great interest in the public mind, the dignitaries of the Church were boldly,—certainly most imprudently,—proclaiming themselves to be, and priding themselves on the assumed fact, successors of the Apostles. Mr. Sinclair took them on their own terms, and in the most triumphant manner made themselves and their ecclesiastical pretensions alike ridiculous. After some preliminary observations, Mr. Sinclair thus proceeded :—

If, during the laborious and successful excavations of enterprising Oriental explorers, a brazen tablet were dug up, which, when deciphered and translated, and the sums represented by modern equivalents, proclaimed the following *notabilia* :—

WEALTH OF THE APOSTLES.

Probate of their Wills.

Matthew	£400,000
Simon the Canaanite	150,000
Lebbeus	100,000
James the Less	300,000
Paul	200,000
John	150,000
Peter	250,000
Andrew	150,000
<hr/>						
Making a total of						£1,700,000
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If such a discovery of the wills of the Apostles were made, the obvious inference would generally be deduced, that the

public announcement of their having amassed such enormous amounts of 'filthy lucre' must, in no small degree, have hardened their hearers against the more impressive exhortations to set their affections on things above, and not to lay up for themselves treasures upon earth. A similar result will, I doubt not, ensue wherever the subjoined short but significant paragraph is read by acute and impartial inquirers, in reference to certain dignitaries, professing to be the rightful and indefeasible successors of the 'twelve' whose disinterestedness and self-denial were as conspicuous as their sanctity and their success.

WEALTH OF THE IRISH BISHOPS.

Probate of Irish-Protestant Bishops' Wills.

Agar, Archbishop of Cashel	£400,000
Porter, Bishop of Clogher	250,000
Knox, Bishop of Killaloe	100,000
Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh	300,000
Hawkins, Bishop of Raphoe	250,000
Fowler, Archbishop of Dublin	150,000
Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam	250,000
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Total	£1,700,000
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Mr. Sinclair added to this assumed sameness between the wealth of the Apostles and that of the Irish bishops—whose names are not imaginary, but, like their sees, are real—the following grave remark:—"One hundred thousand copies of this plain and pithy document would, I am persuaded, if dispersed amongst our Church-neglecting multitudes, have a far more powerful tendency to strengthen them in their infidelity than the circulation of twice as many Bibles to remove it." I beg to endorse the belief thus expressed by Mr. Sinclair, and feel assured that every one who has paid attention to the subject will do the same.

Among the noble acquaintances of Mr. Sinclair at the time and soon after he entered Parliament, there was one who was regarded by the whole of the North of Scotland as the greatest of all the ducal celebrities of his day. I allude to the Duke of Gordon. In England it would be difficult to form a sufficiently high opinion of the estimation in which he was held by the people of the Scottish northern counties. Even the Sovereign himself on the Throne was scarcely to be compared, in their view, with his Grace of Gordon Castle,—his seat on the banks of the Spey, which river divides the counties of Moray and Banff. Gordon Castle is situated, as nearly as may be, midway between Aberdeen and Inverness. But though sincere friends, the following is the only letter from the Duke of Gordon which I find among the papers left by Mr. Sinclair. It is very brief, and is purely a letter of friendship. I quote it only because it gives me an opportunity of making a few observations in relation both to the Duke and Duchess of Gordon of that day. The following is the letter to which I have alluded in my previous observations:—

Gordon Castle, October 24, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 19th last night, and take the earliest opportunity in my power to assure you that I shall be most happy to see you here in your way to town, and it would be very obliging if you could arrange matters so as to be here on the 8th of next month at dinner, on which day I expect Lord Huntly, and I hope it will be convenient for you to meet him. You judge very right, in my opinion, to attend the meeting of Parliament, and I think it high time that the Radicals should meet with a proper check.

I remain, my dear Sir,

GORDON.

The Marquis of Huntly, to whom the Duke of Gordon here refers, and with whom he was desirous Mr. Sinclair should become acquainted, succeeded him in the title and the estates when his Grace died, in 1827, and was the last of the ducal race of Gordons. With them, as the latter had no issue, the title became extinct, or rather was merged in the ducality of the head of the house of Richmond, on his death, in 1836. The extinction of the dukedom of Gordon was regarded in the more northern parts of Scotland as a national calamity. And no wonder, when I mention that the house of Gordon had, for upwards of eight hundred years, been intimately associated with the traditions of the north of Scotland. According, indeed, to “Chambers’s Encyclopædia,” some writers have asserted that the house of Gordon could be traced as far back as prior to the time of Julius Cæsar. This, however, is regarded as a mere fancy or fable by that valuable work. So also is the other assertion, that the Gordon family came to England in the train of William the Conqueror. But it is a well-established historical fact that the house of Gordon was a titled house as far back as the close of the twelfth century. Some time before the year 1437, the head of the house was created “Lord of Gordon.” The title “Lord,” in this case, must have been equivalent to that of the highest rank in the nobility at that period, for the “Lord of Gordon’s” eldest son, Alexander, was created “Earl of Huntly,” during his father’s lifetime.

The Duke of Gordon, of whom I am speaking, the last but one of the long line of dukes of that name, was remarkable for his mechanical abilities. He had, at Gordon Castle, one of the finest workshops in Europe, and found,

as he sought, his greatest recreation in wood-turning and other mechanical occupations.

There was another quality for which his Grace was no less celebrated, and which it were devoutly to be wished was more common than it is. I allude to his unfailing punctuality in fulfilling his engagements. Nothing short of some serious unexpected accident would ever, for example, prevent his punctuality even to his dinner engagements. He literally kept, in all the relations of life, in reference to his appointments, military time. Dr. Young's line, in his "Night Thoughts," "Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn," was strictly true of the Duke of Gordon. No matter how distant might be the place at which, when at Gordon Castle, he had accepted an invitation to dinner, there, just as the clock struck the appointed hour, was his Grace sure to be.

He was a fine, handsome, venerable-looking man when I first saw him, which was when I was a mere youth. The Duke was approaching his eightieth year when he wrote the above letter, and yet the handwriting is as clear and distinct as many letters written by persons in the meridian of life. His wife was the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, who may be said to have been, and indeed is still often spoken of, as *the* Duchess of Gordon. Towards the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, she was leader in the female fashionable world; and her almost matchless beauty, joined with her irresistible fascinations of manner, invested her with an extent of influence over the most distinguished statesmen of the day, which has been rarely, if ever, surpassed. Pitt was her perfect slave. This is a well-known historical fact, and many anecdotes illustrative of it have found their

way into print. But many of the best and most amusing things in connection with the dashing deeds of the brilliant Duchess have never, so far as I am aware, found their way into the public journals, although in current circulation in my native place,—which was only nine miles from Gordon Castle. In Scotland, at the period to which I allude, the manufacture of smuggled whisky—so called because the parties defrauded the revenue of the tax on permission to distil whisky—was very common in the mountainous and other secluded parts of the country; and to check this illicit distillation, a large number of officers called, in England, “excisemen,” but in Scotland “gaugers,” were stationed in the districts where the practice of thus defrauding the revenue was most prevalent. The salary which the “gaugers” received varied from £70 to £100, according to the nature and extent of the district to which they were respectively appointed. Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, was, at this period, one of these “gaugers.” As the situation was a genteel one, the office was eagerly sought, and members of Parliament were besieged with solicitations from their constituents—at that time consisting only of members of the town councils of burghs, or a select number of gentlemen in the case of counties—to get appointments as gaugers for their relatives or friends. On one occasion the Duchess of Gordon had promised to obtain an appointment for a relation of some one whom she wished to oblige. One morning the Duchess received a letter from Scotland, mentioning the fact that a vacancy had occurred in a particular district, owing to the death of the “gauger” who had previously filled the office. Knowing the danger of the appointment being given

away unless she acted with promptitude, she hastily dressed and rushed to Pitt's residence. On the door being opened, and she inquiring whether Mr. Pitt was at home, she was answered by one of the servants in the affirmative. She then desired her name to be sent up to the Prime Minister. The servant was astounded at a lady wishing to see Mr. Pitt at that early hour in the morning, and while in his bed, and, in apologetic tones, said that Mr. Pitt would not be down till twelve o'clock.

“But,” said the Duchess, “I must see him at once; show me into his room.”

“It is, your Grace,” said the servant, “impossible; I dare not do that.”

“But I *must* see him at once,” replied the Duchess.

“It is impossible, your Grace; it would be more than my situation is worth to show you into his room just now.”

“Then,” said the Duchess, “I'll go myself.”

And so saying, she forced her way past the servant, flew upstairs, and knocking at the door of Mr. Pitt's bedroom, without waiting for an answer, opened it herself. She then seized a chair, planted it at the Prime Minister's bedside, and coolly seated herself on it. Most gentlemen would have been greatly embarrassed at so sudden and so unexpected a visit from a lady under such circumstances; but Pitt, who always prided himself on being, as he was in reality, a man who not only had the most rigid notions of propriety, but embodied them in practice, was not only shocked, but utterly confounded, at receiving, at so early an hour, and at his very bedside, a visit from a lady, and especially a duchess,—and she the most

resplendent of all the stars then shining in the fashionable firmament. His confusion was so great, that he was unable, for the moment, to utter a word. But the Duchess lost no time in making him acquainted with her errand. She told him of the vacant gaugership, and said she must get the appointment of a successor for a friend. By this time Mr. Pitt had somewhat recovered from his surprise and confusion. He said that it would have given him great pleasure to comply with her Grace's wishes, but that the thing was impossible, because he had some time previously promised the first vacancy to a member of the House of Commons—whose name he mentioned—who had been an efficient and uniform supporter of his Government.

“I would most willingly give it to your Grace, if I could, but I cannot,” said the Prime Minister.

“But I *must* have it,” rejoined the Duchess. “Out of this chair I do not move until you say I shall have it.”

“You shall have the next appointment for your friend,” said the Prime Minister.

“I must have the *present*,” retorted the Duchess.

Feeling his situation to be uncomfortable with a duchess sitting at his bedside, and knowing that she would carry out her threat of preventing his rising until she had accomplished her object, no matter how important might be the public business which he had to transact,—he saw there was no help for it, but that he must capitulate. Pitt accordingly gave the Duchess the appointment for her protégé; and, thanking him, she quitted his bedroom, congratulating herself on the triumph she had achieved.

Another anecdote of the brilliant Duchess of Gordon is still one of the current traditions for many miles around Gordon Castle. That palatial building was, at the time of which I am speaking, one of the most celebrated ducal residences in Great Britain, for its hospitalities during the lifetime of the Duchess. While the shooting season lasted, Gordon Castle was crowded with the aristocracy of England. On one occasion, while upwards of thirty persons, mostly of the highest rank, and from England, were assembled at dinner, a young nobleman, the son of an English marquis, and possessing more than his proper share of personal vanity, boasted before all the company that during his six weeks' shooting in that and the neighbouring county he had acquired so complete a knowledge of the Scotch language that he felt sure no one could use a Scotch word of which he could not at once give the meaning. The Duchess accepted the challenge, saying she felt sure she could not only name many Scotch words, but entire Scotch phrases, of the meaning of which he had no idea. The young English nobleman still adhered to his opinion, and asked her Grace to mention either a Scotch word or phrase which she imagined he did not understand. Being the daughter of Sir William and Lady Maxwell, Scotch parents, and brought up in Scotland, she had a thorough knowledge of the Scotch language. Accordingly she asked the young nobleman to give, if he could, the meaning of the following words: "Come pree my mou', my canty callant." He seemed lost for a few moments in profound thought, and at last admitted that he did not understand the meaning of her Grace's sentence. Neither did any of the English guests. The Duchess was

then asked by one of the noblemen present for a translation of the phrase into plain English. She at once gave it, and the shouts of laughter on the part of the English portion of the company, and the confusion and mortification of the young nobleman, may easily be guessed when she gave the meaning thus:—"Come, kiss me, my handsome young man." Had he understood the words, he would have at once gone up to the Duchess and embraced her in the presence of all the company; for she had invited him to do so in the Scotch language.

The sprightly and witty Duchess of Gordon had five daughters, three of whom were married severally to the Dukes of Richmond, Manchester, and Bedford. She tried hard to get Mr. Pitt for a son-in-law by his marrying one of her daughters, but with all the unparalleled fascination she possessed, and the great influence she exercised over him, her efforts were unsuccessful. The reason, however, which he assigned for not marrying, was so patriotic, that even she must have admired it. "I have no intention of ever marrying at all. I am married to my country; but were I to marry any lady, I would marry one of your Grace's daughters." One of them married Sir Robert Sinclair, but though the name was the same, he was no relation, or, if at all, a very remote one, of the subject of these Memoirs. The clannishness, however, of the Sinclairs may have had something to do in connection with the friendship which the Gordon and Sinclair families cherished for each other.

Mr. Sinclair was on terms of the closest intimacy with another nobleman, whose principal seat was about thirty

miles from Gordon Castle. The nobleman to whom I allude is Lord Fife, uncle of the present earl of that name. Lord Fife had no fewer than five family seats, more or less extensive, all within a distance of fifty or sixty miles of each other. The chief seat of the Fife family is Duff House, about a mile from Banff. Another is Balvenie Castle, also in Banffshire. Two other of Lord Fife's residences are Mar Lodge and Skene House, but they are essentially sporting lodges ; while the remaining one is Innes House, in Morayshire, within five miles of Elgin.

The beautiful Countess of Fife, to whom I have alluded in a previous part of this work as having died of hydrophobia, in the year 1805, in consequence of being kissed on the cheek by a favourite Spanish lap-dog, was the wife of this Earl of Fife, who was not only the intimate friend, but a frequent correspondent, of Mr. Sinclair. I am in possession of several of his letters, all of which are racily written, but they contain such frequent and often pungent references to individuals in aristocratic and other prominent circles, that it would not be expedient, remembering that most of the parties have descendants, to transfer them to my pages. I will, therefore, only give one of these letters. It was written in the year 1826, and is dated from Duff House. It is as follows :—

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

Your kind note duly reached me, but I much fear that I cannot on this occasion avail myself of it, although you offer tempting goods. But I hope what is *deferré* is not *perdu*, as we shall live to see your good intentions fulfilled. I had a long walk with Grant, our minister, to-day. I told him of your friend at Inverness. He thought it must be a Mr. Clarke, with whom he had heard you were *thick*.

I hope you have made good use of your time at the classes. You will be, after all this, *too* blue. Mrs. Sinclair gives bad accounts of Miss Manners. I never heard of a more unfortunate situation. Perhaps there are few instances of such a visitation. As a good saint, you are bound to protect any one of the name of Michael,—a Michael's sons and a Michael's daughters ; and I hope you will allow me by-and-by the opportunity of judging how much merit the young lady has. With best wishes to Mrs. Sinclair and all the gabs (children), without exception, believe me, my dear Sinclair,

Most truly yours,

FIFE.

The Mr. Clarke to whom Lord Fife here alludes as the friend of Mr. Sinclair was the Rev. Mr. Clarke, an evangelical minister of the Church of Scotland, in Inverness, for whom Mr. Sinclair was endeavouring at the time to obtain some ecclesiastical preferment. The “Mr. Grant, our minister,” alluded to was not, as some might suppose, the minister of the Gospel whose church Lord Fife attended. He was a Cabinet Minister, afterwards Lord Glenelg, and a peer of the realm. He was a man of high intellectual culture, and though he did not speak often, either as Member of the House of Commons, or as Member of the House of Lords, his speeches were regarded by those who were privileged to listen to them in either branch of the Legislature as models of a high order of eloquence. But very few parties are, I believe, acquainted with a curious fact connected with Lord Glenelg's latter history. All of a sudden he retired from public life, without assigning any reason for the step ; and for a period of fully ten years no one outside the walls of his own house saw the noble Lord ; nor, indeed, did any but his domestics see him inside his residence. One who had good means of knowing told me,

how he spent his time ; for, if he never went out, nor saw anyone at home, it might have been inferred that because he was a man of cultivated literary taste, he spent his days in reading or writing. Such was not the fact. Lord Glenelg's time was chiefly spent in sitting in a favourite chair, without book or pen in his hand, and gazing on the opposite side of his room for hours together. He seemed as if lost in contemplation, and utterly unconscious of all around him. But the most extraordinary thing in connection with this fact is, that after what may be called this semi-trance had lasted upwards of ten years, it entirely left him, and he reappeared in society, and seemed to enjoy it as much as he had ever done at any previous period of his life. It looked like a kind of resurrection from the dead ; and for a considerable time many refused to believe the fact when informed of it. But when the evidence of sight compelled belief, the case of Lord Glenelg was spoken of as a modified case of Rip Van Winkleism. It happened that soon after he reappeared in society, I spent several hours with him at the house of a mutual friend ; and never in the whole course of my life did I meet with a more agreeable companion, or one who was evidently blessed with a more cheerful frame of mind. And this, too, though at the time to which I allude, he must have exceeded the term of threescore years and ten allotted to us as the period of our sojourn in this lower sphere. Physically, also, he was, to all appearance, as full of life as he was when I first met him, twenty-five years before this time. We walked together from the house of the friend where we had dined, at the east end of Kemp Town, Brighton, to the Bedford Hotel, where he was staying at the time,—a

distance of considerably more than two miles,—and though I do not consider myself a bad pedestrian, I am willing to give, on that occasion, the palm of light and rapid walking to Lord Glenelg. He walked, in a word, with as quick and elastic a step as if he had been a mere youth, just emerging from his teens.

I have known many instances of men taking extraordinary fancies, or being seized with a depression of spirits, which have induced them to seclude themselves entirely from society, but I never knew an instance which, after a seclusion so entire, and so prolonged, and of such a nature as that of Lord Glenelg, was followed by a recovery so complete as was his restoration to his former feelings and habits.

Another of the earliest and most aristocratic friends of Mr. Sinclair to whom it is right I should refer in this chapter was the Viscount Dudley of the first quarter of the century. Lord Dudley, I ought to mention, was not only one of the warmest friends that ever Mr. Sinclair had, either in aristocratic or in any other circles, but was related to him by marriage. The Viscountess of Dudley was the grand-aunt of Mr. Sinclair. Lord Dudley and Mr. Sinclair were constantly in each other's society, and the latter used to say that he never spent happier hours than those which he spent at Lord Dudley's principal country seat, Himley Hall, Staffordshire, and in his town residence, Dudley House, Park Lane. Lord Dudley was a fine specimen of the old English nobility,—open, genial, generous, and hospitable. He was a favourite with everybody; but he and his only son, William, never could agree,—the latter feeling or fancying that his father had treated him very unkindly, and that he had most

grievously neglected to give him the education which became the son of a peer occupying a high position in aristocratic society, and the successor to the Dudley titles and estates. Mr. Sinclair made every possible effort, by letters and otherwise, to bring about a better state of things between the father and the son, but without effect. Some of the letters of the latter, written to Mr. Sinclair on the subject, are at present in my possession, but as they contain many things which exclusively relate to family matters of some delicacy, I will make no further reference to them than this,—that while Lord Dudley's son complains with much warmth of feeling that his education had been most unwarrantably neglected by his father, and that he was treated by him before friends, and even the servants, with great indignity, his letters are written with remarkable ability. Regarded indeed as specimens of composition, I have scarcely ever seen anything to surpass them. But of his literary talents, Mr. Ward, after he succeeded his father as Lord Dudley, gave ample proof in his contributions to the “Quarterly Review.” For several years, indeed, he was one of the most piquant and brilliant writers in that periodical.

On succeeding his father in the Dudley title and estates, the Hon. William Ward, soon after raised to the dignity of an Earldom, broke off all intimacy, in nearly every instance, with the friends of his father. Amongst others who found themselves in this position was Mr. Sinclair. The fact made a profound and painful impression on Mr. Sinclair's mind,—which was natural, especially as the new Lord Dudley was well aware of the earnest and repeated efforts which he had made to bring about a better state of relations between him and his

father. On passing Dudley House one day, as he was walking along Park Lane, thoughts and feelings connected with the altered state of things passed through Mr. Sinclair's mind, and to these, on his return home, he gave utterance in the following lines, which are poetically beautiful, as well as full of pathos :—

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

Past, past, are those moments to memory so dear,
When the glad voice of welcome was there,
When the portals flew open as Marcus drew near,
And with light heart he traversed the stair.

Deep, deep is the sigh fond affection must heave,
And I feel how the scalding tears burn,
When I think of the hour at which *last* we took leave,
How unconscious no such would return.

Closed, closed are those eyes which, though pale, sunk, and old,
When we met, fondly sparkled with glee,
The friend's hand that pressed mine with such warmth, is now cold
As the heart of his son towards me.

Peace, peace to that son for the sake of his sire,
May each blessing still rest on his head ;
To complain of the living becomes not my lyre,—
Be it mine still to mourn for the dead.

Mr. Sinclair, I feel assured, never dreamt of these beautiful lines ever seeing the light of day. They were written solely for the purpose of affording some relief to the pent-up grief which he felt at the altered circumstances which had occurred in the Dudley family. But with that change, it will be seen from the closing verse, there was not associated any unkind feeling towards him who was the cause of the alteration. Indeed, that would have been a moral impossibility in the case of such a man as Mr. Sinclair. He was a perfect stranger all through life to feelings of resentment. He was one of the most forgiving men I ever met with in a somewhat

prolonged existence, and rather extensive intercourse with mankind.

I ought to add that Sir George Sinclair was, until the time of his death, on terms of the warmest friendship with the present Earl of Dudley and his beautiful Countess, both of whose letters, couched in the kindest language, he had carefully preserved.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Sinclair's Christian Character—His Religious Friends and Correspondents—Letters from Viscount and Viscountess Mandeville, afterwards Duke and Duchess of Manchester—Letters from Lord Roden.

I HAVE had occasion incidentally to refer in several of my previous chapters to the eminently religious tone of Mr. Sinclair's mind, and to the beautiful consistency of his conduct with his Christian principles. But I should be doing injustice to his memory and presenting a defective view of his character, were I not to devote a chapter to the exclusive object of endeavouring to bring out clearly those elements in his moral and spiritual constitution, which contributed so largely to the high estimation in which he was universally held. And this, I feel, I shall be best able to do by giving some of the many letters written to him on religious subjects, mostly in answer to letters of his; for it is in the unreserved correspondence between those whose views are similar, and whose sympathies are the same, that we can obtain the most minute and most correct knowledge of men's real character.

Among the number of Mr. Sinclair's religious friends in early life, I ought to mention the name of the late Duke of Manchester, then Viscount Mandeville. They were

men, between whom there not only existed a strong friendship on personal grounds, but they were knit together by the far more tender ties which unite Christians with each other. They took great pleasure in reading the Old Testament Scriptures together. They often met for private prayer, and other devotional exercises. They were frequent, if not habitual hearers of the Rev. Mr. Howells, of Long Acre Episcopal Chapel, and from time to time went to listen to the ministrations of the late Rev. James Harington Evans, of John Street Chapel, Bedford Row. Probably the world has rarely witnessed two such original and experimental ministers of the Gospel, as these two men,—personally, I ought to add, equally intimate and warmly attached. I have again and again met with Mr. Sinclair, when Sir George Sinclair, at John Street Chapel. And the views which he entertained of Mr. Evans as a preacher of the Gospel, may be inferred from the fact, that when, at one period, his friend, the late Mr. Spooner, M.P. for North Warwickshire, was believed to be dying, Sir George,—for he had by this time succeeded his father in the baronetcy and the Ulbster family estates,—went down to North Warwickshire to see his friend, and read to him portions of Mr. Evans's published sermons, as the most suitable matter for a dying hour. So great was Mr. Sinclair's admiration of the pulpit ministrations of both Mr. Howells and Mr. Evans, that he used to take, for his own edification, copious short-hand notes of their sermons,—a fact, which would of itself suffice to show what a spiritually-minded man he was at this period of his life, when it might have been feared his high social position and his eminent, I had almost said, transcendent intellectual ac-

quirements, would be fatally antagonistic to the religion of the heart, the only religion which is acceptable to God. Mr. Sinclair, it is right to say, did not agree with Lord Mandeville in some of his religious views, such as that the Book of Ezekiel was not inspired,—a notion to which he clung through life, and which, when Duke of Manchester, he sought to vindicate in his large octavo work on the Book of Daniel, published some years before his death. But Mr. Sinclair was a man of most liberal mind. Mere theological differences never interfered with his private friendships,—though it is but justice to his memory to say, that never did any one more uncompromisingly adhere to, or more emphatically assert, his own religious opinions. The comprehensiveness of his charity embraced men of all creeds, so far as the courtesies and friendships of life were concerned. And, therefore, the peculiar notion of the Duke of Manchester, then Earl Mandeville, respecting his non-recognition of the Book of Ezekiel as a part of the canonical Scripture, did not in the slightest degree impair the friendship with which Sir George regarded him. They were constantly with each other, and one of their greatest pleasures was to read the Old Testament in Hebrew together,—both having a sufficient knowledge of the Hebrew Scriptures, to enable them to read the Old Testament with ease and profit. And yet, while Mr. Sinclair was thus devoting much of his spare time to biblical studies, he was one of the choicest favourites in the most aristocratic and intellectual circles in England. Were I to write pages in terms of the warmest eulogy which I could employ, I could pay no higher tribute to the noble and Christian character of the subject of these Memoirs, than I do in

recording these simple facts in connection with this period in his most interesting history.

The following letter from Lord Mandeville to Mr. Sinclair, will be better understood, when I mention, that Mr. Sinclair, afterwards Sir George Sinclair, was repeatedly and severely tried by bereavements and afflictions in various forms in his family. And these were felt all the more acutely, because of his ill-health,—of which he had so often to complain. At times, the result was a great depression of spirits. Often on such occasions he felt his lot was a hard one, and not unfrequently a feeling of doubt seemed to take possession of his mind as to whether the trials through which he was called to pass were reconcileable with the goodness of God. The following letter, though undated, was, I know, written by Lord Mandeville to Mr. Sinclair on the sudden death of Mr. Sinclair's eldest son in 1845 :—

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

Job sacrificed continually for his sons, yet the Lord was pleased to remove them suddenly; and the devil tempted him, through his wife, with much the same temptation as apparently is now assaulting you.

Dost thou still retain thine integrity? You seem to think your many prayers have not been answered, and then you doubt the benefit of prayer altogether. Let us consider God's dealings with respect to yourself first, and then with regard to him you have lost. Has it not been necessary to show to you that your will was not in submission to God's will? Your prayers have not that limitation, "Not my will, but thine, be done." If they had, you cannot say they were not heard because you did not receive an answer in the way you desired. It has been to you a heavy blow, but a heavy blow was necessary to reach the deeply-rooted rebellion that might have been in your heart. You have been long under the influence of religion; the surface may have healed, when there might still have been a sore beneath.

Forgive me if I give you pain in probing. I may, perhaps, have altogether mistaken the whole circumstances, and may, perhaps, like Job's friends, been causing overmuch sorrow, when I ought to have been striving to comfort in some other way. May God be to you the Good Physician.

Your affectionate

MANDEVILLE.

Instead of giving any more of Lord Mandeville's letters to Mr. Sinclair under his own hand, I am sure that no one will regret that I give some of Lady Mandeville's instead ; because, while essentially the same with regard to the soundness of their theology as those of her husband, they are characterised by a fervour of feeling, and a refinement of diction, which are very rarely to be met with in the writings of those of our own sex. But before making public the following letters of Lady Mandeville, it will, no doubt, be acceptable to make a few remarks respecting the writer. Viscountess Mandeville was the daughter of the late Lady Olivia Sparrow. Lady Mandeville was at this time young,—being considerably under thirty years of age. She possessed great personal attractions, and with the prospect of acquiring, before long, the title of Duchess of Manchester, in conjunction with her being at the time the Viscountess of Mandeville, she occupied a social position of the highest kind. She was besides eminently accomplished. She was intimately acquainted with several languages which had ceased to be spoken, and which hardly any ladies of rank in London knew anything about. Among those dead languages, of which she might be said to be mistress, were Greek and Hebrew. At all events, her proficiency in the latter two languages was sufficiently great

to enable her to instruct her children in them. Her son, the present Duke of Manchester, acquired a considerable acquaintance with Hebrew under the tuition of his mother when Lady Mandeville. It is an interesting fact, that up to this time that lady and Mr. Sinclair had not personally met. Her regard for him arose from the high esteem in which he was held by her husband, and which was confirmed and strengthened by Mr. Sinclair's letters to Lord Mandeville. To this circumstance Lady Mandeville alludes in the beginning of the following letter, where she speaks of their acquaintance as "having the air of a German romance." The letter is not dated, beyond the words, "Tandragee Castle, 12th," but it must have been written, judging from incidental expressions, either in 1823 or 1824. Tandragee Castle, which belongs to the Manchester family, is in Ireland.

MY DEAR MR. SINCLAIR,

I think we have arrived at an acquaintance which bears as much the air of German romance as you can desire. Knowing more and more of each other in the Spirit, yet as to aught less incorporeal, as unknown, as if ages had separated the periods of our respective existences on earth. I only regret this on one account. Your vivid imagination has, I see, painted me in colours which will grievously fade on nearer inspection. I am not the intellectual, accomplished being you fancy,—gifted by nature with tolerable abilities, but with an inordinate share of imagination, and—all the *et ceteras* thereunto belonging. I never had patience to arrive even near perfection in any one pursuit; and the disappointments which ever attend the unhappy votary of ideal pleasures contributed to destroy the little energy I ever possessed, and to leave me—what I am, but not, alas! what you think me to be. I can live in hope of what I shall be hereafter, when being "like Him" whom we both serve, romance, in its most rapturous flight, shall find itself infinitely

below the glorious truth. Till then, dear brother in Christ, let us seek to obey the Apostle's injunction, "not to think too highly," whether of ourselves or others. I have many things to thank you for, and not among the least-esteemed, your letters, which give me great pleasure ; and now that I am about to enter on a long solitude, they will be doubly acceptable, should you have time and inclination occasionally to bestow a few thoughts on "the little unknown."

It was very kind in you to send me your poem. The pleasure with which I read it arose, not only from the facility and grace of the description, but from its carrying me back so completely to the people and the habits which had been so ensnaring to me some ten years since. Nobody ever was more led away by the tastes and refinements of polite life, and no one ever can be more completely cut off from them than I am now in the absence of the Rodens. There is not one who has ever walked the same circle, or bears one trace of the polish which adds such a charm to society, that, without the lustre, it becomes only better than continual solitude.

I do most ardently long for that blessed period when every brother and sister shall be beautiful without and "all glorious within ;" when the clear and lovely crystal shall be solid gold, and the solid gold transparent and beautiful glass.

I do not know from what you drew the inference respecting the short-hand. I did once know a little of Gurney, but, as in everything else, very imperfectly. I fear yours is not the same system, if I may judge by the contraction you made of the word happiness. Would we could make a portable concern of that valuable article ! We might, did we walk with God in that close communion and intimate fellowship which He desires of us. What short-hand is yours ? I should like to learn it very much ; I could then have much increased pleasure in our correspondence, without any additional fatigue to you. You may remember the word you wrote for "happiness" in a recent letter to Mandeville ; it is to that to which I allude.

I am much obliged for, and much pleased with, the account of the speeches at the Trinitarian Bible Society meeting, and with the nice extracts from dear Mr. Howells, which it was so kind in you to think of sending. I hope to return them to-morrow or

next day at furthest, and shall be always thankful for your allowing me the benefit of perusing any such.

Mandeville desires his kind and Christian love to you. He intends going to Dublin on Monday, and to cross, I suppose, on Thursday. That the Lord may bless you with the abundance of grace and peace, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate sister in Christ,

M. MANDEVILLE.

I am sure this letter will be read with great interest by all those who share the evangelical views, on religious subjects, which were so fondly cherished by Lady Mandeville and Mr. Sinclair. I cannot resist the temptation to transfer to these pages another letter to Mr. Sinclair from the Viscountess, selected from a large number which she addressed to him. The following letter, like the preceding, is without any definite date. At the head we simply find—

Tandragee Castle, Jan. 20. Midnight.

I think I must address you as my dear brother; to which, indeed you have many claims. First and best, are we not brethren in Him who is the Sustainer, the Saviour, the Lord and the Comforter of all such? Then, he who is dearest to me on earth appears to hold *almost* an equal place in your affection; and I cannot help looking on you as one whose heart the Lord has disposed in kindness to comfort me during a season of bereavement—for I am indeed alone, having not one at hand with whom I can have any of that unreserved communication which alone produces happiness. And again, if I might venture to judge by your letters, I think we must have no small similarity of taste and feeling. But I am so apt to fancy the existence of what I wish, and then a nearer approach discovers the fine expanse of refreshing waters to be but arid desert; and it may be that did you know me, those feelings of—I had almost said affection, which you now bestow on an imaginary object, would be withdrawn, despite yourself. However, com-

fort is too needful to me to be lavished in the doubts and fears of a future, which may never arrive to apply the test. And I must thank you with no small gratitude for your kindness. I must own that it is with real pleasure I now find your frank among my letters in the morning, and if I have none to acknowledge these communications—and, if possible, none more welcome than the last,—you must not attribute my tardy thanks to indifference. My time has been occupied partly with suffering both of mind and body, and partly with business, which a more systematic person would, I fear, have far sooner dispatched.

My dear husband left me on Wednesday last, and was to sail, or rather evaporate, on Wednesday afternoon, to Holyhead, thence to Liverpool and Brampton (my brother's home), then to London, and there I suppose you will see him next week. If I could but sometimes make a third (though that is the most invidious number in the world), and “wishing is the hectic of a fever,” says Young. However, it is a fever the deliriums of which are sometimes very sweet. I hope you read the speeches at the last public meeting. I liked them, notwithstanding your being a Whig, and I a Reformer. Are you not? Call yourself what you will, you ably and generously espoused the cause of the poor Protestants, in the very interesting and, to me, most gratifying conversation you recorded. If it could but open eyes which appear to be now completely obscured in the grey twilight of evening—I cannot say morning—that would impart a dawn of hope which I hardly dare to cherish. I do believe we are right in rallying round one standard, though it be for the last time. If defeat follows, it is more worthy to die in arms in the cause of truth, than to be trampled under foot in the sleepiness of inaction. Only think of your giving poor dear Mandeville's letter to the Queen to read. I fear she could not decipher it. How can you wish me to know her? What good could I do, should I have the pain of seeing the suffering of another without the power of alleviating it? The Pavilion was once the scene of great attraction; how changed now! I should not like to enter it again. What, you think I should not consider your letter sufficiently decided. I cannot but admire the union of boldness and respect. I am sure you at least must receive a blessing in it. How encouraging the letter from Paris. The Lord has the

seven thousand in Baal. He has too the angelic accompaniment round His beloved ones ; though the blind eyes discern neither the one nor the other. What comfort in the midst of our weakness to see that the Lord's favoured prophets were men of like passions ; yet the Lord bore with their weaknesses, their doubts, their distrusting fears. He who enlightened them for our sakes, can enlighten us also, and cause us to rejoice in His love, and give us to know the sweetness, the ineffable sweetness, of being one with Him. Oh, we say the word, but how very faint our perception of the wonderful reality. Did we know more of it, how all-absorbing it would be,—how full our joy, how earnest our longing to see Him as he is.

I return, also, the delightful note from dear Howells. He certainly has noble thoughts, and knows how to express them energetically. I wish very much I knew your short-hand. Have you any set of rules ? or can I get them anyhow ? I feel in no degree to merit the trouble you take in writing and transcribing for me, and yet am too selfish to wish to forego the pleasure of reading. What is the matter with your arm, of which you complain in your last ? I much regret being the occasion of pain to you any way ; certainly I would not stand in that connection with anyone on earth, could I help it. I fear I kept Howells' note much too long. I will not be so neglectful again, and rely upon it that nothing you write or say in confidence will go further, be it to whom it may, except my husband, were he at home, and *we are one*, you know. Indeed, that is my claim, and has been the cause of your kindness to me, of course. May you and he have much delightful communion in thought and word, in love and prayer. It is a great comfort to me to know that in my absence he has one dear friend who will watch over him and comfort him; and will make him take care of himself. I hope he will live near you. But I really fear that I have much lost sight of the imaginative nature of our acquaintance, but you must blame yourself for this, and I must shelter myself under a truth which Lord Byron knew better how to express than practise, I fear, yet true it is : "The heart must leap kindly back to kindness." So I leave you to frame my excuse from the name you have been pleased to give me, and with sincere prayer for your peace and joy in believing, as regards your own

experience, and that you may be appointed to comfort one, and enlighten the other, of our Sovereigns.

Believe me, dear brother in the Lord,

Affectionately yours,

M. MANDEVILLE.

It would be difficult to say whether this letter, like the one which preceded it, is most to be admired for the vein of spirituality by which it is pervaded throughout, or for the high order of intellect and the beauty of diction by which it is characterised.

Among those with whom Mr. Sinclair, at this period of his life, associated much and corresponded largely, was the Earl of Roden. Their friendship was first formed and was sustained to the last by the affinity of their religious views. Nothing could exceed the warmth of his lordship's affection for Mr. Sinclair, or the admiration with which he regarded his character, whether as a Christian, or as the possessor of the highest and most varied intellectual attainments. I have lying before me a number of letters from the Earl of Roden to Mr. Sinclair, beginning as far back as 1824, and continued with greater or less intervals down to the death of the latter. The first letter written by Lord Roden to and preserved by Mr. Sinclair is dated "Tullymore, August 24, 1824," and curiously enough, the second was dated from the same place, on the same day of the same month, two years afterwards. They both abound in that evangelical piety for which Lord Roden was at that time eminent—more than forty years ago—and for which, now that he is in his eighty-second year, he is equally so. The following is the first of the two letters to which I have alluded :—

Tullymore Park, August 24th, 1824.

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

I was very glad to receive your letter, together with its enclosure. If one sinner's repentance is the joy of the angels in heaven, how ought the news of one brother whom we were acquainted with in the flesh being brought to a knowledge of Jesus to rejoice us,—“Yea, I do rejoice, and I will rejoice.” I need not tell you the blessing and comfort of Christians ; I need not tell you the peace it bestows under all circumstances, and the serenity which it produces, even in the most adverse circumstances. We are taught there is a “needs be” for every trial. We are brought to see that everything must work together for good for the Lord’s chosen, and therefore it is that we can, not merely understand, but adopt, the language of Paul, and rejoice in the midst of tribulation. As you know, I have lived a great part of my life in all that the world calls great and good. I have sat basking in the sunshine of my Sovereign’s favour ; I have experienced the applause and fawning flattery of the world ; I had everything in abundance of what this world calls good, but I do see that they are all trumpery. I desire to count them all as dung and dross, when compared with the truths of Christ’s Gospel,—when brought into the same scales with that heaven which He has in store for His people. I am glad to hear you are living in the retirement of Scotland, as I trust it is there the Lord means to teach you *yourself* before perhaps he will call you into active life again. And oh, my dear Sinclair, if you learn yourself, you will learn the best lesson you ever learnt, and the most astonishing one, too ; for, if you learn right, you will see yourself nothing but a lump of sin and corruption,—hateful in the sight of Holiness because of your corrupt nature,—and this sight will lead you more and more to think of a heavenly, and you will daily grow in estimation of that glorious, that all-sufficient, that free-bought blood reward—that one atonement that was made for you in the blood of Jesus, and that glorious work that was wrought out for you in that righteousness with which He covers His people. Our situation here is very retired. We are from the buzz of the world, but that don’t lessen the conflict. There is a world in our hearts which it is well for us to be always at war with ; but it is a blessed thought that this

warfare is one,—not as in other cases, doubtful,—for we are more than conquerors through Him who has loved us.

We leave this for Dundalk, another place I have twenty-five miles from hence, next month, where Lady Roden is going to be confined. I gave her your message. She remembers you very well, and desires her kind regards to you, and she is not a little rejoiced to think that the Lord has been pleased to open your eyes, and to show you himself as *all* in all. I shall be truly happy, whenever it is your convenience, to hear from you, though you must not expect many quick replies from me, as I am deeply engaged in business, which occupies a great part of my time. I would conclude by begging of you to remember me in your prayers. We are in much difficulty in this county from great opposition to contend with, and we have all around us staring us in the face, every step we take, the horrid engine of iniquity at work—“Popery, in all its worst shapes.” That the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the peace of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, may belong to you and yours, is the sincere wish of

Your sincere Friend in the best bonds,

RODEN.

It will be seen from the concluding portion of this letter—so remarkable for the clearness of its views of the great plan of salvation—that Lord Roden looked with the same eyes, more than forty years ago, on the hideous visage of Popery, as he does at the present time. I rather think, indeed, that he regards it to-day, as a thing to be more abhorred and dreaded than he did at the date of this letter. I may say, indeed, that I know from the private communications of friends, that the long period which has intervened since this letter proceeded from his lordship’s pen, has only served to impart greater depth to the dark colouring of the picture, which half a century ago he was in the habit of presenting to the public.

The second of the two letters which Lord Roden ad-

dressed, at the dates I have mentioned, to Mr. Sinclair, is chiefly characterised by the utterances of the writer's deep Christian experience. It is, indeed, on that account that I transfer it to these pages, because a correspondence of this very spiritual nature shows how far Mr. Sinclair was at this time advanced in the Divine life, although so young in years, and mingling in the very choicest aristocratic and intellectual society. I have not been able to ascertain the exact date of the letter.

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

Many thanks for your kind inquiry. It would afford me at all times very great pleasure to meet you again ; but I fear the report you hear is not correct, and that we shall not be able to go to Edinburgh. Our next destination, I believe, will be London, if we leave home. I feel so interested in this Roman Catholic question, which is likely to come on early next session, that I should be very sorry not to be at my post in the House of Lords when it is brought forward ; and there is no place in which I am better fed than in London. There are one or two dear servants of the Master who give us the sweet cream of Gospel truth, which I find so needful to uphold and strengthen my soul. I see no peace or comfort but, as it were, at the top of the ladder ; and though we are very often at the bottom, it is a precious earnest of that to which we shall ultimately attain, to be struggling to get up. It is, too, a blessed thing to be sustained and cheered by the promises of an unchangeable Jehovah, who, while we are often driven about like a weathercock, is always the same. "Christ is all," has for some years been my motto and comfort ; and I can say, the older I grow the more I see of His suitableness for me, an unworthy, but saved, sinner. Our Lord is displaying his love to me in temporals and spirituels ; and while we are surrounded with a cloud of Popish idolatry, and the Monster of Infidelity is stalking amongst us in the garb of Christianity, it is my comfort to know that the Lord has in *His own Church* many of His own people among all denominations, who are leaning on his arm, and who are privileged in ascribing to Him and to the Father and the Holy Ghost all power and glory.

That you and I may be found among this blessed number, to His honour, may He, in His infinite mercy, grant.

Believe me, very sincerely,

Yours in the best bonds,

RODEN.

How highly Mr. Sinclair prized this letter, and how much it was in harmony with his own views on the most important of all questions, may be inferred from the fact, that he wrote on the envelope, "A most kind letter from Lord Roden."

The next letter from Lord Roden to the subject of this Memoir, which I shall give, was written with the view of administering all possible comfort to him under a rapid succession of heavy bereavements. In the brief space of three weeks, Sir George Sinclair,—for he had by this time succeeded to the title and estates of Ulbster, consequent on the death of his father, Sir John,—lost suddenly his eldest son in New Zealand, his mother, and one of his sisters. He was staying at Brighton at the time, to which he had gone for the benefit of his health, which had been very much impaired for some months previously. As might be expected, he was quite stunned by three such heavy blows, all within three weeks. He returned, as soon as he was able to undertake the seven hundred miles journey, to Thurso Castle, and never, as he mentioned to me on several occasions, slept a single night from home for the long period of seven years. These few observations will enable the reader more fully to understand the following letter from Lord Roden.

Tullymore Park, 23rd Sept. 1847.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND OLD SCHOOLFELLOW,

I have just received your sad letter, which has sunk deep into my heart. When I heard of your sad affliction, as regards

the flesh, I felt, though you were so severely and mercifully chastened of the Lord, that you would, after a little, see the importance of manifesting *complete submission* to the will of that glorious Lord who “doeth all things well,” and who has connected Himself with every minute circumstance referring to the affairs of His children. I was in hopes that I should have heard of you before this, that you could have said, or that you could have forced yourself to say, “It is the Lord : let Him do what seemeth Him good.” But my very dear old friend will forgive me for being faithful to him, and saying that he is sinning *grievously* against a God of mercy and love by finding fault with any of His dispensations, which I can’t but think is awfully expressed by you when you say, with a discontented mind at the time, “Great is the mystery of godliness,” but you add to it, shall I say ?—yes, as one who loves you, I must say—you impiously add, “Greater is the mystery of Providence.” The indulgence you have given to this discontented frame of mind is surely sinful, by not exerting yourself as a *man*, and coming out to your duties, in spite of all personal feelings engendered and encouraged by the course of seclusion which you have adopted—feeding the sin by it, and throwing away from you “the sovereign balm for every wound, the cordial for every fear”—the *certain, sure, unchangeable* love of the Lord Jesus Christ to the vilest and greatest sinner that turns to Him in faith, falls down at His feet and acknowledges, *whatever* may be the calamity, it is *right*, it is *well*, when it is the *evident act* of my God. My dear, kind, valued friend, let me implore of you to rouse yourself to remember your former profession, to fly now to Jesus, and to show him your desire and determination, in His strength, not to continue in this awful sin of discontent—brooding over His unexplained acts, and contending against God on account of them—but show to Him and to the Church that, whatever it may cost you, you will arise and go to your Father, and will say, “Father, I have sinned against Thee in this un-Christian and rebellious grief in which I have indulged ; and I desire to be raised up again as an active servant, or rather, *son*, in Thy house, to acknowledge, ‘*Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him*;’ nor shall my mind be polluted with this discontent and enmity against such a Master’s

will and act, the reason of which I don't see now, but shall see hereafter." I have told your case to our dear friend Somerset Maxwell, whom you knew in Parliament, who is a dear servant of Jesus, and who longs to hear of your deliverance from the sad state in which you suffer yourself to be involved. But I would hope to see you here, my dear friend, when we could have some communion together, and where the Lord would bless our communion, and give you that peace which you have been rejecting. Do come, my dear Sinclair; the distance is very short from Belfast here,—only twenty-five miles,—and I would send half-way to meet you; and from Glasgow to Belfast steamers sail daily. We purpose remaining here till the 14th of next month. We then come back until the 25th to remain till the 6th or 7th of November; when I purpose taking my family to the south of England for the winter. We shall go from here *via* Glasgow and Edinburgh, which I want to show Lady Roden.

I need not say you will be the subject of my poor prayers, that the Lord would, in His mercy, send His Spirit upon you to deliver you from the snare of Satan, and enable you to come forth still to praise Him, and say from the bottom of your heart, "*My Jesus doeth all things well.*" If we were together I could speak to you from experience. I have had trials which nearly drove me mad at first,—lacerated the very *core of my heart*,—which I thought nothing could heal; but, dear friend, "*Nothing is too hard for the Lord;*" and this very trial, which made *heart* and *flesh wince* for many a year, still was the greatest blessing to my soul,—and 'tis of others,—so that I could lie down in the dark at my Saviour's feet, and say, with Job, "*Wherfore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.*" Then the Lord's oil of peace was poured into my soul, and I could say, "*Bless the Lord, O my soul!* and all that is within me bless His holy name." I have only again, my dear old friend, to implore of you, in the name of our precious Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to escape from your indulged sin of discontent and murmuring. The door is open to get out; *Jesus is the Way*; and "*Whosoever cometh to Him He will in no wise cast out.*" I hope I have not written too strongly. I have asked the Lord to guide my pen in answering your letter, and I cannot rest satisfied in knowing you to be in such a state of wilful sin as your letter

depicts without giving you the word of a friend who loves you for your own sake, but far more for Christ's sake, our adorable Lord.

Always your affectionate Friend in Christ,

RODEN.

I have a considerable number of Lord Roden's letters lying before me, all written in that sanctified tone, that pious strain, which for more than half a century have characterised the correspondence and conversation of the venerable nobleman. My only regret is, that I cannot allot a greater amount of space to them. I know how highly Lord Roden's letters were prized by Sir George Sinclair, and in what estimation also they were and are held by the surviving members of his family. It is consolatory to hope and trust that the day will come—may it, however, be distant—when some one else will do for the memory of Lord Roden what it is to me a labour of love to do for the memory of Sir George Sinclair, and then these letters will see the light, including that most valuable one, the last I have given.

CHAPTER VIII.

Correspondence with Prelates and the Clergy of the Church of England—Letter from Mr. Sinclair to the Archbishop of Canterbury—Letter to the Archbishop of Armagh—Letters from the late Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, and from Dr. Blomfield, formerly Bishop of London—Letters from the Rev. Charles Simeon and the Rev. Dr. Croly.

I HAVE frequently referred in former chapters to the eminently religious character of Mr. Sinclair; and that naturally led him to form many friendships among the more eminent clergymen of the Church of England,—from the highest to the lowest orders of ecclesiastics. He corresponded on equally friendly terms with archbishops and curates; and by all of those with whom he thus carried on an interchange of views, whether by letter or personally, he was held in the highest esteem. But on no occasion in his intercourse, whether personally or in writing, with the clergy, did he allow the friendly feelings by which he was always actuated to impair in the slightest degree his fidelity to his Christian principles. These he always asserted in a courteous manner, but with an uncompromising adherence to those evangelical doctrines which he rightly regarded as constituting the very essence of the Gospel. I find a remarkable illustration of this in a letter which he addressed, in 1824, to Dr. Manners Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury. Everyone who knew anything of the then occupant of Lambeth

Palace, knew that his theological views were of a perfectly negative nature. They were of that Rationalistic class, which are now so common in our ecclesiastical establishment, and are represented by the Stanleys, the Temples, the Jowetts, the Kingsleys, the Maurices, and other theologians of that class,—if they at all deserve the name. But though the then Primate of All England entertained views which were altogether unworthy the name of religion, in the sense in which the Apostles regarded, and in which the Church of England still regards, the term,—he had a sufficient amount of worldly wisdom to prevent his open avowal of his heterodox opinions. At the time to which Mr. Sinclair refers, it was stated in the House of Commons—and the sentiment met, as was to be expected from the composition of that House, with no small sympathy there—that the Archbishop of Canterbury had publicly declared, on a particular occasion, his belief that there were some who call themselves Unitarians whom he regarded as being as good Christians as any others. So far as mere moral conduct was concerned, Mr. Sinclair would not have taken exception to the opinion thus expressed by the Archbishop; but when the sentiment was extended to one's religious beliefs, it was otherwise. Accordingly, at the date I have mentioned, Mr. Sinclair addressed the following letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

MY LORD,

It may appear highly presumptuous in a stranger to take the liberty of addressing your Grace; but it is impossible for any one who is anxious for the honour of religion and the safety of the Church not to feel deeply grieved by the declaration lately uttered in the House of Commons, that your Grace considers

there are some who call themselves Unitarians to be as good Christians as any others !

I cannot, for one moment, imagine that those who deny whatever is most fundamental in the doctrines of Divine Truth, who stigmatise orthodoxy as blasphemous, who, like Priestley, are dissatisfied with the Apostle Paul as a reasoner, and who count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, in as far as it is regarded by Christians as the sole ground of justification and acceptance,—I cannot imagine that your Grace can ever have placed them on a footing with those who rejoice in the Lord Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh,—with those who admit, without controversy, the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh,—with those who acknowledge that the Word was with God, that the Word was God, and dwelt among men, and that we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. But surely I need not suggest to your Grace's superior discernment how dangerous it is that such sentiments should be ascribed, without contradiction, to the Metropolitan of the National Church. In another quarter they have even been boldly attributed to His Majesty ; and in numerous publications some of the brightest ornaments of the Church in different ages have been calumniously numbered amongst the champions of blasphemers ; for if the denial of Christ's divinity be not blasphemous, and if it be a venial, unimportant error to impugn the necessity of His sufferings, and deride the efficacy of His atonement, there is then, indeed, no such thing as a sin against the Holy Ghost.

May I, then, presume to ask your Grace whether it is not as necessary to defend the doctrines of the Church against Unitarian infidelity as to protect its dignities and revenues against the Roman Catholic encroachment ? Oh that your Grace could be prevailed upon to stand manfully forward in the House of Lords, and, with that mild and temperate eloquence which has so often commanded their respect, would deign to mortify the presumption of arrogant incredulity, and to tranquillise the alarm of that fold over which you have been appointed as overseer, by professing your abhorrence of heresies, and your genuine attachment to the orthodox doctrines of the Gospel.

It is unnecessary for the humble individual who addresses

your Grace to append his name to these few lines, in which he presumes "to stir up your mind by way of remembrance." He writes from a remote corner of the empire, where the doctrines of Carlisle and Belsham are held in great detestation, and are considered equally subversive of the salvation and happiness of the human race.

I shall content myself with adding, that I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

I venture to say that there was not to be found, at the time this letter was written to the head of the Hierarchy, a single occupant of a seat on the bench of bishops who could have, in the same space, given a more triumphant answer to the Primate,—none that could have more ably or successfully established the truth of the great distinctive doctrines of the Gospel. There were, at that time, evangelical Lords Spiritual on the benches set apart to them in the Upper House,—more, indeed, than now, but I never understood that even one of their number did battle with the Archbishop, for the momentous truths which he had practically denied by his declaration that Unitarians were as good Christians as any other persons,—meaning those holding evangelical views, and calling themselves by the latter name.

In this letter of Mr. Sinclair there is everything to admire. It is intellectual and eloquent, as well as theologically sound. It is also firm in its adherence to principle, and fearless in its denunciations of the conduct of the man who, filling the highest position in the Established Church, was bound by the most solemn obligations,—undertaken alike at his ordination, and again at his several intermediate steps to the height, the very highest he could reach, to which he had then attained,—to defend at all times, and to the best of his ability, the

doctrines of the Church of England, which are thoroughly opposed to Unitarianism as a system radically erroneous, and most perilous to those who have embraced it.

Among the archbishops who were personal friends of Mr. Sinclair at and after the period at which the above letter to the Primate was written, was Dr. Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh. At this time, there was a Rev. Sanderson Robins, well known as the incumbent of a church in St. John's Wood, who stood high among the evangelical clergy. Mr. Sinclair admired his preaching and his general talents. He was especially struck with his intelligent hostility to Popery in all its varied phases,—a system of religion which, till the latest hour of his life, he regarded with the most intense dislike. Mr. Sinclair having thus so high an opinion of Mr. Robins, and believing that if he got some living in Ireland he would be of great service in opposing Popery in that country, wrote to the Archbishop of Armagh to see if he could do anything for Mr. Robins in Ireland. The following is the answer which Mr. Sinclair received to his letter to the Archbishop:—

London, May 30.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR,

Your note of the 24th inst., which I yesterday received, brought back to my recollection with great pleasure the many occasions on which we used to meet in former days. The work of Mr. S. Robins, to which you allude, I have not had, as yet, the opportunity of reading. As soon as I have examined it I shall hope to be able to recommend it to those of my clergy who are engaged in controversy with the Roman Catholics. It has been my rule in administering the patronage at my disposal to employ it in encouraging and rewarding the laborious curates who have spent the best of their days under my own eye in the work of the ministry; and I have abstained from introducing any strangers into the more valuable preferments, finding that

my doing so would dishearten those who naturally look to me for advancement in their profession. My regret has been, that the number of benefices at my disposal has not been nearly sufficient to provide for all of those who are deserving of promotion ; so that there still remains in my diocese respectable curates of upwards of twenty years' standing as yet unbeneficed. I could not, therefore, offer preferment in the diocese of Armagh to the Rev. Mr. Robins. As to my recommending him to any of my English brethren for advancement, I feel that his merit being public service as the author of a valuable theological work, my stepping forward to suggest his name as deserving of promotion at their hands might be considered intrusive, inasmuch as the prelates in England had as good means of forming a judgment respecting his claims as I could have. There is a very useful and well-edited periodical published in Dublin on the Roman Catholic controversy ; it is called "The Catholic Layman ;" some of the most learned of the fellows of Trinity College write for it. It comes out monthly, and it has been conducted for four years with so much fairness, good taste, and admirable temper, avoiding all bitterness of language, that I think you would like to see it. I, therefore, send copies of the two last numbers by this day's post, and beg you to accept them.

I remain, my dear Sir George,
Yours faithfully,
JOHN G. ARMAGH.

It was not to be regretted that the Archbishop of Armagh did not do anything for Mr. Robins, for soon afterwards the decidedly Protestant character of his creed grew smaller by degrees until it well-nigh ceased to have a being at all. He did not, it is true, pass over the hedge which separates Popery from Protestantism ; he still, until the time of his death, some years ago, remained in the Anglican Church ; but all his zeal for Protestantism evaporated, while as regarded Evangelicism, no one, I believe, could latterly discern a single trace of it in his creed.

Among Mr. Sinclair's prelatic friends was the late Dr. Phillpotts, whose death occurred only a few months ago, at the very advanced age of ninety-three. I need not advert to his pre-eminent talents, as they were known and appreciated during his prolonged life, and more especially after he was raised to the Bench of Bishops, when both in his diocese and in the House of Lords they had a wider scope afforded them than before he had attained the distinction of a bishop. The following letter, addressed to Mr. Sinclair, was written by Dr. Phillpotts, in the year 1834, and was an answer to a letter written by Mr. Sinclair to him communicating some complimentary things which Dr. Chalmers—at that time the most popular divine in Christendom—had said of him. The conversation between Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Sinclair relative to the Bishop of Exeter, out of which Mr. Sinclair's letter to the latter, and his answer, arose, took place at the time that Dr. Chalmers had just concluded a series of six lectures, in the Hanover Square Rooms, in favour of Church Establishments. The Bishop of Exeter, and Dr. Blomfield, the then Bishop of London, both attended these lectures, and listened to them—as I can state from personal observation—with the most profound attention, and, if any faith is to be placed in Lavater's theory of physiognomy, with the greatest delight. But, apart from the matter of these lectures of Dr. Chalmers, there was something in the Doctor's appearance and delivery which, to a London audience, for the most part very intellectual, and of high social position, must have seemed very strange. His great massive head, his broad forehead, and white necktie,—thrown carelessly around his neck, and as crumpled as if he had slept in it the

previous night,—were things which, in combination, formed quite a study. Then there was the broad Scotch accent—the broadest I have ever heard—falling all the more strangely on the English ear because of the animation, the earnestness, and the energy with which he spoke ; while, to add to the uniqueness of the scene, there was the curious sight of his spectacles falling off his nose with unfailing punctuality when he came to the concluding word in any of those more magnificent bursts of eloquence with which his lectures so largely abounded. Mr. Sinclair was present in the Hanover Square Rooms, as were many Bishops, Peers, Members of the House of Commons, and other distinguished persons, while Dr. Chalmers's lectures were in course of delivery. I mention these facts, as rendering more intelligible than it would otherwise be, the following letter from the Bishop of Exeter. The letter was written in 1834, but I have a doubt as to the precise date :—

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg you to accept my best thanks for your obliging letter. The approbation of such a man as Dr. Chalmers might be a source of honest pride to any man. I cannot affect to be indifferent to it on my own account ; but I hope I chiefly value it as a proof of the brotherly feeling which subsists between the most distinguished members of the Church of Scotland towards that branch of Christ's Church which is established in England. If the effect of the common danger which now threatens every ancient institution be to draw the members of different and once rival communities nearer to each other, blessed so far is the visitation. Your own honourable purpose of supporting the Church of England is highly appreciated by me, and will be, I doubt not, by all my brethren.

I thank you for your kind allusion to the other affair, and for the confidence which you express in my conduct on that occasion.

I do not imagine that it is likely to become a matter of parliamentary discussion ; but, if it should, I shall be most proud of your kind aid. The very silly party, with whom I have had to do, has given me an opportunity (which a mere newspaper attack would not give) of putting forth my own statement. It appeared in one of our Exeter newspapers, and has been copied into the *Standard*. As it is possible that you may not have seen it, I beg leave to transmit a copy of it. I look forward to the pleasure of meeting you soon in London. May God enable us all to contend faithfully and fearlessly, yet in the spirit of Christian humility and charity, for that good cause which He has been pleased to confide in part to our care.

Yours, my dear Sir,

Most faithfully,

H. EXETER.

With Dr. Blomfield, for many years the Bishop of London, and, as such, the predecessor of Dr. Tait, now the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Sinclair was very intimate, as I find from the tone of the letters of the latter to the former. They are, however, chiefly of a private nature. But in most of the letters of Dr. Blomfield, there were some references to whatever ecclesiastical matters were attracting public attention at the time. The following is a fair specimen of the nature of the Bishop of London's letters to Mr. Sinclair. It was obviously written about the same time as the one I have just quoted from the late Bishop of Exeter. It is dated "Southend, Essex, September 1st, 1834" :—

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter has followed me to this place, where we are settled, with our children, for a few weeks, enjoying the sea breezes, and, I hope, benefiting by them. It is not true that I have changed my opinion as to the propriety of the vote which I gave against the Irish Tithe Bill. What I said to Lord Grey, a few days after its rejection, was this : that we had ventured upon a

fearful hazard, looking at the actual condition of the Irish clergy, but that I felt it impossible to sacrifice the principles which were violated in that bill for the sake of obtaining what would prove, after all, only a temporary settlement, and that, too, at the dictation of the bitterest enemy of the Church. I have since seen no reason to change my opinion, nor to repent of the course which I pursued. I hope that you will derive benefit from your native air, and return to the South in such a plight as may do credit to Scotland. If I am rightly informed, that Mrs. Sinclair remains at Ham House, we may have a chance of seeing you at Fulham on this side of Christmas. We shall probably return thither ourselves about the first week in October. I have great reason to be thankful that, amidst a very general sickness, all my numerous family have been quite well. Mrs. Blomfield desires to be very kindly remembered.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

With great regard,

Yours most sincerely,

C. J. LONDON.

I will give here only one more letter from a prelate. It is from Dr. Coplestone, the then Bishop of Llandaff. Dr. Coplestone was a distinguished classical scholar, but nothing can be said in favour of his theology. It was of the Broad Church character, although the phrase was not in his day applied to Rationalistic opinions. In his theological views, the then Bishop of Llandaff was some fifteen or twenty years in advance of the Stanleys and Jowetts of the present time. It is, however, due to him to say, that he did not resemble the class of Rationalists represented by those whose names I have just mentioned, in relation to the bitterness of feeling which they cherish towards those who hold evangelical opinions. On the contrary, he always spoke with kindness of them. Mr. Sinclair has preserved several letters addressed to him by Dr. Coplestone, but in making a selection, I

give one which is exceedingly interesting, as relating to the state of his health a number of years before he died, and which was called forth by allusions in a letter of Mr. Sinclair to his ill-health. I cannot help, in transferring this letter of the Bishop of Llandaff to these pages, noticing the curious fact, that it was written in the same year as the letters of the Bishop of Exeter and the Bishop of London, which I have given above. Dr. Coplestone's letter is dated—

Lansanfread, near Monmouth,
August 31st, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,

You little thought when you sent me this sad account of your health, how well qualified I was to sympathise with you. Ever since February I have been labouring under a chronic case, including dyspepsia, relaxation bodily and mental, sleepiness without sound sleep, and often such a degree of dejection and langour as makes life a burden. God's will be done, this is my only support. There are indeed intervals of ease and cheerfulness and hope, but continual relapses have taught me to place no confidence in these flattering gleams, although I still entertain hopes that a day of relief will come. For three months after Easter I took a house in Whitehall Place, hoping to enjoy the society of friends, and to be able, with less inconvenience, to attend to all my public and professional duties. But this scheme failed entirely; three times I was driven to seek relief by a journey into Devonshire, where in the domestic society of relations, I certainly experienced comfort and some amendment. I am now at my proper post—in a beautiful country, and engaged in the various duties of the diocese—but to a friend I confess (what it would be imprudent to say generally) that I am almost incapacitated for all enjoyment. I fear *vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorum* is but too true a description of my deportment in society, and this constant effort is rather more than my nature can sustain. The malady originated in the body, but it affects the mind grievously. The cure, I believe, must come from the body in such a case. No

mental solace or employment will remove, although it may mitigate the evil. Yet I believe also that the political state of the country, especially as it affects our national church, aggravates the disease. I am thoroughly sick of the times. I dread the sight of a newspaper. The present is full of trouble, the future of dark and threatening appearances. Can we ever, I ask myself, expect to see the balance of the constitution restored? Must not the popular feeling soon swallow up all the rest? The Church and all the ancient institutions of the country will first be destroyed—then goes the House of Peers—then comes democracy in all its horrors. Forgive me, my dear friend, for pouring out my sorrows thus unreservedly. It affords some consolation to think that you will receive what I say with kindness, although you may dissent from my opinions, and may charge me with indulging in weak and morbid feelings.

Believe me ever,
Your faithful and attached friend,

E. LLANDAFF.

No one can read this letter without being pleasingly affected by the fine feeling by which it is pervaded so far as it relates to the Bishop's illness.

In connection with the Bishop of Llandaff, an interesting incident, accompanied by pleasing effects, has been related to me. Ham House, while the late Countess of Dysart was the occupant, was celebrated alike for its hospitality and the social standing of those who were invited to dine there. On one occasion, an unusually large and distinguished party had been invited to dine at Ham House. The Bishop of Llandaff was to be one of the guests, and when on his way along Fulham Bridge to fulfil his engagement, he said to Mr. Archibald Macdonald, son of Lord Macdonald, who accompanied him, "Do you know whom we are to meet? It may be of little consequence to you, but it is sometimes a serious matter for a Bishop." Mr. Macdonald answered, "Of

course you know that Sir Charles Wetherell is to be there?" "Sir Charles Wetherell!" exclaimed the Bishop, "he is the very last man in the world I should wish to meet. We are not on speaking terms. It was owing to me that he lost his seat in parliament for Oxford. I wish with all my heart I could return home at once." Mr. Macdonald, however, succeeded in persuading him to go on to Ham House; and on he and Sir Charles meeting in the drawing-room, Mr. Sinclair, observing that they did not recognise each other, naturally inferred, that the reason was that they were not personally acquainted, and under that impression introduced them to each other. The result, under the circumstances, might have proved very unpleasant to Lady Dysart and the company, but Sir Charles, with great good nature, held out his hand to the Bishop, and a reconciliation between them was immediately effected, which was of permanent duration.

I could not think of mentioning the name of Sir Charles Wetherell without making a few remarks in relation to him. To the greater part of the present generation, it is not improbable that even his name may be unknown; but fifty, or even forty years ago, there was no name which was more prominently before the public than his. The observation holds equally true, whether Sir Charles be regarded as a chancery barrister or a member of parliament. In the former capacity he occupied the first place. No one surpassed him at the equity bar. As a member of the Legislature, it could not be said that he was at all to be compared to Brougham, or Canning, or Peel, or others whose names might be mentioned; but still there were few members of the House of Commons who were

better known than Sir Charles Wetherell. He was unique, in relation alike to his dress and his deportment. No Jew old-clothesman would, at any time, have given half-a-crown for his whole wardrobe. He was never known to have a new suit of clothes, and consequently the prevailing belief was, that he must have dealt in the apparel line with some second-hand clothesman. And to make matters worse in the way of his costume, he never wore braces. His aversion to them was intense. It looked as if it had been part of his religious creed, never to have anything to do with braces. Professional preferment was, no doubt, to him, as to all barristers, a thing which was in itself much to be desired, but I verily believe that had the Woolsack itself been offered to Sir Charles, clogged with the condition that he should wear braces as all other men did, he would have rejected the offer because of the condition annexed to it. The natural consequence of his persistent hostility to braces was, that he had constantly to give a shrug to his whole body, in order to raise his nether garments to their proper position on his person. Though this was not so awkward in the Court of Chancery, where he had the advantage of his silk gown to conceal in part the appearance of his physical motions, it was often very awkward when witnessed in the House of Commons, and repeatedly called forth bursts of laughter.

In other respects as well, Sir Charles ministered largely to the amusement of the house. He had naturally a singularly solemn countenance, which assumed an indescribably lugubrious expression when he said anything humorous. And this he often did, to the infinite amusement of the Commons. But what made his drollery

irresistible was the circumstance of his countenance expressing a seeming utter amazement at the fact of the house laughing at all, still more that they should be convulsed with laughter. He paused in his speech, and looked round, as if he intended to say, with mingled wonder and indignation, “What are you all laughing at?” In imagination, at this very moment, after the lapse of more than thirty years, I can see the countenance of Sir Charles Wetherell, as it appeared on those occasions, as vividly as if I had seen it only an hour ago.

His matter was in happy keeping with the oddity of his manner. Though a man of eminent talents, he used to make strange blunders in his language. He reminded me much of the Lord Castlereagh who, in 1820, was the leader of the House of Commons, and who used to make such blunders as “*standing prostrate at the feet of royalty*,” and “*turning his back on himself*.” One of the best blunders,—if “best” be the right word in such a case,—of which I have heard as committed by Sir Charles Wetherell, was told me by an eminent barrister. It occurred, not in the House of Commons, but at the bar. As Attorney-General, he had to prosecute John Frost and the other Monmouthshire Chartist rioters—some would say rebels—nearly thirty years ago. It will be in the remembrance of all who had reached the years of maturity at that time, that a very serious rising against the Government took place near Newport in Monmouthshire. As counsel for the prosecution, Sir Charles had, of course, to make out the strongest case he could against the prisoners. After hurling his invectives in no niggard measure at the heads of the prisoners at the bar, he wound up his forensic indignation to what he thought

the highest point it could reach, and which grammarians would call a confusion of metaphors, in the following words :—“Yes, my Lord, these daring rebels,—these desperate men,—these enemies of all law and social order, came rushing down the mountain’s side like a flock of bees, each with a hatchet in its hand.”

But with all Sir Charles Wetherell’s oddities, he was one of the most upright and independent men that ever practised at the bar, or sat in the House of Commons. It was, if I remember rightly, Horace Walpole who said that every man had his price. This never was true of Sir Charles Wetherell. He was unpurchaseable all through his public career. The Duke of Wellington once tried him by one of the most tempting offers which could have been made to him. It may be doubted whether there was a single man within the limits of the British empire who was more strenuously opposed than he to Catholic Emancipation ; and the circumstance of his being member for the University of Oxford at the time when the question had reached a crisis, invested his opposition or advocacy with a special importance. The Duke of Wellington, who was then Prime Minister, offered Sir Charles the Lord Chancellorship, if he would only support the Government in their efforts to pass their measure of Catholic Emancipation. Sir Charles unhesitatingly rejected the offer, and in language which sufficiently expressed the indignation which he felt at the offer being made.

But to return from this digression. Mr. Sinclair was on terms of intimacy with other bishops, but I must not devote any more of my space to his correspondence with them. Neither must I quote many letters to him from

the untitled clergy, which I find in the voluminous papers placed in my hands as the materials for this volume. I will content myself with giving three letters from clergymen who were not only without bishoprics, but without deaneries, or canonries, or any distinctive ecclesiastical titles. The first two were written by the Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge. Mr. Simeon's clerical history is a remarkable and interesting one. He came out at Cambridge as a decided evangelical, towards the close of the last century, when he was a very young man. The Rev. Henry Martin, the celebrated Indian missionary, became his curate in 1802. At this time there were comparatively few evangelicals among the clergy in any part of the country, but in Cambridge Evangelicism was probably more unpopular than in any other town of equal population in England. Mr. Simeon's evangelical views rendered him so obnoxious alike to the professors and the students in the University, that the former would purposely, though seemingly as if by accident, push him off the pavement as he was walking along the streets, while the students would actually hoot him when they met him in the public thoroughfares. The very mention of his name was received with opprobrium. Yet he stedfastly adhered to his principles, which he practically embodied in a consistent walk and conversation. The result was that he not only lived down, in the course of time, the hostility with which he was regarded and the calumnies by which he was attacked in the earlier years of his ministry, but he rose so high in public estimation—even in the case of those who had been formerly most virulent in their feelings and words against him—that there was no one either in Cambridge, or in the religious world

generally, whose character was held in higher esteem than that of Mr. Simeon. The full amount of the influence he exercised in spreading evangelical views through the length and breadth of the land, will never be known in this world. It will be one of those revelations which are reserved for that "hereafter" which is presented to us in Scripture in contrast with "now." But there is one fact which of itself speaks with a voice as expressive as volumes could do in relation to the estimation in which Mr. Simeon was held in his later days. I allude to the great fact that no fewer than four hundred clergymen, with no inconsiderable number of laymen, came from all parts of the country to attend his funeral. So far as I know, this practical demonstration of affectionate regard for a deceased clergyman, has only one parallel, and that was in the case of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers.

The first of the two letters from Mr. Simeon which I will give is dated—

King's College, Cambridge,
Nov. 17, 1823.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

You will wonder that you have never yet received an acknowledgment of the kindness you expressed towards me in sending me a printed copy of your speech at Thurso on the subject of the Bible Society. But the fact is, that I have so many reports sent to me from every quarter, and such a continual pressure of important business on hand, that I am not able to read half that are sent to me. But I had a particular reason for delaying to read yours. I knew that our own Bible Society would be in this month, and I thought I would defer the reading of your speech till the evening preceding our own Society, that so I might derive from it matter for the edification of our own people. I have this moment perused your speech, according to my intention, and am truly glad to find so noble a testimony in behalf of true

religion issuing from your lips and your pen. Happy would it be if all who advocate the circulation of the Bible made such good use of it at home, or entered so fully into its contents. May you, my dear Sir, experience more and more the sweetness and efficacy of its doctrines, and have your whole life cast into its blessed mould ! This is the earnest wish and prayer of,

My dear Sir,

Your much obliged and

Very affectionate servant,

C. SIMEON.

Though there is nothing remarkable in this letter, it will, without doubt, give great pleasure to the myriads who fondly cherish the memory of Mr. Simeon to read anything from his pen which has not before seen the light.

The second letter from Mr. Simeon to Mr. Sinclair was written thirteen years after the first. Mr. Simeon is here somewhat playful in his remarks on the difference between a sovereign and a guinea. The letter is dated—

Trinity College, Cambridge,
May 12, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I feel extremely thankful to you for your kind present, and very especially for your self-inflicted fine, which *marks* the degree in which your heart accompanied the donation. It brought strongly to my mind a thought I have ever cherished since guineas ceased to be current. I have always felt that they very essentially differed from *pounds*,—the pounds arguing liberality, but the additional shillings evincing heart. In this respect your *donation* spoke loudly, but your *fine* with double force. But it is, in truth, a cause which may well call forth the heart, since the occasion never arose before, nor ever can be expected to exist again ; so that, though a box of ointment of spikenard be very precious, the pouring of it on our Saviour's head is no waste, seeing that the poor we have always with us, and other

calls for charity we may obey at some future time ; but this opportunity once lost, is lost for ever.

With much gratitude, I remain, my dear Sir George,

Your most obedient servant,

C. SIMEON.

I date this as from Cambridge, though I am, in fact, at Lady Olivia Sparrow's, at Brampton Park, near Huntingdon ; and she desires her kind regards to you.

The only other letter which I give, from a clergyman who could not boast of high titles, was written by the late Dr. Croly. He was a very particular friend, and, for many years, until his death, a frequent correspondent of Mr. Sinclair, after he had succeeded to the baronetcy. Dr. Croly, with whom I was on terms of intimacy for the last ten or twelve years of his life, which ended in 1861, was a man of great talents and varied literary acquirements. He was the author of many works, both in prose and poetry, which, at the time of their publication, obtained great popularity, and some of which—his “Salathiel,” for instance—are read at the present day. His “Life of Burke,” too, is a work which is still highly and deservedly prized. It is an interesting fact, that probably no instance could be pointed out in the annals of our literature, in which there was so remarkable a similarity in the style of any two authors as in that of Burke and Dr. Croly,—and this not the result of the latter imitating the former, for Dr. Croly's style was as natural as Burke's was to him. He was a man of powerful mind. He was an able divine, as well as a gifted and popular author in various departments of literature. A more zealous Protestant than Dr. Croly was not to be found either in the Church of England or in any other denomination. Some of the best things

which were ever written in opposition to Popery, and in favour of Protestantism, proceeded from his pen. Yet, notwithstanding all his great talents and varied acquirements, he never made any progress in the Church, so far as regarded the honours and emoluments which she had to bestow. He lived and died as simple Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London,—the living, after deducting certain inevitable expenses attaching to it, not being worth more than about £400. Sir George Sinclair never ceased to lament that a man so eminently gifted and so devoted to the Church, should thus have been allowed to live in a humble Rectory, with such limited emoluments as were attached to it; and he did everything in his power to prevail on those who had ecclesiastical patronage to dispense, to obtain a practical recognition of Dr. Croly's claims to preferment; but all his efforts were unsuccessful. I shared the sentiments of Sir George on this point. It is true, that though Dr. Croly was one of the ablest advocates of the great doctrines which constitute the life and soul of Christianity,—such as the inspiration of the Scriptures, the divinity of Christ, the personality and divinity of the Holy Spirit, the Atonement, &c.—there were some minor points on which he and I differed. But then, time after time, I saw clergymen receiving honours and emoluments in the Church whose opinions were at variance with the Thirty-nine Articles, and other parts of the Prayer Book, and who, in point of ability and accomplishments, could not be named in the same breath with Dr. Croly.

As a friend and companion, Dr. Croly was one of the most warm-hearted and pleasant men I ever met with. Notwithstanding the depth of his disappointment that he

had been so ungenerously and unjustly neglected by the Church and by others who had it in their power to recognise and practically reward merit, he always possessed, when in society, a great flow of spirits. His fund of anecdotes, in all varieties, was inexhaustible, and he told them with a freshness and effect, which, no less than the anecdotes themselves, delighted all who were privileged to hear them. In the pulpit he was often carried away by his subject. On one occasion I heard him, in the fervour of the moment, address a mixed congregation—the female sex forming probably a full proportion—as “gentlemen,” instead of in the usual phraseology of “my dear hearers,” or “my Christian friends.”

The following is a letter from Dr. Croly to Sir George Sinclair. It is a fair specimen of the playfulness, raciness, and originality with which he always wrote. Nearly all his letters to me were written in a strain similar to that of the letter which I subjoin :—

London, November 17, 1858.

9, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W. C.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I am always glad to hear from you. If you call Thurso Castle “a hermitage,” I am sure it is more honoured by its inmates than if any dozen of wanderers, with the longest beards and most sanctified visages of Italy played the part of antique hermit of the world within its embowering ivy and moss-covered stones. I am gratified by pitting your lively letter *against* your register of health. *No invalid* can take such spirited views, either of the gravities or levities of the day.

Your little pamphlet on Mr. North is a very remarkable thing, and though I have great distrust in the stories of instantaneous conversion—and there certainly is *no* example in Scripture to countenance such *convulsionaires* as the converts of Whitefield and Wesley falling down in fits, and *screaming* out conviction ;—nay, I think there is no miracle of *instant* conversion but

that of St. Paul, which was made instantaneous for a *sign* of the power of God, to change the *persecutor* almost in the very *act* of persecution,—an evidence which, in the first age of a persecuted Church, *must* have given a high confirmation to the *new* and *trembling* faith. Yet I can perfectly conceive a *precise point* of *time* from which it may please the Holy Spirit to give the first *living* sense of religion. I believe this from personal recollection. When in the University of Dublin I knew a student, of my own age, who, though not at all of a dissipated mind, but rather of religious habits, had only a very tardy and *routine* idea of religion. One evening, walking with a fellow-student, the conversation accidentally turned upon death. In the course of it my friend was struck with a sudden *sensibility* to spiritual considerations, which *exceeded* all that he had ever felt before,—a fine sense, a keenness of conception, a sudden flash of feeling, that nearly brought tears into his eyes, though he had no affectation of *refinement* in anything, and was of rather a calm, if not a cold, temperament,—a reasoning and grave being. That evening gave him an impulse, a strong direction of his thoughts, a solemn and deep impression on the very material of his mind, an opening of the folds of his heart, which *never* left him through life.

I have spent some hours to-day under the dome of St. Paul's, attending the bishop's *first* visitation. There were, *perhaps*, 800 or 1000 clergy, and a crowd of people besides. I was *shivering* from the first. The east wind is blasting every face in the streets, and the lofty dome was an air-bath. I was unwarmed by the discourse,—which was read, and was a *volume*,—for I could not hear a syllable of it. It may have been eloquent, but no human lungs can *fill* St. Paul's. We must not attempt to emulate the pomps of Italy. Rome would have filled the area with harpers and trumpeters, relieved the *mountain of stone* with banners, and substituted cardinals, and mitred heads, and tissued robes, and acolytes with censors, for our black-gowned and gloomy-looking tribe of clergy. We must give up the rivalry. The tailor and the trumpeter are too many for us.

I am, dear Sir George,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE CROLY.

There is one point in this letter of Dr. Croly from which I differ. He is mistaken when he says there is no one instance of sudden conversion recorded in the Scripture, except that of Paul. On the contrary, there are many. Not only were there individual cases of instantaneous conversions, as in the case of the Philippian jailor, but whole households believed and were saved at once; while, on a memorable occasion, no fewer than three thousand were converted by one sermon preached by Peter.

Sir George Sinclair, I ought to mention, carried on a correspondence with the late celebrated Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, and other distinguished dissenting ministers, but the claims which the letters of statesmen and persons of great eminence in the world of literature have upon me preclude the possibility of my devoting space to any portion of his correspondence with the descendants of the Nonconformists of the seventeenth century.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Sinclair's Friendship with Sir Francis Burdett—Letters of the Latter to the Former—Mr. John Wilson Croker and the Quarterly Review—Mr. Croker's Correspondence with Mr. Sinclair.

THE friendship of Mr. Sinclair with Sir Francis Burdett during a long period was a fact,—indeed, I might say, a great historical fact,—from the time of its formation previous to the year 1815, till the death of the latter, which took place in the year 1844. I presume an intimacy must have been formed between them soon after Mr. Sinclair entered Parliament in 1811, because I find soon after that period, that Sir Francis Burdett addressed him as “Dear Sinclair,” “My dear Sinclair,” &c. Passing over several letters from Sir Francis to Mr. Sinclair, on the ground of their being chiefly of a private nature, the first I will lay before my readers is one dated “Bath, Jan. 28th, 1823.” It relates to various topics of public interest, and contains some playful remarks on a not very playful subject, namely, the gout, to which he was a terrible martyr. The Government of the day, so severely condemned by Sir Francis Burdett, was that of Lord Liverpool.

Bath, January 28th, 1823.

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

Your prompt and therefore very obliging attention to the desire expressed in my last, to procure some of Burns' auto-

graphs for Lady Burdett demands my earliest thanks ; and such a specimen is, in our estimation, invaluable, for we are all enthusiastic admirers of Burns.

The weather here has suddenly changed ; and although nothing is duller than a great thaw, yet, after such severity of frost, nothing is more agreeable. As to hunting, a slight attack of my old enemy, the gout, puts that at present out of question. As I have, however, attacked him, in my turn, by Dr. Scudamore's medicines, and have already checked his rage, I trust he will be quite driven away before the meeting of Parliament. I have already been subjected by him to a great mortification in being disabled from attending the meeting of the County of Berks for Reform. I hope you have seen the account of the grand meeting of the grand County of York. There spoke the gentlemen of England, and they will not have spoken in vain. Hereford, also, did itself great honour upon a similar occasion ; and I hope Berkshire will do the same. I have written to propose our following the lead of Yorkshire ; and that all reformers should lay aside all differences of opinion, and enlist under the banner of Yorkshire, headed by Lord Milton, whose honest and able speech at the meeting does him immortal honour. How unlucky Canning is getting in his "escapades" in his last Liverpool speech on this subject of Reform !

As to the Whigs,—would that foolish appellation were dropped,—playing their cards well,—nay, rather, honestly, let them stick to Reform and the nation will stick to them ; and, with the nation at their back, possessing among them splendid talents, they will become irresistible, and put an end to the present miserable, mawkish, feeble, and corrupt, and blind, and foolish system. As to parties, they are all intolerable. There is no such crime as not being of this or that party. I doubt whether your Tory predilections are greater than my own. You know that in the House of Commons I have always professed myself a Tory. However, I am neither that nor Whig.

" In moderation placing all my glory,
The Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory."

Yours sincerely,
F. BURDETT.

This letter was accompanied by one from Lady Burdett, in which she shows her high appreciation of the genius, and her admiration of the writings, of Burns. She says: “I cannot allow Sir Francis’s letter, unaccompanied with one from my own hand, to convey to you my cordial thanks for your very friendly promptitude in executing the commission I ventured to send you through him. Pray accept these thanks, with additional ones, for your further obliging offer of procuring other autographs for me; they will be most acceptable, either of the celebrated dead or living. I should so much wish to know which of Burns’ ballads he alludes to in his delightful letter. Would it be possible for you to have this ascertained, also the probable date of this letter,—there being none affixed to it?”

I may here remark, that what is said in these two letters shows how popular the Scotch poet, Robert Burns, was among the higher classes in England,—as he was among all classes in his own country. Nothing indeed surprises or gratifies me more than to find that such is the case down to the present hour. Wherever I go, equally amongst persons of high social position in England, as among those in the humblest walks of life, I find universal admiration expressed of the writings of Burns, as the result of an intimate acquaintance with them. This is all the more surprising, when it is remembered that probably the greater portion of the poetical works of Burns is written in the Scottish language, which may be regarded in some sense as partaking more of a foreign character than even the Latin, the French, or the Italian, as the latter languages are taught in the higher classes of English schools, and

are more or less spoken, while the Scotch language is neither taught nor spoken on this side of the Tweed.

Those who are old enough to have lived in the days of William Cobbett, will remember that he was everywhere called "Old Cobbett," years before his age could have justified the title. The origin of the application of the adjective "old," to him was the delight which he took in his "Weekly Register," in calling Sir Francis Burdett "Old Glory," suggested to him by the couplet which is quoted by him in the above letter, relative to the Tories calling him a Whig, and the Whigs a Tory.

Probably there never subsisted between two persons a friendship so equally intimate, warm, uninterrupted, and prolonged as that which existed between Mr. Sinclair and Sir Francis Burdett. They were spoken of as the Damon and Pythias of the nineteenth century. For very many years, when both were in London, there was hardly a day in which they did not spend hours together. There was, too, a wonderful accord between them on most of the great political questions of the day. They both commenced their parliamentary career as Liberals. For a time, it is true, Sir Francis was on some points much the more liberal of the two; but on the questions of an abridged duration of parliaments, an extension of the franchise, and the vote by ballot,—the engrossing political questions in the early part of the second quarter of the present century,—there was a cordial concurrence of sentiment between them. But some time after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, they severally and about the same time, modified their views, as to the propriety of further representative reform. They thought that Reform

had gone for the present far enough, and consequently, in giving expression to that view, they not only in the House of Commons warmly opposed any further progress in the way of parliamentary reform, but went on a tour through the northern counties of England in order that they might give greater practical effect to the alteration which had taken place in their political sentiments. Everywhere they received a most enthusiastic welcome by immense masses of the people gathered together for the purpose. In some places, indeed, their reception assumed the shape of an ovation. The newspapers of the day devoted a large amount of their space to reports of what took place at the great demonstrations, and to leading articles on the effects on the public mind, made in their favour. Nor was their mission without the results which they sought to accomplish through its means. Still sustaining the character of friends of Reform, though dreading and opposing the tendency which was then visible towards democracy in the shape of, first, the “Five,” and afterwards the “Six Points of the Charter,” they contributed largely to bring about that modification of the political creed of the masses which soon afterwards took place.

Sir Francis Burdett was one of the greatest martyrs to the gout of whom we read in modern times, and he was often a great sufferer from illnesses arising from other causes. Yet, amidst all his pains, he not only showed great cheerfulness, but usually made them the subject of jocularity. In a letter to Mr. Sinclair, dated “St. James’s Place, October 30, 1833,” he adverts in the following terms to a fall from his horse, and to the consequences which resulted from the accident. “This,” he

says, “though not ‘*d'un revenant des morts*,’ is ‘*d'un revenant de la mort*.’ My brother ought to have informed you and Tracey of my narrow escape from being upset by a kicking horse in my tilbury last Saturday. My lucky star, however, stuck by me, and by a sort of miracle I broke no bones, and got no injury except bruises and a fit of the gout, which you know acts towards me the part Shakspeare says Scotland used formerly to act towards England—that of the weasel to the eagle when that noble bird was not at prey. I am writing from bed, and pain, owing to a large dose Chambers”—[an eminent physician at the period in question]—“prescribed me last night, of the divine colchicum, Homer’s nepenthe, no doubt, by aid of which I hope to get back to Brighton in a couple of days. Pray ask your physician about it; but I am told it is at least efficacious for rheumatism. It is delightful and wonderful to have great effects produced by a dose so small. Sixty drops are a very large dose. Chambers says, that for one sort of rheumatism, the inflammatory, which much resembles gout, he thinks it is specific. I will tell Lady Burdett all you say about morphia. I have some time been anxious she should try it, but as you know, she, like Macbeth, though on a very different account, is for throwing physic to the dogs.”

Before I proceed further I ought to remark, in relation to the frequency with which the word “Penn” occurs in the letters of Sir Francis, that Mr. Penn was a somewhat eccentric character, who was constantly with Sir Francis, and by certain little oddities ministered much to his amusement. Mr. Penn was a gentleman of high family connections, and lived and died in the belief

that he was the rightful heir to estates in Pennsylvania which, had he obtained possession of them, would have made him one of the richest and greatest men in England.

I pass over various letters from Sir Francis Burdett to Mr. Sinclair, which were written in the interval of time which took place between the date of the letter which I have just transferred to my pages and the one which I am about to give. They are all written in a most friendly tone, and show the profound regard which Sir Francis entertained for Mr. Sinclair. The letter which I now extract from the multitude of letters lying before me, written by Sir Francis Burdett to the subject of these Memoirs, is dated, "Brighton, December 7th, 1833," and refers in very feeling terms to a domestic bereavement which Mr. Sinclair had just before sustained. The letter of Sir Francis is not only full of fine sympathies, but is pervaded by a philosophical spirit which all must admire. Omitting, on account of private references to certain temporary domestic troubles, a portion of the letter, it is as follows:—

Brighton, Dec. 7th, 1833.

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

I have purposely delayed answering your last because affliction, when recent, admits of no consolation; but after a time the words of friendship and sympathy find their place, and soothe at least lacerated feelings, though they cannot heal them. I need hardly say that every one here feels as I do on the subject, and particularly for Mrs. Sinclair; all beg you to express their sympathy for her, and unite in love to you. *I*, also, have *my* sorrows. [A reference is here made to domestic circumstances.] It is very grievous. However, I do not allow it to cast me down. No one can, or deserves to, be happy who dwells only upon misfortunes, and overlooks every advantage. My philosophy is of a

different cast, and makes me, like my friend Horne Tooke, contented and grateful ; indeed, I have abundant reason to be so ; notwithstanding I cannot boast of being cheered by Royal smiles, and am ready, in this case, to oppose the civic powers.

The Whittle Harvey case will soon be determined ; it lies in a nutshell ; it depends solely on a fact or two. By the time you get this it will probably be decided. I cannot say I have the admiration for his talents you express, but would take the same pains to obtain justice for one man as for another.

Kind regards to Mrs. Sinclair.

I am, my dear Sinclair,
Yours sincerely,

F. BURDETT.

Letters of sincere sympathy, and overflowing with affection, from a number of friends written to Mr. Sinclair on a great domestic bereavement which he had sustained about this time, are to be found among the papers confided to my care. As I shall have occasion hereafter to lay before my readers letters of condolence consequent on a bereavement, which Mr. Sinclair felt even more deeply than the one to which I have alluded, I will confine myself in this instance to Sir Francis Burdett's sympathetic letter to his friend.

About this time Sir Francis Burdett, with his three daughters, dined with William the Fourth. The date of the letter alluding to the honour of dining with royalty is not given, but the following is the letter itself :—

DEAR SINCLAIR,

I have long thought of writing you a line, but have been so much about hunting, that I have put it off and put it off, as Dame Quickly says Sir John did his debt to her. However, I was very glad to receive a line from you, though it did not bring anything like a satisfactory account of your health. As to the speakers, I shall do just as you intend to do ; and I do not think the Whigs will gain any laurels, even by victory, of which they

say they are certain, but they are apt to be out in their calculations. I dined the other day with the king and my three daughters; nothing could be more kind than his conduct, and that of them all. He was in good health and spirits, and very cheerful,—drank wine with me several times, and put me in mind of his having been present at my marriage, &c. I should think he receives such accounts of Sir Robert and the Duke as make him feel assured of the Government meeting with support; the opponents are equally confident. I, of course, know too little to form any confident opinion, but am inclined to think that the ministry will be able to go on. O'Connell's conduct will, I think, strengthen them exceedingly, and his new-born zeal for the Whigs do them much mischief. Altogether, one's situation gets more and more difficult,—I mean the situation of one having no object but the public good, and hating both parties, and so exclaiming—"A plague on both your houses."

I subscribe myself,

My dear Sinclair,

Yours very sincerely,

F. BURDETT.

It was while Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Sinclair were thus not only in the zenith of their personal friendship for each other, and habits of hourly intimacy, but taking an active conjoint part in the endeavour to arrest the rapidly rising tide of democracy, that the father of the latter died. The year in which Sir John Sinclair died, and Mr. Sinclair succeeded to his title and estates as Sir George Sinclair, was 1835. From what I have said of Sir John in the first chapter of this work, it will be readily inferred that his death filled with regret the public mind of Scotland, in every part of which he was known and held in the highest estimation. In England, too, among the higher and middle classes, his death was much regretted. But the fact that his successor to the baronetcy was a man of distinguished talents and high character—

respected and loved wherever known—moderated the regret with which intelligence of Sir John's death was everywhere received, but especially in his native land, for which he had done an incalculable amount of good, and whose reputation he had done so much to raise in the eyes of the world. Sir George Sinclair was universally felt to be the worthy successor of Sir John Sinclair—"the worthy son of a worthy sire." And the opinion thus entertained of Sir George on his accession to the baronetcy and family estates of Ulbster, in Caithness, was amply borne out, as will be seen in the succeeding pages, by his conduct and character throughout the whole of the remainder of his life.

In the year 1837, a general election took place, and Sir Francis Burdett having by that time turned too decided a Conservative for many of the Westminster electors, a fierce contest was fully expected. The expected contest came, but chiefly through the extraordinary exertions of Sir George Sinclair—for, as before remarked, he had succeeded by this time to the baronetcy, by the death of his father,—Sir Francis was returned by a majority of 515. As usually happens in energetically contested elections, the expenses to either candidate are usually at least double, sometimes treble the sum mentioned by the agents of the respective candidates. A Mr. Croucher, with whom I was personally acquainted at that time, a well-known agent either for Conservative or Liberal candidates, was the party whom the friends of Sir Francis employed to conduct on this occasion his election for Westminster. When the election was over, there came the usual bill of expenses. But what the amount was, I am not certain. It was, how-

ever, sufficiently large to disturb the equanimity even of Sir Francis Burdett, rich and liberal in pecuniary matters though he had the reputation of being. But ten years afterwards, namely, in 1847, a friend of mine contested the representation of Westminster, and he told me himself, that the expenses were close on £12,000 ; and to make matters worse, he lost his election by a majority of twelve in favour of the opposing candidate. But though Sir Francis had in the early part of his letter adverted in indignant terms to the colossal proportions of his agent's bill, he penned the remainder in a genial and generous spirit.

About this time, though I cannot give the exact date, Sir George Sinclair was present at a dinner party, about which he frequently spoke to me, as being probably unparalleled for the high position which all present occupied either in society, or the legislature, or literature,—some of them in all three. The dinner was given by Sir Francis Burdett in his town residence, St. James's Place, St. James's Street. Those present were the then Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief of the army, Sir Edward Sugden, afterwards Lord St. Leonards, Sir Henry Hardinge, afterwards Lord Hardinge, the late Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Murray, Sir William Follett, Sir George Sinclair, Sir Francis Burdett, the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, and Theodore Hook. So much was Sir George struck with the fact that there was not a single guest at the table of Sir Francis Burdett on this occasion, that was not a person of great eminence,—of course he did not include himself in this estimate,—that he inscribed the names of them all on one of the documents, which he had carefully bound up in a book for presentation. I

cannot help here mentioning, as a sad reflection, that of these eleven celebrities only one now survives. That one is Lord St. Leonards, then Sir Edward Sugden, now in his eighty-eighth year.

In relation to the high position which Sir George Sinclair at this time occupied among the Conservative party, and the signal services he had rendered to that party, at this important period of the nation's history, I ought not to forget to mention that Lord Roden, at that time the head of the Protestant Conservative party among the Peers, wrote a letter in the name of that party, ascribing Sir Francis Burdett's triumph to the energy, the ability, and the great intelligence mingled with judgment, which Sir George Sinclair displayed on the occasion.

The greatness of the triumph at the election contest in Westminster in 1837, chiefly accomplished through the tactics and energy of Sir George Sinclair, may be inferred from the great fears which Sir Francis had of the result,—fears which, if left to himself, would have deterred him from entering the electioneering arena. In a letter to Sir George Sinclair, in relation to the impending contest, consequent on the daily and universally expected death of William the Fourth, he expresses himself in very unmistakable terms to this effect. He placed himself in the hands of Sir George Sinclair and some other friends, and evidently thinking that the opposition got up against him in consequence of the change of his views from Ultra-Radicalism to Conservatism, might lead them to dissuade him from again contesting the representation of Westminster, he wrote a letter to Sir George on the subject, in which occurs the following passage, written in terms which would

almost imply that he was indifferent as to whether or not he should be again returned to Parliament. “I, of course,” he says, “must have great consideration for the interest and feelings of Lady Burdett and my daughters, who are naturally very anxious to enjoy, and to see me enjoy some part of my life in peace and tranquillity,—at least, not in perpetual strife and hot water; and I almost owe it to them, to consecrate what remains to me of life to them.”

Sir Francis was often very playful in his correspondence with Sir George, and was frequently exceedingly felicitous in his epigrammatic quotations from our more popular authors. Not less so was he in his speeches in Parliament and at public meetings. The illustrations which he gave, too, of the ideas which he meant to impress on those who heard him, were much admired for their point. On one occasion, in speaking of the way in which the country was torn to pieces by two great contending factions, he said he could compare the country to nothing so appropriately as the great Scriptural fact of Christ being crucified between two thieves,—the Tories and the Whigs. With reference to those of the electors of Westminster who, ceasing to regard him, as they had so long done, as “Westminster’s glory,” now treated him with the greatest disrespect,—he said they were a swarm of pismires, stinging him in all parts of his body. The word “pismires,” being rarely used, was unintelligible to the overwhelming majority of those who heard it as it fell from Sir Francis’s lips, and consequently dictionaries were forthwith put in requisition to ascertain the meaning of the word. Pismire is a species of insect which stings with all the power of the mosquito.

I have said that Sir Francis was felicitous in his references and illustrations in his private letters. He rarely, indeed, wrote to his more intimate friends without employing some racy illustrations or pointed allusions. His letters to Sir George Sinclair abound with them. In a letter written in 1835, he alludes to a letter of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, at that time at the summit of his power and the height of his glory; for he had then what was commonly called “a tail” of about thirty Irish members, ready, at a moment's notice, to vote on any question in any way that he might wish them. They were the veriest slaves to the Liberator of Ireland,—the name by which O'Connell was then usually called. I have not the means of absolutely verifying the fact, because Sir Francis simply speaks of “O'Connell's letter,” but I have no doubt it was in the celebrated letter written in relation to the Repeal of the Union, in which he applied to the Melbourne Administration the phrase, the “base, brutal, and bloody Whigs,” that Sir Francis Burdett said, in writing to Sir George Sinclair—“O'Connell's letter will annoy Ministers not a little. I suppose his inconsistent turning and manœuvring does not please on the other side of the water, and the ‘rent’”—the weekly fund in aid of the Repeal Movement—“comes slowly and reluctantly in. It wanted a fillip to be given with a forty-horse power. I envy you listening to the roaring of the sea, contemplating ocean's bosom, and reposing in that of your family, rather than to the impudent blustering of Dan, the piano of Lord John, or the worse than the drone of the bagpipe Hume.”

I know not whether Sir George ever showed this letter to Mr. Hume, but I am sure that if he did no one would

have more enjoyed the reference to himself in the end of it, than the good-natured Mr. Hume.

The next letter from Sir Francis Burdett to Sir George Sinclair which I find in the extensive collection before me refers chiefly, in playful terms, to a present of grouse which Sir George had sent to him. It is dated "Freemark, September 17, 1838," and is as follows:—

DEAR SINCLAIR,

I delayed in answering your last, first on account of Penn's having written, to give time for digestion; next, in expectation of the grouse arriving, and that I might be able to tell you how good they were; and, also, that we were determined to treat ourselves to all you recommended,—soups, broiled grouse, pies, &c., &c.—the description of which had excited such an appetite, that, like Æsop's foxes attending their dying sire's confession, representing the dreadful spectre which haunted him of turkeys, geese, and the hungry foxes round them. As regards the promised treat, so Penn and all exclaim to you:—

" Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer?
No grouse nor ptarmigan is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your friends lick their lips in vain."

However, in consideration of your impatience, I will wait no longer their arrival, but say, as Charles the Second is reported to have done in answer to an offering from Parliament, which he considered as no benefit, and therefore declined accepting it: "Charles the King having no need, thanks you as much as if he had!" We all thank you as much as if the grouse had arrived safe and *sound*; and as soon as they do, all the culinary experiments pointed out will be diligently made, and, no doubt, successfully.

Yours sincerely,

F. BURDETT.

The subject of these Memoirs, both as Mr. and Sir George Sinclair, was generally in ill-health. That was,

indeed, his normal condition. I find in all the letters of his friends to him that great concern was felt by them at the indisposition to which he was so often subject. And assuredly if the sympathy of sincere friends, mostly eminent for their intellectual acquirements or their exalted position in society, could have reconciled the invalid to the sickness in various forms from which he suffered, it must have been so in his case. There was a cordiality in their expressions of concern, when referring to his illness, which could not fail to be appreciated by his generous and grateful nature. And I could speak from Sir George's repeated conversations with myself on the subject, that never did human heart more warmly appreciate the assurance of the sympathies of sincere friends than did that of the noble character of whose feelings, and character, and conduct I am endeavouring to convey some idea to my readers. The least kindness, indeed, shown to him in any form filled his bosom to overflowing with gratitude to him from whose hands it was received.

But while Sir George Sinclair was loaded with assurances of the sincere sympathy of a host of distinguished friends in his seasons of sickness, Sir Francis Burdett, above all others, gave a practical turn to his sympathy. Sir Francis had himself been the subject of much bodily suffering, chiefly arising from frequent and fierce attacks of the gout, and though the illness of Sir George had no connection with the gout, yet, believing that the system of treatment from which he derived the greatest advantage would be most beneficial to Sir George, he urged on the latter, with an earnestness which I have never seen surpassed, the importance of a resort to the homœopathic mode of treatment. Homœopathy never, indeed, had

a more zealous supporter than it had in his person. If the truth of the system bore any proportion to the admiration and advocacy of it in the case of Sir Francis Burdett, no human being ought ever to have perished in the hands of a homœopathic doctor. I doubt, indeed, whether any disciple of Hahnemann, however able as a writer he might be, could have been more eloquent and eulogistic in its praises than was Sir Francis Burdett. In answer to a letter from Sir George, in which the latter had made some allusions to the ill-health from which he was suffering, Sir Francis, writing from "Clumber Court, November, 1840," says: "Dear Sinclair,— Your affecting letter this morning puts me painfully in mind of Bosville's humorous observation, that misfortunes never come alone, which, though a witty bull, expresses a melancholy truth; and I have lost a brother with whom I never had an angry word, or a moment's interruption to the warmest affection, from his cradle to his grave. I lately, too, met with an awful accident myself, which has confined me to my room—almost to my bed—till within these last few days, now for more than a month, and I can now only crawl across my room on crutches. Then your note this morning adds to this heavy load. Do let me persuade you to try that from which I have received so much benefit,—the homœopathic system. It seems to me especially calculated to give you great relief. Its *modus operandi* is, through the veins, upon the whole system, by the strength and vigour which it imparts. The stomach is not deranged by strong nauseous medicines, or the bowels disturbed by them. The effect of it is, that the whole of the functions of life are invigorated, while no particular organ is particularly affected. Last of all,

though it seems at first sight strange that so much good can be done without a chance of any mischief, yet such is the fact. Homœopathy is, indeed, the only rational mode of treating a case of nervous debility. Would to Heaven you were in St. James's Place" [Sir Francis Burdett's London residence] "instead of Thurso Castle. Don't go to Edinburgh for the aid of the learned of the old school—‘contraria contrariis curantur’—but come to the dictate of Nature, ‘similia similibus.’ Give homœopathy a trial at any rate. The opposite you have tried long enough. Very sincerely yours, F. Burdett."

Sir Francis, in others of his letters to Sir George, denounces the allopathic doctors, and their mode of treating their patients, in unmeasured terms, and again and again beseeches him to have recourse to physicians who practised the homœopathic system; but Sir George had no faith in the latter system, and never put himself under the care of a homœopathic doctor. Sir Francis himself appears to have ultimately lost all confidence in homœopathy, for we find him putting himself into the hands of one who kept a large hydropathic establishment. In relation to this latter mode of medical treatment, I will only say that whatever it may have proved, or may prove, to others, it had no beneficial effects on him. He unfortunately died while under that mode of treatment. In saying this, let me be understood as simply stating a fact, and not as insinuating that he died because of his being a hydropathic patient.

Sir Francis Burdett seems to have been, on some occasions, very awkwardly misunderstood, and consequently misreported by "the gentlemen of the press," to whom he repeatedly refers in his letters to Sir George

Sinclair. He had made a speech at a great Conservative banquet which took place at Dover in 1839, and of the way in which his speech is reported he thus writes to Sir George :—“ Well,” he says, “ the newspapers make strange reports of my sayings and doings. In their account of my sayings at Dover, they put all I say about the influence of our women to the account of the judges ; and the allusion to poor Lady Flora Hastings is placed to the account of the old ladies in ermine at Westminster Hall. One of the reporters has enclosed me his account of my speech, requesting me to correct it, in order to a separate publication of the transactions of the day. I have returned an answer that it is out of my power, and that I must return it as the Paris barber did Sterne’s wig when he was desired to put it in shape and order—that it was beyond his art—he could not undertake to touch it—that it would be far easier and cheaper to make a new one.” Sir Francis adds, in relation to the extraordinary blunders which the reporters had affiliated on him, that he “ could not help laughing, in spite of pain, springing from a severe attack of gout, for a good ten minutes *sans* intermission.”

Sir George, I find from various letters to him, written not only by Sir Francis Burdett but by other friends, had been very uneasy about something which is not mentioned. Nor can I learn from the family papers which have been committed to my care what particular thing had been thus brooding in Sir George’s mind. Neither on inquiring of the nearest and dearest members of his family have I been able to ascertain what it was that thus pressed upon him. All that is plain to me is, that there was something soon after he left parliament

which his exquisitely sensitive mind suggested to him he ought to have done, but which he had left undone. But from one of his numerous letters to Sir Francis Burdett it would seem that some persons—they were no doubt very few—had also reproached him for not having done this very something. In a letter dated, “January 5th, 1842,” written by Sir Francis to Sir George, in answer to a letter of the latter, he thus writes:—

“ Dear Sinclair,—I was relieved from suspense and anxiety by your letter. I thought you had been at Edinburgh, and was looking daily for a line. Why do you torment yourself? or rather, why do you not rejoice, and thank God that the accusation is a vile calumny? Surely you have reason to be happy. You have all the ingredients. ‘*Parva rura, et spiritum Graiae tenuem Camænæ.*’ And surely you are man enough, ‘*Malignum spernere vulgus.*’

“ Rouse yourself; meet malice and disappoint it by defiance, and showing you are above its powers; and sustain those you love, and by whom you are loved, by your example, and by your confidence in them and in yourself. Complain not that you are a man, and subject to all the influences which hourly afflict this mortal body which we inhabit. Show that you are not unable to bear up against the still more potent missiles of hatred and malice. Were it not for these and such like trials, where would be the proof of virtue? of men’s value and their works? No vice, no virtue—no evil, no good—no pain, no pleasure. Yet shallow men complain that there should be vice, evil, and pain, and inconsistently maintain that this is a life of trial, to be hereafter rewarded. Yours sincerely, F. Burdett.”

I have said that this correspondence between Sir George Sinclair and Sir Francis Burdett took place soon after the retirement of the former from parliamentary life. My belief is, that whatever it was that wounded his exceedingly susceptible mind, it must have been something which struck him after he ceased to be a member of the Legislature, for just before then I spent a long evening with him in the family of mutual friends, where there were no strangers present, and where, consequently, had anything been pressing on his mind, there was all the greater probability of his unbosoming himself to us. But he made no allusion to anything as weighing on his mind at the time. I could, I fancied, discover something like a modified regret, that he was about to retire from legislative life, which was to him, in a sense, withdrawing from public life ; but that was a natural feeling, especially as his parliamentary career had been characterised by great success, and had much to do with the distinguished local position which he had so long occupied. But during the whole of the time he spent on that occasion in the house of his and my mutual friends, no word escaped Sir George which would have given countenance to the idea which pervades several of the letters of Sir Francis Burdett, and other friends of his at this particular period. I remember (as vividly as if the words had been spoken only an hour ago, though more than a quarter of a century has since passed away) his saying to me, that he meant chiefly to spend the remainder of his days in Thurso Castle, in contemplating the works and ways of God.

The intimate friendship which subsisted between Sir George Sinclair and Sir Francis Burdett for more than a

quarter of a century before this time, was maintained until the death of the latter in 1844. And Miss Burdett Coutts continued ever afterwards to feel the same regard for Sir George which her father had, through this prolonged period, uniformly cherished. Some years afterwards, Miss Burdett Coutts paid a visit to Sir George and his family. So warm was her reception at the Castle, and so cordial the welcome which she received from the Caithness Highlanders, that she prolonged her visit for five weeks. So delighted, indeed, was Miss Burdett Coutts with the people and the highland scenery of that most northern of all our Highland counties, that at one time she had fully made up her mind to purchase sufficient land on which to erect a Highland Home, though circumstances afterwards occurred to prevent her carrying her purpose into effect.

The next friend of Mr. Sinclair, whose name may appropriately follow the name of Sir Francis Burdett, is Mr. John Wilson Croker, for many years a member of the House of Commons. He was the friend equally of Mr. Sinclair and of Sir Francis. In the literary world, few persons were better known for a full quarter of a century than Mr. John Wilson Croker. But his literary reputation did not rest on any works of importance, or which had achieved popularity, for he had published only two or three detached works, neither of which obtained either for itself or for its author any celebrity. He edited a new edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," to which the tomahawk of Lord Macaulay was applied in the "Edinburgh Review," with the same merciless rigour as he had so often done in dealing with the works of others. Mr. Croker was also the editor of "The Suffolk

Papers." "Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford" were also published under his editorial auspices ; but neither of these last named books excited much interest. The only work of which he might be said to be the author, and which attracted even a moderate share of attention, was his "Easy Stories from the History of England." It was as a well-known writer in the "Quarterly Review," that Mr. Croker attained his eminent position in the literary world. So intimate and well-known was Mr. Croker's connection with the "Quarterly" leviathan, that there was not for more than twenty years a single person possessing any literary knowledge worthy the name, who was ignorant of the fact of his being the chief party connected with it. Many, indeed, believed—and no amount of evidence to the contrary would satisfy them it was not so—that he was the real editor of that periodical. But this was a mistake. He never was editor of the "Quarterly,"—not even for a single number. The first editor was Dr. Gifford, who raised himself to that distinction from the very humble occupation of a mender of boots and shoes. This Dr. Gifford, though entirely self-taught, acquired a large amount of general information, with a marvellous knowledge of languages. He was what is called a "slashing writer," and by the severity of his criticisms, mingled with the varied knowledge he displayed, soon drew attention to the "Quarterly Review" in its earlier history.

Mr. Coleridge, lately Mr. Justice Coleridge,—author of the recent "Life of the Rev. Mr. Keble," and father of the present Attorney-General,—succeeded Dr. Gifford in the editorship of the "Quarterly;" but he did not remain long

in that position. In fact, he seriously compromised his own literary reputation, and in some measure diminished the prestige of that journal, by an article of his own, in the first number which appeared under his editorial auspices. To show the importance which he attached to the article, he gave it the place of honour—that is, made it the first article in the number. In advertizing to Mexico and other countries in the western world, he made use of the expression—"Mexico and the *other* States of *South America*,"—Mexico happening to be among the Northern States of America.

Mr. Coleridge was succeeded by Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Barrow of the Admiralty; but his editorial reign was also short, because it was found that, occupying as he did so prominent a place as second Secretary to the Admiralty, the editorship of the "Quarterly" was not compatible with his official duties. Still he continued to be one of its most frequent and most valued contributors.

Mr. Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, was Sir John Barrow's successor in the "Quarterly's" editorial chair, which he occupied for many years, and only vacated it when the state of his health unfitted him for literary labours of any kind.

Next came the Rev. Mr. Elwin, a name that was entirely unknown in literature beyond the circle of his own personal friends. He swayed the editorial sceptre for a few years, and was succeeded by Mr. William Macpherson, for a still briefer period. Then came Dr. William Smith, editor of "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible." Dr. Smith, who is, or was, a Dissenter, still fills the office of editor of the "Quarterly Review," and has lately added to his journalistic duties the editorship of Mr. Murray's new

monthly periodical, “The Academy,” started in the month of October last.

But though Mr. Croker was never the editor of the “Quarterly Review,” he had always, from the time of his becoming a contributor, to the time of his death in 1857, been the principal writer in it. He was as influential with the “Quarterly” as if he had actually been its recognised and responsible editor. He was the writer of nearly all its articles on the great public questions of the day.

It was his own individual opinions on political questions that he expressed in the pages of that periodical. What he personally thought and felt, he wrote; and what he wrote duly appeared clothed with all the high authority with which the “Quarterly” was then invested. It does not exercise the same power now as it did in the days of Mr. Croker, but it still possesses no inconsiderable influence in the realms of literature and the region of politics.

Everyone knows, who was cognisant of the particular articles which Mr. Croker wrote for the “Quarterly Review,” that his criticisms were usually, whether assailing an author or attacking a politician of the opposite party to his own, of the most severe—often of the most savage kind. Mr. Disraeli, in the earlier part of his career as an author, was repeatedly the subject of these terrible onslaughts by Mr. Croker. But the time came when Mr. Disraeli had his revenge. He may be said to have made him the hero of his “Coningsby”—the most successful of Mr. Disraeli’s numerous works of fiction. Anything more scathing than Mr. Disraeli’s treatment of Mr. Croker, under the name of “Coningsby,” has hardly been met with in the literature of the present century.

Mr. Croker was many years in Parliament, and occupied a seat for an Irish borough during the time the first Reform Bill was under discussion. He made himself notable for the zeal with which he defended nomination boroughs, and opposed every proposal made to confer the elective franchise on large towns. He drew down on himself a large amount of ridicule, which stuck to him through life, by declaring in the House of Commons, on the word Bloomsbury being mentioned, that not only did he not know where Bloomsbury was, but that he had never before heard of the name. He looked with disdain on anybody and everybody that was not aristocratic ; and the universal belief was that the real reason why he repudiated all knowledge of Bloomsbury was, that the place was too much of the middle-class character for him to acknowledge an acquaintance with it. Though having no other title than the conventional one of “The Right Honourable,” and consequently being simply plain “Mr. John Wilson Croker,” he worshipped titles, and in his excessive devotion in that direction, showing itself in aristocratic airs and assumptions, he was held up to derision as being more aristocratic than the aristocracy themselves.

And yet in private life Mr. Croker was a very agreeable man. He had none of the *hauteur*, or assumption, or asperity, which he showed in his speeches in the House of Commons, and in his writings in the “Quarterly Review.” Out of a goodly number of his letters to Sir George Sinclair which the latter has preserved, I do not see one displaying these qualities ; but, on the contrary, there is more or less of geniality and good feeling in them all. Some of them, indeed, abound in the latter quality. The

very second in the collection which Sir George has preserved of Mr. Croker's letters I find to be as follows. It is dated—

West Moulsey, Surrey,
Jan. 8th, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have let some time elapse before I replied to your letter that I might not intrude on your affliction, of which I can appreciate the poignancy, having myself had the irreparable misfortune of losing my only son; and every time that I hear of any similar loss, my own wound breaks out again. The tone of your letter satisfies me that you look for consolation to the only true Source; but, let me add, that I find a degree of comfort in thinking that one I loved so well is spared a life of misery, which, I think, was likely to have been his lot in such times as I anticipate, and with such principles as I hope he would have had.

Alas! my dear sir, you talk of the danger of the Church;—its temporal danger is, indeed, imminent, but the danger of religion itself is still greater. I doubt whether, in the abstract, religion can be maintained amongst mankind without the aid of an Establishment, which not only supports the piety of its own members, but even instigates the zeal of Dissenters by example, by rivalry, by a spirit of opposition. This may look like paradox; but the human heart is so liable to be affected by perverse and mundane motives, that I very much fear that, without the stimulus of something like a party spirit, the great mass of mankind could hardly be excited to thoughts purely spiritual. If every man were at full liberty,—if all sects were equally favoured,—if there was no public opinion leaning towards one form of observance in preference to another,—if the laws did not remind us of our duties,—in short, if religion were to be left, to use the liberal phrase, a private question between each individual and his Maker, the bulk of mankind would first neglect the observances, would next disregard the essence, and would finally become indifferent to all practical religion, subsiding, probably, the better, into a theoretic deism, the more depraved, into active atheism. To that fearful consummation, I tremble to think, we are advancing; and the *political* principles of the day portend but too surely the repeal of all restraints on

individual liberty of conscience,—even of those moral restraints,—restraints which particular creeds and church establishments *inculcate*. Rather than improve, your reform bill has destroyed *prescription*, *discipline*, and *authority*, the great bonds of society; for *prescription*, as I said in one of my speeches, is to the moral world what gravity is to the *natural* world; it keeps everything in its place: society will become a fortuitous con-course of atoms, and the religious world will be “without *form* and void, and darkness will be upon the face” of the earth.

I have no more spirits to enter on other topics than you could have to read them; and I therefore conclude with offering you my best wishes that your personal happiness may be greater in the coming year than in that which closed so darkly on you. When you come to town I shall hope to see you for a little space. We may promise ourselves our old habits and intercourse.

Yours very sincerely,
J. W. CROKER.

In this letter there is not only the expression of the grief which he naturally felt at the loss of his own son, but deep sympathy with Sir George Sinclair in the sea of sorrow into which the latter had lately been plunged. And yet, mingled with Mr. Croker's touching allusions to his own and his friend's bereavements, there are allusions to political and ecclesiastical topics which will be read with interest at the present day.

I pass over several intervening letters written by Mr. Croker to Sir George Sinclair, because they chiefly relate to matters which show the mutual friendship which subsisted between the two. The next letter which I shall give is labelled by Sir George, “Political Correspondence with Mr. J. W. Croker.” Though short, there are various things in it which must awaken reflections in every contemplative mind. But before alluding to these, let me give the letter itself. It is dated—

West Moulsey, Surrey,
September 26th, 1837.

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

Your letter of the 13th followed me to Drayton Manor and Wimpole, and finally reached Moulsey two days ago. I have little return to make in this dull season, but you will be glad to hear that I left Peel (after spending ten days with him) *as well as ever I saw him in my life*, notwithstanding the fears of the Ministerial papers about his health. He shot every day, and out-shot, and out-walked us all,—though some of us were not inactive followers of the sport. He had Sir James Graham there, whom I was glad to meet, and we talked over the Reform Bill as our ghosts would have done in the Elysian Fields.

I was very much pleased with Sir Francis's triumph in—not Dorsetshire, as your pen says—but Wiltshire, and just as much at the splendid dinner given in honour of that event. I hope he will have strength to take an active part *on his legs* in the cause which he has served so well by his contests for the seats in Wiltshire and Westminster.

We hear little of what is going on in Windsor, but that Lord Melbourne is constant in his attendance, and well accepted there. I have no doubt that Louis Philippe and Leopold look on him as a *juste milieu* man like their own ministers, and advise his retention; and so, if the Queen were to consult me, should I. Two or three more attempts at new Ministries will accomplish the revolution, and I think our best chance is to leave Lord Melbourne with a majority of five,—enough, with Peel's help, to do the business of the country, and not enough to bully the House of Lords.

I know not what you may be, in lat. $58^{\circ} 30'$, but I know that we are shivering with cold seven degrees nearer the sun. I would not be surprised to hear that you are snowed up.

Yours most sincerely,
J. W. CROKER.

This letter gives some insight into the state of political parties at the time it was written. Two years before the ministry of Sir Robert Peel had been driven from office by the success of Lord John Russell's motion

in favour of what was called the Appropriation Principle, in relation to the Irish Church ; but the Administration of Lord Melbourne, which succeeded that of Sir Robert Peel, had in the short space of two years become so feeble, that its majority was reduced to five. The Tories, however, thought it better—for the reasons made known in this letter of Mr. Croker—to let them remain on sufferance a little longer in office.

But though this letter of Mr. Croker to Sir George Sinclair is politically interesting, few, I feel assured, who have reached the meridian of life, and consequently were conversant with the sayings and doings of the time at which it was written, can help a feeling of sadness coming over their minds, as they glance their eye over its contents. Strange to say, not only have the writer and he to whom the letter was addressed passed away from this earthly scene, but all the others whose names are mentioned in it, with the single exception of our Queen, have also gone to “that bourne from whence no traveller returns.” Louis Philippe, King Leopold, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir James Graham, have, with Mr. Croker and Sir George Sinclair, all gone to the house appointed for all living,—so that out of nine persons whose names are mentioned in a letter written in 1837, only one, and that one her Majesty, is to be found in the land of the living in 1869.

The following letter is dated “West Moulsey, Feb. 1, 1838.” It is one of the most pungent of the collection which Sir George has preserved of Mr. Croker’s correspondence with him. The Mr. Mackenzie alluded to in several parts of the letter, was the Mackenzie who was the chief leader in the Canadian rebellion, which caused so

much trouble to the Whig Government of that day. Sir Francis Head was at that time the Governor-General of Canada, and was deemed quite unfit for the crisis,—a fact which will explain the point of Mr. Croker's remark—“I fear *Sir Francis Head is no head at all.*”

West Moulsey, Surrey,
February 1st, 1838.

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

The sooner the better; and I, therefore, shall wait on Sir Francis Burdett on Monday next, at seven, that is, if a cold which I have had for this fortnight, and which is going, should be gone.

You did not say a word too much about the ministers on Monday. You will, perhaps, see somewhere evidence of my agreeing with you in some of the topics you mentioned. The plain truth is this, that the new constitution does, practically, not afford the means of governing the country, and that ministers (not the Whigs merely, but *any* ministers) are like men swimming for their lives, and their course is compounded of two *motions*—one the *current*, and the other the desire of reaching the nearest point, without considering whether it is the easiest or the safest,—and they will reach nothing.

As to “talk so much,” do you recollect that I took the liberty of expressing to you my doubt as to the expediency of Sir Francis giving that notice, at least till he should have consulted Goulburn and Hardinge; for I had heard enough to make me suspect that if there was *crime* on one side, there was fault on the other? But that notice having been given, I do not like a retreat. Sir Francis is too important and too remarkable a person to make any movement that will not be observed upon. I fear, too, though you do not state it, that the Government adjourned over Sir Francis's notice day. That, perhaps, might relieve him from the necessity of making a formal notice; but I hardly know how it can excuse an entire abandonment. However, recollect that when O'Connell sees you wavering, he will *change*, and probably force on the inquiry, when he sees you are afraid of it. This I say myself, on the view of Sir Francis's personal position; for I

really have quite forgotten what little I ever knew of the details of the case.

I have not seen Follett [Sir William Follett] this fortnight, but I shall dress at his house on Monday, and hear what he says.

I fear Sir Francis Head is no head at all ; was there ever such miserable captandum stuff as his letter ? The manifest folly,—if it were not a manifest lie,—of standing with his arms folded because his enemy was going to make a blow at him, and, in order to enable him to do it the more effectively, is worthy of Baron Munchausen ; and purposely sending the troops away that Mr. Mackenzie might be at full liberty to rebel, is worse than Dogberry's allowing the thief to steal himself away,—which Mackenzie did. In short, the man was caught in a trap laid by his own presumption, and is now endeavouring to *lie* himself out of it.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. CROKER.

The next letter of Mr. Croker to Sir George Sinclair, which I shall give, has no date. But as I find among the papers of Sir George a reply to this letter dated "August 30th, 1840," there can be little doubt that the speech of Sir George to which this letter is an answer, was published in the pamphlet form in that same year. The speech of Sir George was based on the principles and feelings of humanity, whereas Mr. Croker deals with it on the basis of a cold political economy. But let the letter of Mr. Croker speak for itself. It is as follows :—

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

I have been a fortnight exactly in France, and on my return to-day find your letter and speech, and hasten to acknowledge them, as well as to account for my not having written to you lately, as I had promised. Your speech is very clever, and, I know, most honestly and sincerely meant ; but I cannot concur in the principle on which it is founded. It is the first law of nature, the primal curse of an angry, but all-wise Creator, that we should earn our bread in toil and pain, and by the sweat of our brow ; and though a few, by industry, and luck, and God's

good providence, are enabled to raise themselves and their successors above the necessity of actual work, the great mass of mankind *are*, and *must* be, stimulated by want to the labour by which the world exists. It is meet and right, and our bounden duty, to help the weak, and to alleviate distress, as far as our means allow ; but to tell the working classes that *any* power can relieve them from their state of *want and dependence* is to impugn, as it seems to me, the dispensations of Providence, and to disorder the frame of society. There never was a country, and there never was a time, in which so much has been done, and so *much* is doing, for the poor,—so much attention to their instruction, their health, their comforts, their morals, their religion,—and yet, because we cannot destroy the great balance of nature, held by the hand of God,—because we cannot make poor rich, low high, round square, you accuse all the upper classes of want of due sympathy with their poorer neighbours. What, my dear friend, would you have us do ? You shall be our Lycurgus. How shall we act to fulfil your benevolent intentions ?

I have a couple of thousands a-year. I am, therefore, a rich man. I spend all that income,—little on myself, no more than is necessary in eating and drinking, some in charity, and all the rest in giving work and employment to the various classes of persons who come in contact with me. My wife goes *every day of her life*, for two or three hours, into the village. She visits the sick daily, the afflicted frequently, the needy as much as she can. I help her, by encouraging and enabling her, according to my means, to do all this. But what can we do more ? You,—kind, benevolent, and clever as you are,—what more can we do ? I will not say how easy it is to *talk* of alleviating the sufferings of the poor ; but I ask you again, what would you do ? You say, “The poor want *bread*, as well as *Bibles*.” I go a step further,—“They want *bread before Bibles*.” But how can the rich give them bread ? *Only* by giving work. Count D’Orsay, who orders two superfluous carriages and ten superfluous coats, does more towards giving bread to the poor than the most philanthropic speech ever made in Parliament.

“ Hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed,
Health to himself, and to his children bread ;
Thus labour brings what the hard heart denies,
And ostentatious vanity supplies.”

You talk of the “appalling debt,” as one of the causes of the distress of the poor. In what countries in the world are the poor best off? In countries where you have a public *debt*, which is the reservoir of the produce of *former* industry applicable to the creation of new industry—England, Holland, Modern France. Where are the poor poorest? Where there is no debt,—that is, no capital, no credit,—Spain, Poland, Italy, and all the uncivilised world.

In short, my dear Sinclair, when you say that I am the only one of your friends that you think may approve your speech, you mistake the state of the case; there is none who can possibly differ more widely from you. I admire its talent; I am touched by its good feeling; but I doubt its facts, deny its reasonings, and regret its tendencies, and, above all, that part which implies that the Government,—or no Government,—the House of Commons, can remedy evils which are the inevitable portion and penalty of human nature.

Forgive the length of my letter, and the freedom of my criticisms; but I could not, in honesty, tell you that I approved your speech, nor that I disapproved it, without giving you a few of my reasons.

We live in such a complicated world, that there is no theory which may not find support in parts of our system. I have done with theories, and theoretical benevolence and philanthropy are as deceptive as the rest. I want facts. *What is to be done?* All beyond is mischief and misery to the poor and the rich.

Good-bye. I have ventured on all this because I think it due to you, in kindness, to let you know my opinion, and I send it to you at once, while the feeling that your speech excites is fresh.

I am here, with two of my families, by the sea-side, and shall be back at Moulsey for a month.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. CROKER.

The last letter of Mr. Croker to Sir George Sinclair to which I shall advert is dated “January 11th, 1852.” He was at this time so very ill, that his recovery was considered doubtful, both by himself and others. He

describes at considerable length, and with great precision, the nature and actings of the serious illness under which he then laboured, but it is not necessary to give that part of his letter. My main purpose in alluding to this letter is, because of the opportunity it affords me to record the fact of his entire submission to the Divine will, blended with the expression of the kindest feelings towards Sir George, at a time when he thought himself in all probability on the verge of another world. That such was his impression, is evident, from the very first words in the letter now lying before me. "My dear Sinclair," he says, "it is but too true, that I am, I believe, in a very precarious state." After describing the nature of his illness, he says :—" This is my present state—the lowness of the pulse and the gloomy prospects it causes, make me somewhat languid and out of spirits as to my condition ; but in other respects the doctors are astonished, that one should be *at once so well and so ill*. The result is in the hands of God, and probably not distant. I wait His pleasure, not merely with resignation, but with gratitude, that in my seventy-second year I have neither bodily suffering nor mental decay, and that I am fondly and carefully watched over and supported by a circle of wife, children, and friends, as anxious and affectionate as ever man was blest with. Adieu, my dear Sinclair, receive my best wishes, and if we are not to meet again, continue your kindness to my memory."

There is something very touching, as well as pious, in this. Mr. Croker recovered partially from this illness, but never was quite himself again. This was in 1852. In 1857, five years afterwards, he died. As he was a man whose name was so much and so long before the

public, both as a legislator and as a literary man, I feel assured that the letter of his daughter, Lady Barrow, to Sir George Sinclair, giving an account of his last illness, terminating in death, will be read with much interest, more especially as the incidents described by Lady Barrow have not before been made public. The following is the letter :—

Kensington Palace,
August 26th, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

It is my dear mother's special wish that I should answer your most kind letter *immediately* for her, to tell you how *grateful* she feels for your true, genuine sympathy, which, she knows, comes from your heart. Well knowing the mutual friendship and true regard which existed between you and my dearest father, she always knew how really you appreciated his worth and talents, and truly has your letter shown it. It pleased our Heavenly Father, in His mercy, to take him precisely in the way he had always wished to go, in one moment, without a struggle, or even a pang. He had been dictating to within an hour, and had wished us all good-night, in the most affectionate manner, about seven minutes before it took place. His mind and intellect were the same as ever up to the last moment ; even his wit and pleasantry at times came out. Only a few days before he had asked my mother for the *trash-basket*, in order to throw into it some waste pieces of paper, and, by mistake, she brought him the basket containing his papers on Pope, when he said, “Why, *that* is the basket containing all my wit and genius ! do you call *that* the *trash-basket* ?” It is one of our greatest comforts to *know* that his faith and hope were surely fixed on the *true* foundation of our Blessed *Christian* Faith, and the fruits were indeed apparent,—the *submission to God's will* with which he bore acute and lengthened sufferings. No one ever heard *one* murmuring word from him, from first to last, and latterly his pain had been *very severe*, it was supposed, from internal neuralgia. Two sentences which he uttered in his illness I wrote down at the moment, so as not to forget *them*. One was : “Health, like salvation, was entirely from the *grace of God* ;

and yet we must put forth our own efforts." The other was : "The entire depravity of man and the eternal justice of God could never have been reconciled without a Mediator ; a Redeemer was, therefore, of necessity."

With dear Mamma's and my kindest regards to you,

Believe me, my dear Sir George,

Yours most sincerely,

ROSAMOND N. BARROW.

This is a beautiful letter ; and by a man like Sir George Sinclair, to whom it was addressed, it must have been received and read with the deepest interest. To him it must have been especially gratifying to find that at a time when so many of our men of high literary position practically ignored the great truths of the Gospel, this intimate friend of many years' standing, was, in the immediate prospect of a dying hour, resting on a rock ; for any one who could say in all sincerity, as he said, that "the entire depravity of man, and the eternal justice of God, could never have been reconciled without a Mediator, and that a Redeemer was, therefore, of necessity," —had got a clear perception and firm hold of the great central truth of the Gospel. He was resting his hopes of a happy hereafter on a rock as stable as the foundations of God's throne in the heavens.

Mr. Croker thus died in peace, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

CHAPTER X.

The year 1830—Sir George Sinclair's Friendship for Charles the Tenth of France—His Sympathy with the Royal Exile—Letter to the Count de Chambord, or Duc de Bordeaux, on the State of Affairs in France—His Interview with Charles the Tenth—The deep Interest Sir George took in the Misfortunes of the Royal Exile—General Observations.

I now come to an important epoch in European history, but especially in that of France, in which Sir George Sinclair took a very special interest. The period to which I allude is the French Revolution of 1830, when Charles the Tenth was expelled from the throne of France, and Louis Philippe chosen, under the designation of the "Citizen King," in his stead. Sir George Sinclair, though, as has been abundantly shown in my previous pages, a Liberal in his political views, yet believing that the former was the rightful sovereign of France, felt a profound sympathy for him when dethroned and compelled to seek an asylum in a foreign land. No small measure of that sympathy had doubtless its origin in the personal intimacy which existed in early life between him and Charles the Tenth. In a letter addressed some years ago by Sir George to the present Count de Chambord, grandson of that monarch, and claimant to the throne of France, under the title of Henry the Fifth, which letter was confided to me for publication,—he makes pointed reference to that intimacy with the royal grandsire of

the Count. Sir George begins his letter to the latter by a distinct recognition of his being the lawful heir to the throne of France. In fact, the superscription of the letter is, “To his Majesty King Henry the Fifth.” The writer then proceeds thus:—

SIRE,

It will, of course, be in your Majesty’s recollection that your royal grand-uncle, Louis XVIII., resided in this country during several years as an exile, whilst his throne was usurped by a foreign and ferocious upstart, who sacrificed millions of his fellow-creatures throughout Europe at the shrine of his own inordinate and unprincipled ambition. As your august predecessor was unfortunate, he was, of course, shunned and slighted by the politicians and parasites of that day, and lived almost unnoticed by Britons of every degree, in a state of dignified seclusion. No sooner, however, had fortune smiled upon him than this general apathy and neglect were at once superseded by manifestations of universal attachment and applause; and I myself witnessed from the windows of a hotel, in April, 1814, the acclamations with which he was greeted and gratified on his arrival in London by a dense mass of the metropolitan population. Whilst nobles, senators, and courtiers vied with each other in their eager demonstrations of amity and respect, he became the honoured guest of the Prince Regent, to whom he had always been an object of courtesy and friendship. Your august grandsire, about sixteen years after that period, sought shelter in this land from the machinations and menaces of insidious and successful treason. Had George IV. still occupied the British throne, I am persuaded that his discrowned and deserted ally would have been welcomed with undiminished cordiality, and still acknowledged as the rightful sovereign of France, in which case the other European potentates would, in all probability, have unanimously followed this example. Being at the time on a visit at the Pavilion, and having long been honoured with a place in his regard, I respectfully urged upon King William how wise, as well as becoming, it would be on his part to embrace the illustrious exile with the same magnanimous and munificent kindness which Louis XIV. manifested towards James II. My appeal,

however, to his better feelings, although well received, was wholly unavailing.

In this extract from the letter of Sir George Sinclair to the Count de Chambord,—which letter is of sufficient length to form a pamphlet of moderate size,—there is much information which will be new to most persons, and which possesses great historic interest. As Sir George was at that time moving in circles of society in which the most correct knowledge must have existed in relation not only to what was going on in the Court of St. James's, but in all the leading Courts of Europe, there can be no question that what he states accords with the fact,—that had George the Fourth only lived a few weeks longer, Charles the Tenth would, through the friendship and influence of the English monarch, have been restored to the throne of France. In that case, neither Louis Philippe nor Louis Napoleon would ever have been the possessors of supreme power—the one as King, and the other as Emperor—in that great country.

In Sir George's letter to the Count de Chambord he mentions a fact, which furnishes one of the most practical proofs which could be given of the sincerity and depth of his sympathy with him whom he regarded as the rightful ruler of France. It was his earnest desire, had the thing been possible, to place Thurso Castle at the Count's disposal as an asylum during the period of his exile. There is something so profoundly touching as well as singularly beautiful in the language of that part of Sir George's letter in which he alludes to this circumstance, that I am sure it will give a special gratification to those into whose hands this volume may come, to read his own words. “When,” he says, “I returned, in autumn, to

this [Thurso Castle] ancestral dwelling, disappointed and disheartened by the stiff and summary repudiation of my earnest and emphatic appeal to royal sympathy on behalf of royal sorrow, I often, at that time, and for many a year thereafter, during silent and solitary rambles along the lofty cliffs in its vicinity, was wont to picture to myself, by the aid of an eager and excited imagination, what unsullied and unselfish satisfaction I should have enjoyed, if the dimensions of this sea-girt and sequestered Castle could have been enlarged in proportion to its owner's affectionate devotedness, so that a venerated and vilified monarch, with the members of his interesting and united family—and, above all, the majestic, and, I had almost said, martyred daughter of Louis XVI.—whom all France, on the principle of retributive and expiatory justice, should have longed to see one day seated on her murdered father's throne—might have been urged and entreated to accept an asylum within its walls, and welcomed as its honoured and permanent inmates, until the infuriated and infatuated land from which they were ruthlessly and recklessly expatriated, having filled up the measure of its crimes and of its calamities, recalled them with tears of penitence and humiliation into its bosom."

But though Sir George felt that Thurso Castle would not afford adequate accommodation for Charles the Tenth and his suite,—limited as that ancestral residence of the Sinclair family was, compared with the royal residence of the Tuilleries,—he did not cease to take a deep interest in endeavouring to find a suitable asylum for the royal exiles. He mentions that, on the circumstances of the case being placed before the Countess of Dysart, matters were all but arranged for Charles the Tenth and his

attendants finding a suitable place of abode in Ham House, when it was intimated to the exiled monarch that Government had provided the accommodation befitting his position in Holyrood House. Though, with his usual modesty, Sir George does not give the slightest indication, in what he says on the subject of an asylum in Ham House being about to be offered to Charles by the Countess of Dysart, of his having taken any part in the making the arrangements for the residence of royalty in that historically-interesting house,—I may mention that it was chiefly through his instrumentality that the arrangements for the purpose had been all but completed. Sir George felt indignant at the conduct of the Wellington Government in not having offered Charles an asylum in St. James's,—just as he thought that the exiled monarch had committed a great mistake in not throwing himself for protection on Austria or Prussia, or some other foreign Power, instead of on England. On these points, and condemning the treacherous conduct of Louis Philippe in the part he played in the Revolution of 1830,—still writing to the Count de Chambord,—Sir George Sinclair expresses himself in emphatic and explicit language. He says—

The frigid and uncourteous reception which your venerable predecessor experienced in this country was most disastrous and discouraging, as well as ungenerous and unjust. It constituted, I have no doubt, one of his Majesty's main reasons for declining to take the advice which, with many expressions of attachment and respect, I tendered to him, in writing, whilst he resided at Lulworth, namely, that he should, without a moment's delay, reassert his indefeasible rights, and recall his most untoward and impolitic abdication, on two perfectly adequate grounds—first, that it had been extorted by force, cunning, and misrepresenta-

tion ; and, secondly, that it had not been absolute, but conditional, and had consequently become null and void by the non-fulfilment of the express stipulation, that *you* should, in virtue of it, be recognised as successor to the crown. I feel confident that this course would have been attended with success if Charles X. had repaired to Vienna, Berlin, or St. Petersburg ; and I still think that such a step would have been judicious as well as dignified, even if it had been adopted in such a painful and disheartening position as his Majesty was (I daresay unexpectedly) placed in when allowed to hire Lulworth, instead of being forthwith invited to London. But St. James's seems never destined to be what St. Germain's was—an asylum consecrated to sympathy with misfortune. It did not prove so to Charles X., and was as little thrown open for the reception of his astute and aspiring successor when driven, at the end of eighteen years, under circumstances of exact as well as equitable retribution, from the throne, which he lost, as he had acquired it, by an unexpected outbreak of popular fury and fanaticism. When the genius of revolution succeeded in enticing Louis Philippe to achieve an unhappy and unnatural triumph over his own nobler aspirations of loyalty and gratitude, so as to hunger for a chair only empty through mob-violence, and invest himself and his family with the robes and responsibilities of royalty before their hour was ripe (a course which even the less elevated motives of sound policy and self-interest should have prevented him from adopting), he might, at that crisis, have become one of the greatest, as well as the happiest, men whom the world ever admired or applauded. When the tempter spread forth before his eyes, and placed within his reach, all the provinces of France, both at home and abroad, and the glory of them, and whispered in the ear of his ambition, “ All these things will I give thee, if thou fall down and worship me, by breaking the oath which thou hast sworn to a confiding monarch, and concurring in the expulsion of himself and of his dynasty from their home,” if he had exclaimed, in a spirit of indignant and incorruptible integrity, “ Get thee hence, for it is written, thou shalt honour the king, and not forswear thyself,” he might, I repeat, by manfully espousing his royal master’s cause at the outset, have prevented the triumph of treachery, ensured the peace of Europe, acquired an immortal

reputation, and, as the richest, most respected, and most influential subject in the realm, have enjoyed such a measure of authority and consideration as would have been infinitely preferable to the precarious grasp of a sceptre to which he possessed so dubious a claim, and which he wielded under the forebodings of unceasing apprehension and anxiety.

Sir George Sinclair was in the habit of meeting Charles, when in London, at the house of the Duke de Coigny, one of the most distinguished and devoted friends of the Prince. The Duke was, indeed, a sharer in the exile of the dethroned monarch. At the house, in Spanish Place, of the Duke and Duchess de Coigny, Sir George not only met Charles, but all the leading emigrant nobility of France. Sir George thus describes these interesting reunions :—“Through the kindness of the Count de Coigny, I was, about five years before the restoration, introduced to his brother, the Maréchal Duc de Coigny, who, with the Duchess, resided at a small but very neatly furnished house in Spanish Place, which, very often in the course of every week, was frequented in the evening by the Count d’Artois and several of the members of his family, as well as by many of the most illustrious of the emigrant nobility at that time residing in London. I was most kindly welcomed ; and it was soon perceived how cordially I entered into the principles, and appreciated the motives, of the august and attached circle in which I was permitted to move. During several years I went there as often as I pleased, or, in other words, as often as I could ; and it was impossible not to imbibe a most affectionate reverence for the different members of a social reunion, where there was exhibited so striking a display of manners the most distinguished by refinement, and feelings the best calculated to inspire confidence,

respect, and admiration. The greater number of the guests (among others, the venerable Maréchal de Vismenil, the Comte de Chartres, &c., &c.), assembled at an earlier hour than any of the members of the royal family; but as soon as “Monsieur” was announced, the whole party rose from their seats, and formed a semicircle to receive his Royal Highness, who, on entering the apartment, saluted them with fascinating elegance of manners (in which, perhaps, his contemporary George IV. was his only rival), addressed some obliging speech, or directed some kind inquiry to every one—and then made a gracious signal with his hand, after which all resumed their avocations, and his Royal Highness generally engaged in some game during the greater part of the evening. He never, as King of France, in the plenitude of his power, and with innumerable rewards to distribute amongst those who surrounded his throne, could have received more striking and unequivocal demonstrations of the most cordial love, and most ardent loyalty, than were in every possible way manifested towards him by these devoted adherents of his family during the season of exile and obscurity.

But it was not in society alone that Sir George Sinclair met Charles the Tenth. He was privileged to have private interviews with the exiled monarch when the latter was resident in Holyrood House. In a small pamphlet, printed for private circulation, he gives a graphic and deeply touching account of one of these interviews with Charles. But though this account first appeared in substance in a *brochure* originally written, not for publication but solely for private circulation among a few friends, it was afterwards enlarged in a letter written to me in my

capacity as the Editor of a morning journal. As so enlarged, I subjoin an extract from it. Sir George says—

When Charles X. entered the apartment, at the first interview which took place between his Majesty and myself, his countenance beamed with a gracious smile, beneath which, however, there seemed to lurk a dark cloud of habitual sadness; and when he perceived that every feature of the attached and devoted friend whom, under circumstances of such awful vicissitude, he now beheld once more after an interval of several years, indicated the most poignant emotions of sympathy and sorrow, his expression instantly changed,—he held out both his hands,—and whilst his auditor, overpowered by his feelings, was paying to him every homage of respect which would have been due to his own sovereign at his first introduction, the king exclaimed, with much emphasis, “Ah, mon cher, j’ai déjà su, et je vois bien à présent, que vos anciens sentiments pour moi ne se sont jamais démentis; et c’est de tout mon cœur que je vous en remercie.”* The conversation then assumed a most cordial and confidential tone; and many subjects were discussed, into which it is not deemed prudent or proper to enter. When, however, the author observed, that all the chief authors and instigators of the Revolution,—such as Lafitte, Benjamin Constant, Lafayette, &c.,—had already experienced mortification and disappointment, with the exception of him who had been the chief author of that great calamity, his Majesty replied, “Vous avez bien raison,—aucun de ceux que vous avez nommés, n’a tiré de la revolution les avantages qu’il en esperoit,—et quant à l’autre, attendez seulement, et soyez sur que son jour viendra.”†

“It was on his return from such an interview as this, with a heart full of admiration for the virtues, and of sympathy for the sufferings of this most amiable of men, and most maligned of monarchs, and not less animated

* Ah! my dear, I already knew, and I now feel that your old sentiments towards me have never been belied; and I thank you for them with all my heart.

† You are quite right. Not one of those whom you have named has derived from the Revolution the advantages which he anticipated; and as for the other, only wait, and be assured his time will come.

by emotions of disgust and indignation at the perfidy and ingratitude by which he had been betrayed and ruined, that the author ventured to address a poem to his friend Cardinal de Latil, which was entitled a Philippic, and extended to 150 or 200 lines, of which, however, no copy was preserved, and the commencement only has been recollected."

The commencement is as follows, and I am sure the only regret will be, when it is read, that any portion of it should have been lost :—

O toi, qui détronas ton maître légitime,
 Ton bienfaiteur jadis, aujourd’hui ta victime,
 Tu pus donc arracher, sans honte et sans effroi,
 A ton Dieu ses autels, et son sceptre à ton Roi !
 En vain de mille amis la juste prévoyance
 S’efforça d’alarming sa noble confiance ;
 Son cœur, muni de foi, d’honneur et de bonté,
 Repoussa les soupçons de leur zèle éclairé ;
 Sachant mieux pardonner que prévoir une injure,
 Il nourrit un serpent, sans craindre sa morsure !
 Le titre dont ses fils étaient seuls revêtus,
 Fut le prix de tes vœux, et non de tes vertus, &c.

* * * *

Sous un Roi Citoyen, tout citoyen est Roi.

I subjoin a literal translation of the above, which is divided into an equivalent number of lines to facilitate reference where it may be wished. The best French scholars I have consulted concur in saying that it would be impossible to give the lines in metrical poetry.

O, thou who dost dethrone thy legitimate master,
 Thy benefactor yesterday, to-day thy victim,
 Thou canst thus snatch, without shame and without fear,
 From thy God His altars, and from thy king his sceptre !

In vain the just prescience of a thousand friends
 Strove to alarm his noble confidence ;
 His heart, endowed with faith, honour, and goodness,
 Repulsed the suspicions of their enlightened zeal ;
 Knowing better how to pardon than to foresee an injury,
 He nourished a serpent without fearing its bite !

The title * with which its sons alone were invested,
Was the price of thy vows, and not of thy virtues, &c.

* * * *

Under a Citizen King, every citizen is king.

On another occasion, after one of his interviews with Charles the Tenth and some of his friends, Sir George Sinclair addressed a poem to Cardinal de Latil, of which only a few passages, as in the other case, have been preserved. The following are the lines which have not been lost:—

Digne et cher Cardinal, martyr d'un saint devoir,
Ah ! n'abandonnons point un trop précieux espoir !
Ce roi, l'objet chéri d'une douleur profonde,
Trahi par des ingrats, et méconnu du monde ;

* * * *

Ce roi, dont l'anarchie et l'affreux athéisme
Dénigrent la vertu du nom de fanatisme ;

* * * *

Ce roi, tant regretté dans le sein des provinces,
Et qu'ont abandonné des pusillanimes princes,

* * * *

Sans songer que d'un roi l'éclatante infortune
Peut bientôt amener leur ruine commune—
Ce roi ne mourra point éloigné de ces lieux
Ornée par les bienfaits de tant de hauts aïeux,
Des députés viendront, remplis d'un juste zèle,
Mettre à ses pieds les clefs de leur ville infidèle—
Le prier à genoux de reprendre des droits
Par le grâce de Dieu réservé pour vos rois—
Des souverains bientôt l'ambassade unanime
Lui dira, “Viens tirer ton peuple de l'abîme—
Viens rendre à la patrie un siècle de douceur,
Punir l'ingratitude en faisant son bonheur—
Rétablir les autels, éteindre les complots—
Rendre à l'Europe enfin un durable repos,
Et briser, au milieu de ses fureurs tragiques,
Le despotisme affreux des brigands anarchiques.”

* A very distinguished French scholar, and who has a thorough acquaintance with French literature, writes to me in reference to this line, as follows:—“‘The title,’ &c. This line seems obscure, but I suppose, in this address to the Duc d'Orléans (on the forced abdication of Charles X., called Louis Philippe, *citizen king*), it alludes to the various titles and privileges conferred on him and successively confirmed by Louis XVIII. and by Charles X., despite the grave suspicions entertained by many loyal followers of the elder branch of the Bourbons against him. The writings of M. Nettement, contemporary with Charles X., allude to these only too well-founded suspicions.”

Translation.

Worthy and dear Cardinal, martyr of a holy duty,
 Ah ! let us not abandon a too precious hope !
 This king, the cherished object of a profound grief,
 Betrayed by the ungrateful, and disowned by the world ;

* * * *

This king, of whom anarchy and frightful atheism
 Traduce the virtue, by naming it fanaticism ;

* * * *

This king, so much regretted in the bosom of provinces,
 And whom pusillanimous princes have abandoned,

* * * *

Without considering that of a king the piercing misfortune
 May soon bring about their common ruin—
 This king shall not die alienated from these places
 Adorned by the benefits of so many high ancestors.
 Deputies shall come, filled with just zeal,
 To place at his feet the keys of their unfaithful city—
 To pray him on their knees to take back again rights
 By the grace of God reserved for your kings—
 Of sovereigns soon the unanimous embassy
 Will say, “Come, draw thy people from the abyss—
 Come to restore to the country an age of gentleness,
To punish ingratitude in making its happiness—
 To re-establish altars, and extinguish plots —
 To restore to Europe at last a durable repose—
 And to shatter, in the midst of her tragic furies,
 The frightful despotism of anarchical brigands.”

The Cardinal wept during the perusal of these lines. I give another extract from the same *brochure* which, though of considerable length, will, I am sure, be read with great interest. With what relates to Charles the Tenth, there are mixed up several facts and reflections in connection with the general affairs of France and the royal families of that country. Sir George says—

The portentous catastrophe which has so unexpectedly and so instantaneously overturned the revolutionary throne of France, and menaces the most ancient, and, apparently, most firmly-established dynasties in Europe with swift destruction, may be contemplated in divers points of view, as regards its causes, its circumstances, and its results. We mean to dwell at present upon one aspect of this mighty event, with which many writers

of the most opposite sentiments appear to have been deeply and simultaneously impressed—namely, that it is, so far as the de-throned and exiled family are concerned, one of the most striking and manifest instances on record of the Almighty's retributive justice. True it is, undoubtedly, that, in many cases of human criminality, vengeance is not executed speedily, and sometimes not at all, in this world ; but, in the sovereignty of the Divine dispensations, such proofs occasionally present themselves of an exact correspondence between the offence and the punishment, as can scarcely be controverted or overlooked by any observer, however prejudiced, or however superficial.

By the great mass of mankind, though from a variety of different motives, the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty has been viewed, not only without a single pang of regret, but with emotions of intense satisfaction.

Louis Philippe owed his power to intrigue and usurpation,—maintained his precarious and ill-gotten authority by carrying to the greatest excess the very principles on account of having had recourse to which he contrived to tear the diadem from the venerable brow of Charles X. ; and he has, at length, been expelled from France without a single arm being raised for his support, or a single word uttered in his defence. Displaying, in the hour of trial, an entire absence of moral courage and self-command, his conscience seems to have at length awakened ; he fled when none pursued, and, after having witnessed the most significant and irrefragable proofs that the general aversion was almost superseded by a still more ardent feeling of contempt, he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, “Comme Charles X.! Comme Charles X.!” Thus it was that the brethren of Joseph, when themselves involved in distress and perplexity, as we are informed in Holy Writ, called to mind their own cruelty and injustice, of which they then were reaping the fruits, and said, “We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we did not hear ; therefore is this distress come upon us ;” and thus, as we learn from the same infallible authority, a guilty monarch exclaimed, when “his sin found him out,” and a just chastisement befell him, “As I have done, so hath God requited me.”

What was this but an anticipation of “Comme Charles X. ! Comme Charles X. !”

It is, however, not a little remarkable that, whilst in every particular there is the most obvious and undeniable resemblance between the events attendant upon the downfall of this true representative of St. Louis, and those which occurred at the expulsion of the usurper, who betrayed him, yet that, in each particular, there is, also, some circumstance of disparity which renders the latter consummation more bitter and more degrading. First, in each instance the final catastrophe was preceded by a three days' conflict ; but in the case of Charles X. the devotedness of the troops was more conspicuous and more durable, their resistance more protracted, and many of them remained faithful even after the crisis of defeat. Secondly, in each instance the king resigned in favour of his grandson, and the proposal was rejected ; but on this latter occasion the child and his mother actually appeared in the Chambers, and were compelled to retire in a manner the most painful and contumelious. Thirdly, both Charles X. and Louis Philippe were obliged to leave France ; but the former, after his abdication, maintained, whilst he continued in his palace, the state and demeanour of a king ; a large proportion of his faithful followers continued to surround him ; he was attended to the place of embarkation by all the members of his family, by one of his marshals, and by a guard ; he was everywhere received, during a journey performed at leisure, and without any obstacle or interruption, with respectful silence, and, no doubt, often with secret sympathy ; and, on taking leave of his weeping escort, and of those friends who remained behind, he published a dignified and affecting proclamation, which contained not a single expression either of complaint or remonstrance, or any reflection upon the traitors and incendiaries, by whom he had been misled and betrayed. Louis Philippe, also, was compelled to leave his palace, and take refuge in the same land which had afforded an asylum to his predecessor ; but how much more humiliating were all the circumstances by which his retreat was distinguished ! Here, indeed, it may be said that he acted not “comme Charles X.,” but rather like Chrononhotonthologos, who is represented as exclaiming—

Go, call a coach—and let a coach be called,
And let the man that calls it be the caller ;
And in his calling, let him nothing call
But coach, coach, coach ! O, for a coach, ye gods !

Concealing himself in a brougham, with the queen,—his family all acting on the “sauve qui peut” and “every-man-for-himself” principle,—compelled to traverse, in disguise, and as a fugitive, the country over which he, a few days before, had exercised a despotic sway,—he at length, with difficulty, landed on the shore of Great Britain ; a land which had been described, in the month of February in the preceding year, by a morning paper in the interests of her Majesty’s confidential advisers, as “the most deadly and unscrupulous enemy !”—a paper which denounced, in the self-same paragraph, “his selfish and insidious schemes !” And one of the first declarations uttered by him, after landing, was to draw a most unfair and unfounded contrast between himself and Charles X. ; as if he, forsooth, had not been guilty of more gross, more frequent, and more prolonged violations of the charter than ever were attempted by Charles X.,—as if it had been by Charles X. that the liberty of the press was so frequently outraged, fortifications erected,—not for defending, but for coercing, Paris,—so many political persecutions attempted, so much public money extorted for his family,—such unblushing corruption fostered and practised in every department of the State !

It may be well that I should here remark that the frequency and emphasis with which Sir George Sinclair dwells on the estimable and amiable qualities of Charles the Tenth may be regarded by some as being magnified, because viewed through the medium of friendship. I am in a position to state, from sources of a private nature, that however great may have been the friendship of Sir George for the exiled monarch of France, that friendship did not lead him to exaggerate in the least the private virtues of that unfortunate Prince. It was my privilege to be personally acquainted with

the late Hon. Archibald Macdonald, son of the Lord Macdonald who was so popular towards the close of the last and the commencement of the present century, and he furnished me, in our private conversation together, with many particulars regarding Charles the Tenth which were wholly unknown, and most probably ever will be, to the world, respecting that unfortunate monarch. As the Princess Polignac was the sister of Mr. Macdonald, and her husband, consequently his brother-in-law, the Prime Minister of Charles, during the brief but in many respects brilliant reign of that ultimately unfortunate Prince, it will be easily understood that he must have had a more minute acquaintance with the principles, the feelings, and the habits of Charles, in all the private relations of life, than almost any other man living without the vicinity of the royal household. Well, then, let me here, on the authority of the brother-in-law of the Prince Polignac, who enjoyed the perfect confidence of Charles the Tenth, and whose memorable, but most unfortunate *Ordonnances* cost, in 1830, that monarch his throne, and were the cause of his exile,—let me here distinctly state that all that Mr. Macdonald said to me respecting the exceedingly amiable disposition, and the private virtues of Charles, was in perfect accord with the statements of Sir George Sinclair on that subject. In making this incidental allusion to the late Mr. Archibald Macdonald, I am sure I shall be excused if I take the opportunity of stating that Mr. Macdonald was one of the most interesting men it ever was my good fortune to meet with. He was one of the greatest personal friends of George the Fourth, and was intimately acquainted with nearly all the leading nobility and

eminent Members of the House of Commons during the first quarter of the present century. His fund of anecdotes illustrative of high life during that period was singularly large and varied ; and I have often thought that had he written his autobiography with fulness and with freedom, it would have been one of the most interesting works of the kind which have appeared in the present century. Let me add that Mr. Macdonald was a man of the most generous nature, and one of the most interesting companions with whom any one could meet.

In the *brochure* of Sir George, to which I have thus called attention,—printed, as I before said, only for private circulation,—he was very severe on Louis Philippe, because he regarded him, as also the Duke, his eldest son, as parties to the conspiracy which led to the dethronement of Charles the Tenth. From all the attention I have been able to give to the subject, and remembering the Spanish marriage affair, I have no doubt whatever that Louis Philippe was deeply implicated in that conspiracy ; but the evidence of the Duke of Orleans', his eldest son's, privacy to the plot, is not, to my mind, sufficiently clear to justify our pronouncing a verdict of guilty against him.

Sir George sent copies of the unpublished *brochure* to several statesmen of eminence with whom he was personally acquainted ; Mr. Disraeli was one of these, and, in writing to Sir George to thank him for it, he attached so much importance to it, as to say, “It is animated, chivalric, and full of interesting matter. It is, in fact, a *Chapter in your Memoirs.*” It is a curious fact that it was not until long after I had chosen the title of “ Me-

moirs" for the biography of Sir George, that I ascertained that Mr. Disraeli assumed not only that there would be published a "Life" of Sir George, but that it would be called "Memoirs." Equally strange is it that I should not only have formed the intention of devoting an entire *Chapter* to this event in Sir George's career, but almost completed the chapter before I had the slightest idea that Mr. Disraeli had assumed that a "chapter" would be devoted to this part of Sir George's life.

The *brochure* of Sir George Sinclair was, as I have just mentioned, sent as a private communication to a number of the leading statesmen of the day—most of whom were personal friends of the writer. Among these was the Earl of Aberdeen. As he soon afterwards became Prime Minister, his answer to the letter of Sir George, which accompanied the *brochure*, will be read with interest. It was as follows:—

Haddo House, November 21, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I have received and read your pamphlet. I rejoice that anything should afford the opportunity of renewed communication. Although it is true that I differ widely from some of the sentiments in your publication, at the same time there is much with which I entirely agree. No man entertained a higher respect for Charles the Tenth, or more sincerely lamented his expulsion. The king knew this well. The acknowledgment of his successor did not admit of delay or doubt. France was unanimous; and not a hand was raised on behalf of the older branch. The new sovereign pledged himself to observe all the engagements of the monarchy, and gave us every guarantee for the duration of peace and friendship.

I have no doubt that it was owing entirely to the exertions of Louis Philippe that we escaped a Republic in 1830, and that no other man could have effected this but himself. Ever since

that time the efforts of the Republicans have been indefatigable, and they have at last succeeded in overthrowing the most friendly and most pacific ruler we have ever had in France. Guizot and Polignac were both my friends, and I have had to deal with both. I knew full well how to estimate them. Could I share your belief respecting the intrigues of Louis Philippe against the throne of Charles the Tenth, I should feel very differently ; but I am persuaded that he was a stranger to any such conspiracies. I recollect very well when he was in England as Duke of Orleans, in 1824. I was then Secretary of State, and he deeply lamented the blindness of the king he had attempted to advise, but was not listened to, and was suspected. He wished me to interfere, and even spoke of an impending catastrophe.

However, we must now see what can be made of the Republic. I have no confidence in its duration ; but in what manner the return to monarchy is to be effected, or to what dynasty we are to return, I am quite unable to say.

Believe me, my dear Sir George,
Very truly yours,

ABERDEEN.

Considering that this letter was written by one who had been Foreign Secretary for many years, who was at the time the acknowledged representative of the then powerful party in the State who had taken up an intermediate position between the more liberal Whigs and the more extreme Tories, and that it was written only four years before he was Prime Minister, it may be regarded as a State paper of no inconsiderable importance. No doubt the Earl of Aberdeen was perfectly sincere in the favourable opinions which he here expresses respecting the character and conduct of Louis Philippe. I have intimated, in another place, my own views on the subject. I leave it to each of the readers of this volume to come to his own conclusion in relation to it. This much, however, I will say, with all con-

fidence, that soon after the above letter was written, public opinion in this country underwent a great change respecting Louis Philippe. With no less confidence I will add, that that change was not in his favour, but the reverse. History, I feel assured, will record a verdict on the point in accordance with that which has been given by the present generation.

CHAPTER XI.

Elevation of the Duke of Clarence to the Throne—Incident at Bushey House—Mr. Sinclair's Intimacy with his Royal Highness as King—Refuses an Invitation to Dine with the King on a Sunday—Letter to his Majesty stating the grounds of his Refusal—Letter on the State of the Country.

My last chapter was chiefly devoted to the events of the year 1830, so far as they related to French royalty, and especially as they were connected with the misfortunes which befell the elder branch of the Bourbons in that memorable year. In the same year the royalty of our own country experienced important changes. George the Fourth died a few weeks before Charles the Tenth was driven from his throne and fled to this country to seek an asylum on the shores of Great Britain. The Duke of Clarence succeeded his brother, George the Fourth, under the title of William the Fourth. There will be therefore a conventional fitness in my devoting this chapter to statements and allusions respecting the royalty of our own land, in so far as these have a relation, more or less direct, to the subject of these Memoirs.

When the Duke of Clarence ascended the throne of these realms, his Royal Highness and Sir George, then Mr. Sinclair, had cherished for the long period of fourteen years a friendship for each other which led to

great personal intimacy and an extensive correspondence. When Mr. Sinclair, as I have stated in a previous chapter, first heard, from an acquaintance, the account of George the Fourth's death, not in literal language, but in these words, “Your *friend*, the Duke, is *King*!”—terms which implied the death of George—his epigrammatic remark was, “But is the *King* my *friend*?” The subsequent conduct of William the Fourth showed that his elevation to the throne did not diminish the regard for Mr. Sinclair which he had entertained and habitually manifested when Duke of Clarence. Of the estimation in which Mr. Sinclair was held by his Royal Highness I have given various proofs in what I have before stated, but there was one proof of this that I have not given, but which ought not to be omitted. This was furnished shortly before the accession of his Royal Highness to the Throne. The latter entertained a very decided dislike to those who held evangelical views, and especially to those laymen and clergymen whose names were much before the public as the advocates of evangelicalism. In speaking of the views indicated by that term, he usually expressed himself in words sufficiently strong to show the intensity of his opposition to vital religion. He always spoke of them as Methodists,—that word being at this time regarded as the most expressive of mingled aversion and scorn which could be employed in relation to those, whether clergymen or laymen, who had openly and boldly avowed their belief in evangelical principles. On the occasion to which I have referred, when Sir George was dining as one of a large party with the Duke at Bushey Park, his Royal Highness commenced, as he often did, an attack on a particular “Methodist” clergy-

man, who had recently received an appointment to a church in the neighbourhood. Sir George boldly and successfully defended the clergyman so assailed by his Royal Highness. After the discussion had proceeded some time, the latter said, "All I know is, that the bishop and I have got our eye upon him, and we shan't lose sight of him, I promise you." The bishop referred to was Dr. Blomfield, at that time the Bishop of London. To this unkind remark of the Duke, Mr. Sinclair made this reply:—"Depend upon it, sir, that One who is greater than either your Royal Highness or the bishop will protect him against you both." I could point to nothing in history more noble than the display of moral courage and fidelity to principle given in these remarks, addressed to a brother of the king, and one who had every prospect of being himself before long the occupant of the British throne. Massillon's commencement of one of his sermons preached especially to as well as before Louis the Fourteenth, has been much admired for the moral courage of the preacher: "Sire," said Massillon, "I have no compliments for your Majesty, because I find none in the Gospel." I have always admired an incident having some resemblance to this in the case of Mr. Perceval, Prime Minister to George the Third, which incident has been mentioned to me by one of Mr. Perceval's sons. On one occasion, while Mr. Perceval was attending divine worship in St. Margaret's Church, contiguous to Westminster Abbey, George the Third sent a message to his Prime Minister, commanding his presence at St. James's. The answer of Mr. Perceval was, "Give my duty to my Royal master, and say that I will presently wait upon his Majesty. Just now I am engaged in

paying my devotional services to my Sovereign in Heaven." But it is to be noted, that what Mr. Sinclair said to William the Fourth, a short time before his accession to the crown of these realms, he said to his Royal Highness's face and at his own table. To my mind, therefore, there was a greater display of moral courage and faithfulness to principle than in either of the other cases.

The circumstance of John Knox, the great Scotch reformer, having openly and in their presence denounced Queen Mary and her Court for her and their vices, has always been regarded as worthy of all admiration. In that admiration I fully share; but I cannot concur with those who think that the incident furnishes the most remarkable proof recorded in history of moral courage, in association with faithfulness to principle. It was pre-eminently the vocation of John Knox to denounce sin, and those who were guilty of it. Besides, he possessed more than an average amount of that sternness often verging on rudeness, which was one of the great characteristics of the times in which the great reformer lived. But Mr. Sinclair was a layman, and a man of the most courteous and polished manners. He was, besides, mixing habitually with royalty, and the highest aristocratic society; and it was, as I have already remarked, at the table of royalty, and in the presence of persons occupying the highest social position in the land, that he spoke the language I have quoted. There was, therefore, in my judgment, a greater display of moral heroism in the conduct of Mr. Sinclair on this occasion than in that even of John Knox in denouncing Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Court; and I repeat that I

know not, taking all the circumstances into account, anything nobler of the kind in the pages of history.

The man who could, under all the circumstances, have spoken as Mr. Sinclair did, manifestly possessed the martyr spirit in the highest degree. He would not have counted his life dear to him, had the alternative been placed before him,—the renunciation of his principles as one holding evangelical views, or the martyr's death.

But what was the result of this boldness and attachment to the truth as it is in Jesus, on the part of Mr. Sinclair? That is a question which will naturally be asked. The answer furnished an addition to the myriads of similar proofs which have been afforded before, that a firm and faithful adherence to lofty Christian principles commands the respect of even those who have never themselves experienced the power of those high and holy principles. While the company, consisting of a large circle of royal and aristocratic friends of the Duke, were astonished at the boldness of Mr. Sinclair, his Royal Highness immediately, and in the most affable manner, exclaimed, “Come, Sinclair, we had better say no more about it. These are matters in which you and I are as sure always to differ as we are to agree in many others. Let us take another glass of sherry together.” Had Sir George Sinclair never done another meritorious action in his life, this display of moral heroism would have sufficed to proclaim to the world that he had not lived in vain.

But as I have now come to speak of Mr. Sinclair's friendship with the Duke of Clarence after he had become King, I must confine myself to matters immediately connected with their intimacy during the reign of William. I have made the reference to the above in-

cident as an illustration, in addition to the various illustrations I have given before, of the exceeding intimacy which subsisted between Mr. Sinclair and the Duke of Clarence, and of the high regard which his Royal Highness entertained and showed for him who is the subject of these pages. I have now to state that, as the Sovereign of these realms, William the Fourth was as warmly attached to Mr. Sinclair as he had been before his elevation to the throne. He was invited not to dinners only at the table of his Sovereign, but to pay him a visit of a week or fortnight at a time to the Pavilion at Brighton. If, indeed, there were any difference in the manifestations of respect for, and attention to, Mr. Sinclair, on the part of William the Fourth, they were rather more marked than before.

On the other hand, the elevation of the Duke of Clarence to the throne of the British Empire did not diminish in the slightest degree Mr. Sinclair's fidelity to his principles as a Christian, in the most exalted meaning of the word. A remarkable proof of this was furnished by Mr. Sinclair in relation to an invitation to dine with the King on a Sunday, which invitation Mr. Sinclair declined. Before, however, I myself make a special reference to this, I will quote what was written by Lady Colquhoun, Mr. Sinclair's sister, as her words are given in the "Life" of that eminent and excellent lady, which was written by the late Rev. Dr. James Hamilton. What Lady Colquhoun said on the subject is prefaced by some general observations, which it is unnecessary to quote. What follows appears in that lady's diary. "January 15, 1832.—Sir James arrived here in perfect safety last week and my brother George is also with us. He gave a

noble proof to-day of devotion to the King of Kings. When an invitation from the palace came for him to dine with our monarch on this sacred day, he did not hesitate a moment to send a refusal, which he did in most respectful and affectionate terms. How this will be taken it is impossible to say; but I rejoice that the opportunity has been afforded to my brother of showing his sincerity at the Court, and that I have a brother capable of acting thus. May the Almighty bless and preserve him!"

On this entry in Lady Colquhoun's diary, her biographer, Dr. Hamilton, remarks, "The incident to which the foregoing extract relates afforded great delight to Lady Colquhoun. Her brother was staying with her at the time, and as valued relics she preserved the card of invitation dated 'Pavilion, January 15, 1832,' and a copy of the answer, which she sought leave to transcribe. And we are sure that Sir George Sinclair will forgive the publication of that letter if it contribute, however remotely, to a cause which he has much at heart.

"SIRE,—

No one can value more than I do the honour and privilege of being at any time permitted to enjoy that social intercourse with which your Majesty has, on so many occasions, been pleased to indulge me for so many years. But I am fully aware with how much consideration your Majesty enters into the feelings, and sympathises with the wishes, of those whom you honour with your friendship. I have, for some time past, been led to entertain very different notions from those which I once cherished as to the observance of this day, and subscribe fully to the views which the Church and, I may add, the Legislature, have laid down with respect to its importance. Encouraged by the latitude of discussion which your Majesty has so long and so kindly vouchsafed, I lately took the liberty, though in opposition to

your Majesty's opinion, to maintain, that not merely a *part*, but the *whole*, of this day should be devoted to those great purposes for which Divine Authority has set it apart. I may be permitted to add, from grateful experience, that this decision has its reward even here. I have found that God honours those who honour Him, and, though encompassed with sin and infirmity, I can testify that He is not an austere master; that He has strength for all our weaknesses, indemnity for all our sacrifices, and consolation for all our troubles.

I feel bound, on principle of conscience, to deny myself what is always one of my most valued gratifications, that of paying my humble and most affectionate respects this day, and must rest satisfied with renewing in my retirement those earnest supplications for your Majesty's health and happiness which are equally dictated by regard for the public welfare, and by a thankfully cherished remembrance of much distinguished and unmerited kindness.

I have the honour, &c.,
GEORGE SINCLAIR."

On the letter, Dr. Hamilton remarks, "The sequel was no less worthy of the King. Next morning, while they were seated round the breakfast-table, a royal messenger arrived, charged with an invitation to the Pavilion that evening. His Majesty made no allusion to the letter; but to show how perfectly he appreciated the motives of his guest, he went beyond even his usual urbanity and kindness, and to the close of his reign no interruption occurred in a friendship equally honourable to the accomplished commoner and to the frank and warm-hearted monarch. To every pious subject, it must always be a source of lively satisfaction to know that in the Pavilion itself originated measures which have materially tended to promote the better observance of the Sabbath in Brighton."

The letter in question from Mr. Sinclair to the King,

declining, for the reasons assigned, to accept the invitation given him to dine with his Majesty on Sunday, was not only followed, as stated by Lady Colquhoun, by another invitation, on the following Monday, from his Majesty, to dine at the Pavilion, Brighton, on a week day, but his Majesty never afterwards referred to the matter in their private conversation.

Within a day or two after this Mr. Sinclair wrote a long letter to King William, vindicating the character of those holding evangelical views from the aspersions which the King himself had cast upon them, as well as others of the Court circle in which Mr. Sinclair was in the habit of mingling. This letter presents us with another noble exhibition of the high and hallowed moral heroism of Mr. Sinclair in his identification of himself with those who were held up, in the society in which he chiefly moved, to derision and scorn. The following is his letter to William the Fourth. The letter, it will be observed, is dated from Fulham Palace, Mr. Sinclair being on a visit at the time to Dr. Blomfield, the then Bishop of London, with whom he was on terms of the greatest intimacy.

Fulham Palace, Jan. 19, 1832.

SIRE,

I cannot deny to myself the gratification of expressing to your Majesty my very humble and cordial acknowledgments for the kind and considerate manner in which you were pleased to renew, on Monday, that invitation to your presence which, from a principle of duty, I had deemed it necessary to decline on the preceding day. To one who has so long cherished towards your Majesty a sentiment of sincere and disinterested friendship an additional proof of regard, though superfluous, must be pleasing, —and this instance of forbearance in particular shall never be effaced from my grateful remembrance. Emboldened by my

unabated confidence in your Majesty's disposition to honour me with a patient hearing, may I presume to put together a few sentences on behalf of a certain class of persons, of whom I know from frequent conversations on the subject, that your Majesty's opinion is diametrically opposed to mine? I have, however, if I may venture to say so, in this respect no inconsiderable advantage over your Majesty, because it has been my little-merited privilege to associate much during the latter years of my life with the persons in question, whereas, I believe, that most of them are personally unknown to your Majesty, and that your estimate of their character and principles has been chiefly derived from inimical and prejudiced sources. The class of individuals alluded to has, by the way of reproach and ridicule, been denominated "the Saints." The strictness of their religious opinions, and their abstinence from many of the pursuits and amusements of the gay and the fashionable, have drawn upon them, in all ages, the most unrelenting and acrimonious hostility —a treatment predicted by Scripture, realised by observation, and accounted for, as well as foreseen, by Him who "knew what was in man," and who told His followers, in reference to the world, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." But what is the line of conduct by which this enmity is provoked? Do these individuals engage in conspiracies, or aim at innovation, or infringe the laws, or distinguish themselves by notorious vices? Do they frequent the race-course, or patronise the gambling-table? Is their conversation contaminated by profaneness? Are they reckless of the temporal or spiritual interests of their fellow-creatures? Oh, no! They honour all men; they love the brotherhood; they fear God; they honour the King. It is by *them* that the spirit of true religion is kept alive; it is by them that the great doctrines of the Gospel are chiefly taught and promulgated; and if they object to certain habits or certain indulgences, it is because they know equally from Scripture, observation, and experience that these snares have an inevitable tendency to harden the heart, to debase the intellect, and to extinguish all desire after the unseen realities of heaven. They visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction; they exercise self-denial, in order that they may the more abundantly minister to the wants of others; they have their conversation in

heaven, and look for a city which hath foundations. Oh ! Sire, will your Majesty bear with the freedom of my confidence, and make allowance for the ardour of my attachment, when I express my deep concern at the feelings of alienation with which you contemplate those individuals, whom I have feebly attempted to describe ? There are no men who pray more frequently for your welfare, who are more anxious for the prosperity of your reign and the permanence of your house, who do more to stem the torrent of infidelity, which menaces to overthrow the institutions of our country. They are the persons who visit crime in the dungeon, or ignorance in the hovel, who, feeling the value of their own souls, are anxiously concerned about those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. They do not say, like Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper ?" but they come even to their enemies as ambassadors of mercy, beseeching them to be reconciled, and to be saved. It is true they are less tenacious than others of ceremonies and forms,—that they do not in their private devotions think it necessary always to pray from books or from memory,—that they do not look with a mistrustful frown upon any Christian brother who may not have adopted their own views as to Church government, but who has sought and found mercy through the same Redeemer. They are, however, far from underrating the importance and the blessedness of a Church Establishment, although they may, and must, wish that its doctrines were preached with greater faithfulness, its discipline maintained with greater strictness, its chief pastors less often advanced from secular motives, and its clergy less conformed to the habits and maxims of the world. If I might at this moment claim the immediate accomplishment of any wish lying nearest to my heart, it would not be for the attainment of any personal distinction or advancement ; the Searcher of hearts knows that it would afford me a far more lively and permanent satisfaction to see some of those persons, whom I love and revere, —not because of any temporal affinity, but because of a tie which eternity shall never dissolve,—permitted to approach your Majesty's presence, to enjoy your Majesty's confidence, and gradually to convince your Majesty's own excellent and upright understanding that real godliness is great gain ; that in the recognition of the Divine Majesty there is great blessedness ; that in the

morning and evening exercise of family devotion there is great recompense of reward ; that for the relinquishment of worldly indulgence there is an ample indemnity ; that the tears of joy and the expressions of thankfulness, which such a course would elicit from the most respectable, and, in the best sense, most enlightened, of your subjects, would draw down from on high a blessing both upon yourself and upon your Government, and contribute to the revival of those genuine sentiments of piety which, as I humbly conceive, can alone save the country from destruction.

Sire, I deeply feel the magnitude, both of my presumption and of my own unworthiness. Who am I, that I should venture to bring this subject under your Majesty's consideration ? and yet I feel a necessity laid upon me to be thus respectfully explicit. I myself once despised those whom I am now most desirous to resemble. I myself once shunned that society which I now find most edifying and congenial. I myself was once "a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious," walking according to the course of this world, and having my affections engrossed by "seen and temporal" objects. Nay, such is the melancholy perverseness even of a heart which has been renewed, that, with watchfulness (alas ! too often remitted) with prayer (alas ! too often lifeless and formal), I might still relapse into any sin, or still be ungrateful for any mercy. My languid and uncertain state of health often warns me, that I am but a "stranger and pilgrim" here. My years, and months, and even days, may be but few ; and though sometimes cheered by the pursuits of science,—sometimes charmed by the attractions of literature,—sometimes animated by the converse of social friendship,—sometimes soothed by the sympathy of Christian love,—the experience of every day reminds me that "all is vanity." But there is One whose name is love,—One to whom all power is given in heaven and earth,—One who bestows a peace very different from that of the world,—One who pours balm into the wounded conscience,—One who kindly invigorates the drooping spirits of the weary. It is from a sense of duty and gratitude towards *Him*, and from the devoted attachment which I cherish towards your Majesty, that I have presumed to pourtray, though very inadequately, the feelings and the principles of those on whom the

world bestows, for the sake of disparagement and derision, the very name which, in the sacred writings, is conferred, as the highest title of honour, upon those whom God has loved with an everlasting love, and who shall hereafter chant his praises throughout ages of endless felicity. With the most ardent wishes for your Majesty's happiness, both in the present and in the better world, and with a most grateful sense and lively recollection of all the personal kindness with which it has pleased your Majesty to honour me, I ever remain, your Majesty's most respectful and affectionately-devoted subject and servant,

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

The following is another letter to King William the Fourth from Sir George. It is on the critical condition of the country at the time it was written, which was on the 12th of May, 1832.

SIRE,

I have for some days hesitated as to the propriety of venturing to address your Majesty at the present crisis; but it appears to me, that to remain silent, after a friendship and correspondence of sixteen years, would be, on my part, a dereliction of duty, even if your Majesty should disapprove of the step which I undertake, or of the sentiments which I shall presume to express.

It is my firm conviction, Sire, that the country is at present in a state of imminent and almost unprecedented peril. The great majority of the middling and working classes are roused to the highest pitch of discontent and disappointment; a willing ear is ever lent to the invectives of every demagogue; and the principles of loyalty towards the throne, and attachment towards the Sovereign, are shaken to the very centre. One act only is wanting to make the cup of national resentment run over. The appointment of a minister who, if consistent, is, of all enemies to reform, the most implacable, and, if conceding, is, of all apostates, the most time-serving and inexcusable, would do more to lower the character of public men,—more to endanger the royal authority,—more to encourage political profligacy and abandonment of principles,—than it is possible to exaggerate or to conceive. In his hands concession is deprived of all its grace, and

of all its efficacy. The people are generous, reflecting, and just. They would rather take *less* from Lord Grey than obtain *more* through the party which has undermined and supplanted him. But what would have satisfied them from the hands of Lord Grey will not be deemed sufficient, if it emanates from the "Enemies' Camp." The bill would be received with feelings of sullen acquiescence, or as a stepping-stone to ulterior objects, instead of being hailed with lively gratitude, as the basis of good government and national independence. And what can be done *with*, and what *without*, the House of Commons ? Not one of Lord Grey's supporters will be base enough to abandon him ; they cling to him in the season of adversity (if adversity it can be called) with even more lively ardour than they supported him in the hour of his greatness. I myself, who never so much as interchanged with him a sentence of common civility,—I, who have been often frowned at for occasional votes against the administration, and who had no personal favours, either to expect or to be grateful for,—must honestly avow, that I consider myself bound, by every tie of honour and every dictate of principle, to adhere to him in this emergency. Would a dissolution be safe or practicable at the present moment ? Would the people desert the candidates who have spent their strength in the people's cause ? Would not a national ferment be excited in every corner of the Empire ? Would not Ireland be convulsed, Scotland agitated, England everywhere a scene of discord, and, in many parts, of bloodshed ? Oh ! Sire, I tremble to think of the scenes which may cloud the evening of your days. My heart is daily wounded by the expressions which everywhere ring in my ears, in reference to recent proceedings. Names are now pronounced with indignation which, till of late, were identified with national gratitude and universal respect. A fearful reaction is, indeed, taking place ; and what is to be the result ? An odious ministry will be unable to maintain its ground. The man to whom the British people looks up with undiminished confidence will, perhaps, be recalled when it is too late, and when the concessions now offered will no longer satisfy the nation. Should Parliament be dissolved, I myself shall retire to private life, carrying with me the consolation of having, to the best of my judgment, been actuated, in my parliamentary career, by patriotic and conscien-

tious motives, and anxiously hoping that the evils may be averted by a gracious Providence, which I believe are now impending over the country, and which nothing could, in my opinion, have averted, but the recall of those ministers who possess the confidence and esteem of the people,

I have the honour to be,

Your Majesty's most obedient servant,

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

No one can read this letter without being profoundly impressed with Sir George's sympathy with the suffering classes, mingled with moral courage which he displays in so earnestly and explicitly bringing their deplorable destitution and utter inability to help themselves, before the Sovereign. In this respect, I believe Sir George had no fellow-workers. He stood alone in the mission which he had appointed for himself,—a mission which he fulfilled with all that faithfulness and self-sacrifice which were shown in relation to everything he ever undertook. He was prepared to risk the loss of his Sovereign's friendship in his consuming devotion to the cause of those who were suffering privations of which persons moving in the higher spheres of life could form no conception. The favours of the Court, in other words, were deemed by Sir George as less than dust in the balance compared with his doing all that in him lay to lessen the sufferings and diminish the sorrows of the lower classes of the community. Had the alternative been placed before him,—“Either cease to interest yourself in the miseries of the masses, or forfeit the friendship of your Sovereign,” Sir George would not have hesitated a moment as to the choice he would make. He would have said, “Much as I love and reverence my Sovereign, highly as I esteem his friendship, I am prepared to

submit to the loss of his Majesty's favour rather than cease to feel for and seek to ameliorate the condition of those in the lower classes who are plunged in the depths of destitution and distress."

But this is a point to which I shall have occasion to recur when I come to speak of Sir George in the more private relations of life.

In the meantime suffice it to say, that neither the letter I have given above, pleading so eloquently and earnestly the cause of those in the humbler walks of life who were sunk in the lowest depths of distress, nor the sympathy which he expressed for them, nor the efforts he made in Parliament or elsewhere to ameliorate their condition,—forfeited the friendship of William the Fourth. That friendship he continued to enjoy, with one single and temporary intermission, till the close of the Sovereign's life. The temporary loss of the royal favour arose from a cause which was in no way connected with the interest which Sir George felt and manifested in the deep distress of the working classes. The displeasure which King William temporarily showed towards the subject of these Memoirs had its origin in the circumstance of his having become chairman of a Society which had been formed in Scotland for the purpose of procuring the repeal of a law which then existed, which gave patrons of livings in the Church of Scotland the right of appointing as parish ministers any persons they thought fit, however much they might be deemed unfit by the parishioners for the office of ministers of the Gospel. Even if their lives were notoriously immoral, they could, by what was called the law of patronage, be thrust on the congregations. Nor, under any circumstances, however objectionable might

be the doctrines, as well as inconsistent with the spirit and precepts of Christianity might be the conduct and conversation in the world, of these ministers, could they be removed from their livings in the Church of Scotland. The association to which I have alluded, and which was called “The Anti-Patronage Society,” was formed for the purpose of obtaining a reversal of this state of things, by giving congregations the power, by a veto on the appointments made by patrons, of preventing, on sufficient reasons being given, the intrusion of objectionable ministers. As the parties possessing this power of nominating to vacant livings any persons they pleased, provided they had been duly licensed to preach by the Presbytery of their respective places of residence, were almost exclusively noblemen, or members of noble families, King William was wrought upon by these patrons, and he warmly expressed his displeasure at the establishment of the Society, of which Sir George Sinclair had become the president or chairman. For some time he showed his displeasure by not inviting Sir George to St. James's or Windsor Castle; and on one occasion he expressed his indignation at Sir George's having become the head of “The Anti-Patronage Society,” in a way which was at variance with all the recognised rules of good breeding. He invited Lady Camilla Sinclair and Miss Sinclair, Sir George's wife and daughter, to dine at the Palace, and did not invite Sir George. Preferring, however, in this, as in every other case, the approval of his conscience to the friendship of man, he cheerfully submitted to the slight which he had received from the Sovereign. But estrangement of the King was not of long duration. He soon became reconciled to the person of Sir George,

however much he may still have felt displeased with the course he had pursued in the instance in question. The intimacy of the two became as great as it ever had been, and so continued till William the Fourth came to that “last scene of all” which, sooner or later, will be the inevitable destiny of the whole human race.

I ought not here to omit to mention that the Duchess of Clarence, on becoming Queen Adelaide, continued to show the same friendship towards Lady Camilla Sinclair as she had uniformly done during their prolonged intimacy before she had become the Queen Consort. They largely corresponded together, and Lady Camilla was frequently a visitor at St. James's and Windsor Castle. There were, indeed, but few ladies not holding official positions at the Court of Queen Adelaide, for whom her Majesty cherished a more sincere regard than she did for Lady Camilla. And that attachment underwent neither diminution nor variation until the time of the Queen Consort's death.

CHAPTER XII.

The Part which Sir George Sinclair took in the Scottish Non-Intrusion Question—His Letter to Lord Aberdeen on the Subject—Is Assailed for Remaining in the National Church after the Disruption—Ultimately Joins the Free Church of Scotland—Suggests and Advocates a Union between the Free Church and United Presbyterians.

I HAVE alluded in the preceding chapter to the fact that the only misunderstanding—and it was but of temporary duration—that ever took place between William the Fourth and Sir George Sinclair had its origin in the circumstance of the latter having become chairman of the Anti-Patronage Society. The movement initiated by that Society in 1834 against the intrusion of unpopular ministers into parish churches in Scotland soon acquired colossal proportions, and continued to increase in power until it eventually culminated in the disruption of the Scottish Ecclesiastical Establishment, by the secession, in 1843, of about 500 out of the 1200 clergymen constituting the ministry of the National Church of Scotland. Sir George Sinclair took a deep interest in the continued progress of this great movement, which in 1838 received a mighty impetus from the fact of a very unpopular minister having been intruded into the parish church of Auchterarder, in Perthshire, and the case being brought before the law courts of Scotland. The point which had to be decided by the Court of Session, the principal

legal tribunal on the other side of the Tweed, was as to the relative jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts of the Scotch National Church, and the civil courts. The Presbyteries, the Synods, and the General Assembly, all concurred with the parishioners of the parish of Auchterarder in their opposition to the intrusion of the minister alluded to, on the church in question. The case was eventually decided in favour of the superior jurisdiction of the civil courts in the point at issue. An appeal from the decision of the Scottish Courts was made to the House of Lords, and the latter tribunal affirmed the judgment of the Court below. It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the intensity of the interest taken by the people of Scotland in this case during the four years and upwards that it was before the legal tribunals of the land. But probably there was no one on the other side of the Tweed who felt a deeper interest in the question than Sir George Sinclair. Assuredly no one laboured more assiduously or more earnestly than he did to arrest that disruption of the Scottish Establishment which was then dreaded, and which eventually took place. He sought to bring about a compromise between the extreme Non-Intrusionists or Anti-Patronage party on the one side, and those on the other who sought either to maintain the law of patronage as it then stood, or would only consent to certain modifications in that law which, by the great bulk of the people of Scotland belonging to the National Church, were regarded as no better than a mere mockery. The question was brought by Sir George Sinclair before Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, and Sir James Graham, then Home Secretary ; and a rather lengthened

correspondence took place on the subject between these two Ministers of State and the subject of these Memoirs. Lord Aberdeen, then Foreign Secretary, also took a deep interest in the matter; and as all these statesmen were intimate personal friends of Sir George, the Scotch people's side of the question was represented and advocated by him, not only with the greatest ability, but under circumstances of the most advantageous kind. Neither of the three statesmen, however, whose names I have mentioned, would make such concessions as would satisfy the majority of the members of the National Church north of the Tweed. Sir George pointed out to them that the inevitable result of their refusing to concede to the people of Scotland the right of choosing their own ministers, and their exemption from the jurisdiction of the civil courts in things purely ecclesiastical, would be a disruption of the Scottish Establishment by the secession of a very large number of the best of the clergy, followed by the great majority of their people. But they would not believe it. Still Sir George continued his earnest efforts to prevail on the statesmen alluded to, to come to terms with the Non-Intrusionists. With that view he carried on an extensive correspondence, not with those statesmen only, but with all the leading men on either side of the question. To say nothing of letters from all quarters,—written by statesmen and by the most influential Presbyterian clergymen and laymen of the day, which have been lost,—I have as many letters and papers on the subject lying before me as would make a goodly volume. The amount of labour and the degree of anxiety which Sir George Sinclair underwent in his zealous and unremitting efforts to obtain for the

people of Scotland what he regarded as their rights in this matter, will never be known. Deeply impressed with the importance of the crisis, and fearing the immediate disruption of the Church of Scotland, Sir George resolved to make one last great effort to open the eyes of the Peel Government to the gravity of ecclesiastical matters on the other side of the Tweed. With that view he wrote a long and very able letter on the subject to the Earl of Aberdeen. The fact of Lord Aberdeen being a Scotchman, and therefore having naturally a fuller comprehension of the question than any of the English members of the Cabinet could be expected to have,—was the principal reason why Sir George addressed his letter to him. The letter is so ample in its information, and so luminous in its facts in relation to the question on which he wrote, that persons unacquainted with that question will at once understand it by a perusal of the document, which is as follows:—

Brighton, April 25th, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD ABERDEEN,

The friendly, consistent, and patriotic course which you have pursued in reference to the settlement of the Scottish Church question, as well as the unwavering confidence which you have reposed in the rectitude of my intentions, not only command my liveliest gratitude, but will, I trust, justify me in publicly, and for the last time, addressing to you a few remarks on the present state of the controversy—remarks which I wish to be considered both by yourself and by those who take an interest in a subject of such overwhelming, but in too many quarters inadequately appreciated, importance.

As long as the exact period at which the crisis must take place appeared to be somewhat vague and indefinite, nay, perhaps remote, or altogether problematical, its consequences seemed less awful and less appalling even to those who were most impressed with alarm and anxiety. But now that Providence

“ limiteth a certain day”—now that we know with precision during what week, or even up to what hour, an adjustment may be practicable, and at what moment every hope must expire for ever—that on the 18th of May, unless a timely interposition prevent such a calamity, many, at least of our oldest incumbents (how many I cannot tell, but too many be they ever so few) will cease to belong to that Church of which they are not only the children but the champions, it is surely the duty of every friend to Scotland’s happiness, to Scotland’s peace, and to Scotland’s morality, to look the danger in the face, and see whether it be still possible to ward it off.

There are two points which seem to be very generally taken for granted: 1stly, that the secession will be comparatively inconsiderable; and 2ndly, that it can no longer be averted. On the first of these topics I do not pretend to speak with accuracy, as the accounts which I receive are perplexing and contradictory. My own conviction, however, is, that the amount will, even in a mere arithmetical point of view, be large; and although no one deprecated or disapproved of the Convocation more than I did, I believe that most of the ministers who countenanced its proceedings will concur in leaving the Church, unless such a settlement be forthwith proposed as they can with a safe conscience adhere to. But even if many should be induced to retrace their steps, and await the appearance of a Government measure, subsequently to the meeting of the Assembly, I am persuaded that the most pious of their parishioners will, in that case, cease to be their hearers. Supposing, however, the secession to be numerically small, is this the only standard by which its importance ought to be determined? Does not a traveller experience a greater loss whose pocket is picked of a purse containing 100 sovereigns, than if he were robbed of a more bulky bag, in which 1000 farthings were contained? Whatever may be said to the contrary, I contend that, even if only 100 ministers retire, they will not leave the same number of equally able, faithful, popular, and useful teachers within the pale of the Church in which so many hundreds of their brethren may still continue to labour. There are, indeed, some sanguine politicians who seem to hail the prospect of the impending schism as an auspicious occasion for “weeding” the Establishment. Alas! such

“weeding” will resemble the infatuation of the gardener who cut down his finest vines and apple trees in order that the sloes and brambles might have ample room to vegetate and to expand. The loss of that great and good man, Dr. Chalmers, is even, when considered by itself, as deplorable as it would prove irreparable, and will carry with it a moral weight throughout Scotland, which cannot be too highly estimated. You have no doubt heard of the Highland chief, who, when desired to occupy an inferior place at the festive board, exclaimed, “Wherever MacDonald sits, that is the head of the table.” With still greater truth may it be said on this occasion, “Wherever Thomas Chalmers is, there is the Church of Scotland!”—not indeed the Church of Scotland’s statutes—of Scotland’s aristocracy—of Scotland’s landed proprietors—but the Church of Scotland’s people—of Scotland’s influential and middling classes—of Scotland’s pious peasantry—the centre of their hopes, their confidence, their love, their veneration; and thus the present Church will cease to be national, although it will continue to be established. I at once admit that my illustrious (I grieve that I must no longer enjoy the privilege of adding “friend,” but it is an honour even to say) “countryman,” has not, in my humble judgment, any adequate grounds for leaving that Church in which I myself (who am no Convocationist) shall deem it my duty to remain, in the confident hope that the Government, of which you are so distinguished a member, will ere long introduce a satisfactory bill. And if the Cabinet brings forward a specific measure, on such a basis as I have so frequently recommended, and of which so many of the non-intrusion leaders at one time approved, I must, indeed, under any circumstances, witness with the deepest sorrow so lamentable a catastrophe. But if, I say, the Government shall have fairly propounded a bill, involving the utmost limit to which concession can, in their judgment, be carried, recognising the relevancy of the objection, if urged expressly on the part of the parishioners, that the ministrations of the presentee will not, in their conscientious opinion, be edifying—placing the *quoad sacra* question on a basis acceptable to the Church, and acknowledging her independence in matters purely spiritual, then, indeed, in the highly improbable event of such an offer being rejected, I shall feel

quite satisfied with the wisdom and the kindness of the Cabinet, and cast the entire blame upon the Church's unreasonableness and infatuation. I trust, however, my dear Lord, that her Majesty's Government will carry their generosity and forbearance towards the Church as far as principle and conscience will allow. Whatever concessions they may make will never be regarded as time-serving or derogatory; whereas it is already but too evident, from the tone of unseemly levity and insulting harshness adopted in many quarters, that every departure from their demands adopted by the clergy is hailed, on the part of worldlings, who watch for their halting, as an indication of selfishness and timidity.

I now proceed to consider the second proposition, and to ask whether it is impossible to prevent any schism from taking place at all? Can it be so, when the parties are, in fact, so near in points of agreement? Can it be so, in the face of Dr. M'Farlan's admirable letter; the pacific resolutions of the Synod of Glasgow; the calm, able, dignified communications of my excellent friend Lord Breadalbane; the abandonment by the Church of the claim that the Act of Anne should be repealed; the acknowledgment by the State of the Church's supremacy in things spiritual; the declaration of so many Convocationists, that the Veto is not essential; the alarm, the horror expressed on all hands at the prospect of disruption? Permit me to suggest one more expedient—Let the Cabinet summon Drs. Chalmers, Welsh, and Gordon to London, and have an amicable conference with these distinguished men—let each party act with perfect frankness—let all the bearings and branches of the question be fully and dispassionately gone into—and I should entertain a most sanguine hope, that, when the Church has explained her minimum and the State its maximum, all difficulties might be removed, and peace, through God's blessing, be restored—scarcely, indeed, at the eleventh hour, but when twelve was just about to strike.

There is one more very important point, on which I wish to make a few observations. So far as patronage is concerned, there is no longer any doubt or difficulty; its continuance is regarded by you as indispensable—by me as admissible—by you with approbation—by me with acquiescence. We also concur in disliking the

Veto, as affording an uncontrolled scope to the occasional exercise of caprice, vindictiveness, or injustice, although I myself would rather submit to the possible or even probable hardships which might in individual cases arise from affixing a legal sanction to that principle, than encounter the hazard, or, I may say, the certainty of impairing the usefulness and destroying the popularity of the Church.

The only question remaining is one which is abundantly simple and intelligible. Taking it for granted that the parishioners are, in the case of each appointment of a minister, to occupy the place of objectors, and no other, what are the reasons in opposition to the settlement which they shall be entitled to urge, and on which the Church courts shall be entitled to pronounce a judicial and final deliverance? On this subject it is of the utmost moment that we should at once arrive at a clear understanding. There is a very numerous class of objections, some of which I have often seen quoted as instances of the powers proposed to be conferred upon the Presbytery, the mention of which has always excited in my mind a feeling of dissatisfaction, or, rather, of repugnance. Do we not trifle with the feelings of the people when we gravely confer on them a barren right to adduce objections which are too frivolous and absurd to enter their minds at all, or the occurrence of which will be so rare as not to be worth consideration for a single moment? Let any one point out, if he can, two parishes in Scotland in which the most ignorant or prejudiced hearers would care whether the name of their minister was Macleod or Macpherson, Macsycophant or Macsarcasm. Where are the parishioners to be found who would attach importance to the colour of their pastor's hair; or who would object to him because he squinted, or was lame, or because he did or did not wear a wig? The fact is, that the only objection likely to be often urged, or seriously entertained, is the one which was stated by Dr. Gordon, and of which I never for a moment doubted the relevancy, under the basis of agreement in 1841—namely, that “in the conscientious opinions of the objectors, the ministrations of the presentee are not calculated to edify themselves, their families, or the congregation.” Of such paramount importance is this consideration, that it would be better

to allow such an objection, and to debar the power of alleging any other, than to give the most unrestricted right to prefer every other conceivable reason against the settlement, and hold that single objection to be invalid or illegal. I need scarcely add, that the Church courts would, of course, have in each case as indisputable an authority to overrule as to sustain it. I must own that I was not a little surprised, and I may add alarmed, when I perceived that, whilst allusion was made, during the debate in the House of Lords, to many reasons of very minor interest or importance, this objection was passed over in silence, without allowing the relevancy of which you are conceding little more than nothing to the Church courts and to the people. It is true that there may be instances in which “a weak voice” may operate as a serious disadvantage in the case of a spacious place of worship; but I maintain that there is scarcely a parish in Scotland in which a decided and general preference would not be given to a preacher with a comparatively feeble voice, who “declared the whole counsel of God” in the language of simple and affectionate faithfulness; to another who, in tones the most pleasing or the most sonorous, proclaimed the doctrines of the standard of our Church more coldly or more imperfectly.

I am fully aware how often it is denounced as a gross and glaring absurdity, that parishioners should be permitted either to choose their own pastor, or to object to the settlement of a presentee on the ground that they are not edified by his preaching. As to the safety and advisableness of conceding to them the former of these privileges I shall not say a single word; my own opinion on that subject has long been before the public, but I find that submission to patronage is the price which the Church must be content to pay for endowment. I am, however, astonished to hear that the propriety of granting even the latter and subordinate right is in many quarters denied; and that it is thought as preposterous as it would be to allow schoolboys to sit in judgment upon the qualifications of their teacher. But in the first place, is not the patron himself a pupil as well as the members of the congregation? And is he always amongst the pupils the most conscientious and the best informed? Does he not frequently belong to an entirely different school, and undervalue or neglect both the lessons and instructions connected with the

seminary where it is contended that his fiat should be paramount and uncontrolled ? I was once assured by a patron that he made it a rule never to appoint a presentee without having himself heard him preach ; but as I had reason to believe that he had never read the Confession of Faith, and could not have answered one question in the Shorter Catechism, I derived little comfort and the parishioners little benefit from his strict adherence to that very plausible rule. It is not enough that a man be scrupulous in acting according to his opinion, unless he is also qualified to form one correctly by information and experience. I have known patrons who were better mythologists than theologians, more conversant with the reveries of Plato than familiar with the writings of St. Paul, and some who were equally strangers to both. There are others who regard as fanatical the preaching which would be characterised as faithful by the pious cottage patriarch of a Highland glen, and would give a most conscientious preference to Blair over Boston, or to Robertson over Rutherford ; whilst there is not a rural congregation throughout the length and breadth of Scotland would derive either consolation or refreshment from the polished and elaborate, but meagre and defective, lucubrations of those frigid and philosophic divines whom the patron would delight to honour. Again, supposing that some nobleman sat in judgment on such an occasion, whose mind was unhappily tainted with the leprous distilment of the semi-Popish Tractarian heresy, would he not at once withdraw his favour from any true and fearless champion of Presbyterian Protestantism, who denounced the uncharitable figment of apostolic succession as understood and inculcated at Oxford, and called upon his hearers to be on their guard against the insidious but too successful encroachments of that soul-destroying system which their fathers resisted unto blood ? Whilst, therefore, it is conceded, that be the character and church worship of the patron what they may, he shall possess the unchallenged right of the initiative in every appointment of a parochial incumbent, yet, as in so many instances, and from so many considerations, he may possibly select such a probationer as may be least acceptable to the parishioners, let them be invested with the privilege of objecting, on the ground of non-edification, before the proper tribunal, whenever they think

fit to do so. I repeat that there is no analogy between the exercise of such a power, and the imparting to the scholars at a seminary the right of choosing their teachers. There are in every congregation, not only "little children" and "young men," but "fathers," who, "by reason of age have their senses exercised, to discern both good and evil," who, in reference to the great truths of the gospel, "already know them, and are established in the fullest truth," and who are therefore perfectly competent, and I humbly think entitled, to form a candid and conscientious opinion, whether the presentee is capable of "doing all things for their edifying," and of teaching acceptably and effectually the doctrines of free grace to their children, to the "ignorant, and to them that are out of the way." The right of at least having this objection considered by the Presbytery is far more generally prized by the most respectable portion of our Scottish population, than you yourself, my dear Lord, seem to believe, and is of far greater importance to them than to their English fellow-Christians, in whose case the deficiencies of the pastor are amply atoned for through the medium of the aid afforded by the liturgy. You will, I think, ere long, discover that it is rather a fallacious criterion to estimate the intensely national feeling in Scotland on this subject by the absence of all non-intrusion manifestations, when my friend Sir R. Peel and you attended her Majesty during her auspicious visit to Scotland. The men who take an interest in this question, are not likely to follow royal processions—

"As stupid starers, and with loud huzzas."

But still less would their strong religious feelings, and respectful bearing towards those in authority, permit them to assail the Queen's confidential advisers, especially when in attendance on her Majesty's person, with rash or rude clamour, even in regard to those public objects to which they attached the highest importance. I cannot help fearing, my dear Lord, that amongst those who leave the Church, we shall find enrolled a large proportion of our best and holiest ministers, attended by most of their holiest and best parishioners; and when the disruption has once taken place, my belief is that there will be *vestigia nulla retrorsum*; few if any will return to the Establishment, but many of those who may remain for a time connected with it

will, probably, ere long, pass over to the “Free Church.” There is also every reason to apprehend that even those who carry with them into the bosom of their new communion a lingering attachment to the Church, from which they reluctantly separate, may ere long become indifferent, or even hostile, to its prosperity or continuance. Thus it has been with the descendants of the seceders of 1733, who, although their predecessors continued firmly attached to the principle of an Established Church, are now, at least in a very great majority of instances, the vehement advocates of Voluntaryism. I do not attempt to palliate or disguise the errors and imprudence of the excellent men whose secession I am so anxious to prevent. I still deplore the meeting of a self-constituted convocation, which took place in spite of my most earnest reclamations and reiterated remonstrances. I still condemn the subsequent invasion, by many of its members, of parishes with which they had no concern, and the strong exciting language addressed to public meetings. But I can now only think of the evils—the lamentable evils—which their retirement will occasion throughout the land. I hear the rumbling of this moral earthquake, by which the goodly edifice of our venerated Church may be shaken to its very foundations, many of our city and village places of worship deserted, which is almost worse than destroyed, and the wooden churches inadequately providing accommodation for the multitudes who throng to attend on the ministrations of the pastors whom they love and confide in.

I have often in imagination contemplated, as a scene of sad and solemn interest, the departure of a minister’s widow with her children from the manse in which she long took sweet counsel, and was associated in labours of love with the partner whose loss she is deplored. Methinks I see them for the last time crossing the threshold endeared and sanctified by a thousand reminiscences, and attended at the door of the carriage which is to bear them to some strange and distant abode, by the grave and grey-headed elders whom they have so long respected, and the forlorn and helpless mendicants whom they have so often relieved. Alas! is not the day at hand in which hundreds of manses will at once be forsaken by their present useful and happy inmates, where the hand of death has not torn the

affectionate husband from the circle of his domestic felicity, but from whence he will repair with his family at the stern call of duty, to a more straitened dwelling, with a scantier income—cheerfully submitting to all their own privations, but mourning over the necessity of diminishing their wonted amount of benefactions to the alleviation of suffering indigence, and the diffusion of Divine truth throughout the world ? Oh ! my dear Lord, let me implore your colleagues and yourself to make one attempt more to prevent this awful catastrophe.

If you can save the Church from disruption by the immediate introduction of a measure founded on a generous and enlightened basis, do not be deterred from the effort by equivocal or uncertain assurances that the secession will not be numerous. Remember the example of Him whose clemency remained unabated, although the amount of good men likely to be found within the precincts of a city appeared to be more and more diminishing. “I will not do it for forty’s sake—I will not do it if I find thirty there—I will not destroy it for twenty’s sake—I will not destroy it for ten’s sake.” You, indeed, are not engaged in the “strange and unhallowed” work of destruction ; but it is your highest duty, and would I know be your greatest happiness, to prevent it, and I therefore, in conclusion, for the last time, most earnestly and most respectfully entreat you to say, with respect to this impending calamity of schism, “I will do what I can to avert it, if it be only for ten’s sake.”

Believe me to remain, with much regard and esteem, my dear Lord Aberdeen, most faithfully and cordially yours,

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

The event which Sir George had so clearly foreseen, and so frequently foretold as the inevitable consequence of refusing to the ministers and members of the Scottish Establishment what they claimed, occurred at last. In June, 1843, the House of Lords, as I have before mentioned, confirmed the judgment of the Court of Session, which denied the validity of the claims of the Non-Intrusionists. Immediately afterwards the leading Non-Intrusion clergy—consisting, I ought to remark,

exclusively of those holding evangelical views,—met in Edinburgh to decide on the course which they ought to adopt in consequence of the adverse decision of the House of Lords,—to which assembly, as the court of last resort, they had appealed. They prayerfully deliberated on the position in which the Church of Scotland had been placed by that judgment, and asked the Divine direction as to the course which they ought now to take. Their deliberations were solemn, and the decision to which they came displayed a marvellous unanimity, considering the great personal sacrifices which it would necessarily involve. Of these they were fully aware; but they felt that they were bearing testimony to the great Scriptural truth, that the Lord Jesus alone is the Head of the Church, and rather than prove unfaithful in their adherence to that momentous truth, they preferred suffering the loss of all things. Nearly one-half of the clergy of the Church of Scotland, headed by Dr. Chalmers, and including well-nigh all the most popular preachers in that Church, withdrew simultaneously from the Scottish Establishment, giving up their glebes as well as their incomes, or stipends as they are called in Scotland, and throwing themselves and their wives and families on the good providence of God, for their further support. Nor in thus trusting in Divine Providence were they disappointed. Money came in from all quarters to enable them to build new places of worship; and they trusted to the voluntary contributions of their new congregations for their own and their families' support in years to come. The great majority of their congregations—in some instances nineteen-twentieths—quitted the Establishment with them, and from

that time to this, now a full quarter of a century, they have been liberally supported by their respective congregations. I cannot speak with the confidence of absolute certainty, but I believe I am correct when I say that the minimum amount of a Free Church minister's income is £150 per annum, while the more popular preachers among them, in our populous towns, have salaries varying from £500 to £800. The latter sum has just been given to the Rev. Mr. Dykes, Free Church minister in the Scotch Church, Regent's Square, London,—the Church of which the late Rev. Dr. James Hamilton was the minister for upwards of a quarter of a century, a Church which was originally built for the Rev. Edward Irving, and in which he preached to overflowing audiences until he adopted certain heretical views, which are well known to all who are acquainted with the varied phases which modern theology has assumed.

As Sir George Sinclair had taken the warmest interest in the Anti-Patronage Movement, including, I repeat, almost every evangelical minister in the Church of Scotland, it was fully and universally expected that he would secede from the National Establishment when so many of the clergy did. But he did not; and because he felt it to be his duty to remain, he was fiercely assailed by many of the Free Church partizans as being unfaithful to his principles, and inconsistent in his conduct. All the great services which he had rendered to their cause—at personal sacrifices, the number and greatness of which none but himself could know—were forgotten. I will not here, because it is not necessary I should, express any opinion either in favour of or against religious establishments. My views on that subject are not un-

known. They have been so fully and frequently expressed in other quarters, that all those who know anything of my writings are intimately acquainted with my sentiments relative to ecclesiastical establishments. Sir George Sinclair's reply to those who assailed him because he did not at once quit the Scotch Establishment and join the Free Church, was, that notwithstanding all the flagrant abuses which had characterised the Established Church of Scotland and other national Churches, he was in favour of the principle of religious establishments, because he thought they were indispensably necessary to the maintenance of religion in the country. It is but doing justice to the memory of Sir George to state that at the time he held this principle, all the leading men who seceded from the national Church of Scotland were just as firmly attached to the principle of religious establishments as he was. They all came out with distinct and emphatic repudiations of the idea of their having become Voluntaries. So far from that, they, on the contrary, expressed their hope that in the course of time religion in Scotland would be so far freed from the jurisdiction of the Civil Courts that they would be able to return to the Establishment; or, in other words, that their Free Church would become an established religion by the State. In connection with this phase of the Free Church question, I may state that for several months after the disruption of the Church of Scotland, a series of deputations of the most eminent of the seceded ministers were in the habit of coming to London to obtain an approval of the course they had adopted, on the part of the evangelical dissenting denominations in England. And not the approval only, but their aid in the erection

of new churches in Scotland. As I took a deep interest in what preceded and followed the disruption, I was in the habit of meeting with these deputations of Free Church ministers from the other side of the Tweed ; and I remember just as well as if the incident had occurred so late as yesterday, that on walking down one day from Exeter Hall to Fleet Street, with Dr. Candlish, the recognised Free Church leader, and the late Dr. Tweedie, the former expressed to me his great regret that the Dissenters of England seemed to have the idea that they —the Free Church ministers—had left the Church of Scotland because they had become Voluntaries,—in other words, had renounced the principle of religious establishments. “This,” said Dr. Candlish, with emphasis, “is a great mistake. We are all as much in favour of the principle of religious establishments as we ever were,—only there is no *existing* establishment sufficiently pure for us to approve. They are all corrupt in consequence of their submission to the interference of the State in matters purely spiritual, and which are therefore within the province of the Ecclesiastical Courts alone.” Dr. Candlish added that, with all its faults, he looked on the Church which they had left as the best of existing establishments. In answer to this, I simply asked whether he ever expected to meet before the millennium with an Established Church so pure as that he could conscientiously and heartily join it ? His reply was in the negative. I then observed that I thought it would be better to adjourn the consideration of the question till the advent of the millennium ; and that, in the meantime, as the members of the Free Church were *practically* as much Voluntaries as the Dissenters of England

whose sympathy and support their deputations from Scotland came to London to solicit, it would be as well not to feel in the least annoyed at being called *Voluntaries*. I am sure that Dr. Candlish will perfectly remember this conversation between him and myself, and that he will indorse the substantial accuracy of the account which I have given of it.

The only difference, therefore, between Sir George Sinclair and the Free Church on the question of establishments, was that he believing, just as they did, that the principle of religious establishments was Scriptural, still continued practically to assert that principle by remaining in the national Church ; whereas they put the principle in abeyance by coming out of the Establishment. As he conscientiously believed that a national, or established Church, was necessary for the maintenance of the Christian religion in a country, he acted in accordance with that view. It was unjust, therefore, to blame him for the course he adopted. The thing that they would have been justified in doing would have been to endeavour to convince him that his opinion was wrong, not to condemn him for acting in accordance with his convictions.

But though, as has been shown, Sir George Sinclair remained for some years in the Established Church, he was not inattentive to what he witnessed of the progress of the Free Church, and of the deadness and disastrous consequences to vital religion which characterised the national religion on the loss of nearly all her most able, most spiritual, and most devoted ministers. The result of his careful, prayerful, and conscientious deliberations on this altered state of things was, that he saw it to be his duty to quit the Established and join the Free

Church. The announcement of this step on the part of Sir George caused a great sensation in Scotland. It was first made in the following letter to the Editor of *The Witness*, the organ of the Free Church, and at that time conducted by the late Hugh Miller,—one of the most remarkable men, all things considered, that either Scotland or any other country ever produced.

LETTER FROM SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR, BART., TO THE EDITOR
OF "THE WITNESS."

Thurso Castle, April 26th, 1851.

DEAR SIR,

As I had occasion in former times to take a prominent part in the ecclesiastical concerns of Scotland (though I have of late been living in seclusion and obscurity), I request that you will concede to me as large a space in your columns as may enable me to announce that I have been induced, after much prayerful deliberation, to relinquish my connection with the Establishment, and seek admission within the pale of the Free Church.

I shall not at present attempt to enter into a full statement of the grounds on which I have been led to come to this resolution. Suffice it to say, that I had the honour to be invited to become a member of a most respectable society, formed for the purpose of assisting the Established Church in opposing any legislative enactment which may appear to militate against her rights and interests, and for aiding her ministers, especially those in rural districts, when they incur expense or difficulty, in such cases as involve public principle. As, however, I consider that any legislative enactments which would be resisted by the Established Church are become just and necessary, in consequence of her altered position since the disruption, and as I entirely disapprove of the eviction of respectable and crowded congregations from chapels erected chiefly at their own expense, or from funds to which those who left the Church contributed the largest proportion, I felt that it was incumbent upon me to decline to belong to this institution; and I also arrived,—though, I must admit, with reluctance,—at the conclusion, that, as I am unable to act in matters of such grave importance with the most

respectable and influential office-bearers of the Establishment, it is more becoming in me to retire from its communion than to remain a reluctant spectator of proceedings for which, as a member of the Church, I might be, to a certain extent, held responsible, but which my heart and conscience condemn.

I cannot deny that I experience in my solitude (for I am living at present quite alone) no ordinary feelings of depression and anxiety. It is very painful to sever a tie which has subsisted during so long a course of years, and which I was so desirous to have maintained unbroken; and instead of being cheered by the co-operation and sympathy of such valued and high-minded brethren as were those who quitted the Establishment in 1843, I take this decided and important step without one companion or adviser. But I am sustained by the conviction, that I am animated by no selfish feeling, and that I have sought and, I humbly trust, found, the guidance and approval of One whose wisdom cannot err, and whose faithfulness cannot fail.

Believe me to remain, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

Subjoined to this letter from Sir George Sinclair, relative to his secession from the Established religion of Scotland, and his joining the Free Church, there was the following article, which there can be no doubt was the production of Hugh Miller's own pen :—

SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR'S LETTER.

Sir George Sinclair must have pre-imagined the shout of contumely and opprobrium which extreme partisans would, in all likelihood, be provoked by the step he has taken to send after him; beyond this, and far more irksome to think of, he must have pondered the conclusion to which the considerate and lenient of those whose company he has forsaken would be guided. Neither prospect was pleasant to contemplate. To hear the yell of violent reproach sounding on one's track; much more to be borne down by the sorrowful consciousness that one is reputed, in appearance not unjustifiably—fickle, vacillating, without any solid phase of character, the subject of unmasked

and contradictory volitions, and that this estimate is entertained even by those whom he esteems and reverences, is a condition so galling and unwelcome that most men would shrink from facing it, and be rendered very jealous indeed how they incurred or gave occasion for such an opinion. In any case, it is no easy matter to do what is seen to be right, and brave all hazards ; in the present instance, an accumulation and extraordinary increase of obstacles had to be surmounted. It would have been tenfold less hard and trying a task for Sir George, giving himself up to be animated and sustained by the enthusiasm then prevalent, to have come out at the disruption ; the ties which he had now to snap asunder, in addition to their native force, were bound more tight by just the amount of power which he had then exercised in holding himself back, and in overcoming the impulse which prompted to their rending. That he should not have been scared from his purpose by these enhanced difficulties, but on the contrary, has been enabled manfully to encounter them, attests most eloquently the worth of the principle implicated, and the depth of his convictions respecting it ; and thus it happens that the very act which even some of those who do look at other than the outside of things may be inclined to regard as but a fresh proof of inconsistency and weakness, becomes a heroic righting of himself.

It is very probable that will not be gathered from the letter in which Sir George announces his resolution of quitting the Establishment. The impression most likely to be produced by its perusal is a sense of the inadequacy of the reasons therein contained, to justify the decision intimated. The letter, taken by itself, however, is, we apprehend, no statement of the grounds on which the determination it announces is based ; indeed, so much is explicitly avowed. But, from the epistles addressed some time ago to Dr. James Robertson, taken in conjunction with the previous history of the author, a reflection is flashed on the enigma, by the light of which its meaning may be read. Those letters, as coming from the correspondent of Dr. M'Crie, the chairman of the Anti-Patronage Society, the President at the commemoration of the second century of the second Reformation, we remember reading with a curious sort of psychological interest. They had much of the novelty and indescribable

charm which belongs to “Confession.” By them it was made plain that the amiable and accomplished writer had let go no principle he ever held—that it was the struggle to maintain principles authority had pronounced incompatible, which kept him in the place he was,—and that where his principles were, his affections abode also. What more significant and unmistakeable could there be than the following passage?—“When the disruption unhappily took place, the principle that religion can never flourish in any country without an established church was so deeply engraven on my heart and conscience that I was unable to follow the example of the individuals I most revered and confided in, and remained an adherent of the Church, when almost every one with whom I had acted through life considered it their duty to leave it.”

The same spirit is here again exemplified:—“I have been often taxed with inconsistency in reference to Church matters, but my conscience acquits me of the charge, for the necessity of maintaining an ecclesiastical establishment is the principle to which I have through life adhered with unwavering fidelity, even when from time to time contending for certain modifications in the constitution of our National Church, which I thought calculated to render it more generally acceptable, as well as to ensure its stability.”

Nor was that spirit of recent origin. It breaks out manifestly in a letter addressed by him so far back as 1824 to the Historian of Knox, in which he proposes the preliminary arrangements for the consideration of a union between the Original Seceders and the Establishment. In it he says:—“Having imbibed from my father a sincere and cordial attachment to our National Church, I have often contemplated with deep regret the lamentable schisms by which her peace and unity have been rent, and it is a subject of surprise to me—as well as sorrow, that no endeavours have been lately made to heal the breaches in our Zion, and cause us to be of one accord and one mind.”

It is evident, indeed, that this attachment was with him, as he himself acknowledges, almost a superstitious feeling;—that he assigned to its object, apart from all else, an exaggerated importance, but that for some time he has been hampered in his position, and found himself the victim of a mental discomfort

and disquietude. Here is the commencement of the last letter to Dr. Robertson, perhaps the most outspoken passage the whole series contains :—

“ Believe me, it is no easy matter, even for the sake of adhering to a great principle, to resist the evidence of one’s senses, to repress the conviction of one’s understanding, or restrain the feelings of one’s heart. When we hear such exclusive importance attached to the efforts of an institution which, so far as ocular demonstration is concerned, does so little in our own district for the furtherance of pure religion, we are inclined to exclaim, in the emphatic language of my late admirable friend Wilberforce (Life, vol. i., p. 844), ‘ Surely if the friends of the Establishment set themselves thus against all plans for the benefit of mankind, which do not square with their own narrow scheme, the public will not be long in discovering that they are a nuisance. The conclusion is obvious. Is there no Gamaliel to remind them that if the work be of God they cannot overthrow it, but may possibly, in the attempt, make that which they mean to support the very foundation ? ’ ”

These views, calmly and deliberately surveyed, have become more vivid and impressive, until at length they have produced their natural result. With a good heart the estimable, conscientious, and highly accomplished man, to whom they were presented, has relinquished what at last he found he could not retain without sacrificing what was more valuable ; and we rejoice at the fidelity to his principles, and the scrupulous sense of right, he has had the courage to assert.

For a considerable time after it became known that Sir George Sinclair had left the Established and joined the Free Church, the circumstance was the sole subject of conversation among those who belonged to the various religious denominations of Scotland. On the part of the adherents of the Establishment, he was, as might be expected, assailed in the most vehement manner ; while on the part of the friends of the Free Church he was eulogised in the highest degree, and his accession hailed

as one of the greatest honours and advantages which could have been received by their Church.

Within a few years after Sir George had joined the Free Church, he brought before the people of Scotland a proposal for a union between the several denominations of Presbyterians in that country holding evangelical principles. There were at the time some few Presbyterian sects, small in number, whose doctrinal sentiments were the same as those of the Free Church and the United Presbyterians, but they held some peculiar notions with regard to church government, which kept them separate from the latter two great bodies. The union which Sir George proposed to accomplish had special reference to an amalgamation between the Free Church and the United Presbyterians. These two great denominations entertain the same views on all the leading doctrinal questions contained in the Scriptures, and their forms of worship are precisely identical. The only thing on which there is the slightest difference between them relates to the question of religious establishments. At first, as has been already stated, when the disruption in the National Church of Scotland took place, the seceders came out avowing their adherence as firmly as ever to the principle of religious establishments ; but, since then —a quarter of a century having in the interval passed away—a large number of the Free Church ministers have relinquished the principle of religious establishments, and become Voluntaries. But that principle, when Sir George brought forward his scheme for a union of the Free Church and the United Presbyterian bodies, was found to be so great an obstacle to the proposed amalgamation—the United Presbyterians being Voluntaries

to a man—that after writing many able letters on the subject, and attending many meetings with the leading men of both denominations, he was constrained to give up the idea, not as one of hopeless realisation, but as one which there was no immediate prospect of carrying into effect. For a time, therefore, Sir George was obliged to relinquish the active prosecution of an object which lay very near his heart, and in favour of which he had written and spoken so largely and eloquently.

But of late years the idea of a union between the two great Presbyterian bodies in Scotland has come again to the surface, and committees of the best and ablest men in both denominations have been diligently at work for full four years in endeavouring to bring about an amalgamation of the Free Church and the United Presbyterian body. Something like a basis of union has been laid, and at intervals it has looked as if it would, before long, become an accomplished fact. One great hindrance—perhaps I ought to say, the greatest hindrance of all—is being rapidly removed, by the progress which voluntaryism is making among the Free Church ministers. Still there are obstacles which have to be got out of the way, and the probability is that no inconsiderable period will elapse before the desire of Sir George Sinclair's heart, while alive, will become a great historical fact. This much, in the mean time, is due to the memory of Sir George to say,—that to him alone belongs the honour of having first proposed a union between the Free Church and the United Presbyterian bodies.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir George joins, in 1835, the New Party of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham—His Reasons for taking that Step, as given by Himself—His Last Speeches in the House of Commons before Retiring from Parliament—His Reasons for Retiring.

THE year 1835 was one of considerable interest in the political career of Sir George Sinclair. In that year his views on various points underwent a considerable change. On the great question of parliamentary reform, which still continued largely to occupy public attention, his opinions experienced a somewhat important modification. Chartism was making rapid progress among the masses of the community, and he feared, as many others did who had supported the Reform Bill of 1832, that if the extreme opinions which that word expressed were not discomfited, the results to the country might be very serious. Many, indeed, feared an attempt at a social revolution from the spread of Chartist principles, in that and the intervening years until 1839, when the failure of the great metropolitan Chartist demonstration caused a complete collapse of the Six Points' agitation.

Entertaining the views to which I have adverted, Sir George Sinclair joined, in 1835, those who had seceded in the previous year from the Government of Earl Grey, namely, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Ripon, Lord Stanley (the late Earl of Derby) and Sir James Graham.

These members of the Grey Government seceded from it on the ground that they could not, in accordance with their convictions, concur with that Government in some of its measures. They deemed them too largely impregnated with the Liberal element. And as, after the lapse of a few months, Sir George Sinclair, finding that his views on political questions generally, more nearly approximated those of the ex-members of Lord Grey's Cabinet, he openly joined the party which they had in the interim formed for themselves. This, as I have before mentioned, was in 1835, the Grey Government having, in the previous year, been broken up, and succeeded by the Melbourne Administration. Soon after the seceders from Lord Grey's Cabinet had formed the new party, they received large accessions both from Moderate Liberals and Liberal Tories. This was to be expected with two such able representatives of the new combination in the House of Commons as Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham.

Sir George Sinclair having formally joined the new party, which was a sort of intermediate one between the extreme Tories and the ultra Liberals, felt it to be a duty, which he owed alike to the country and to himself, to explain and vindicate the reasons why he had withdrawn from those Liberals with whom he had hitherto chiefly acted. This he did in his place in Parliament. But long afterwards he drew up a paper, in which he entered at length into the considerations which had weighed with him in bringing about a change of his political opinions, and a corresponding change of political conduct. As the document is drawn up with Sir George's usual ability, and may be said, in a sense, to possess a

historic interest, I will, instead of giving a summary of its contents, subjoin it entire. It was written by Sir George in the year 1866.

During the long and arduous discussions upon the Reform Bill, Sir George Sinclair witnessed with high and unqualified admiration the inexhaustible energy and unrivalled acuteness displayed by Lord Stanley, to which, as Mr. Disraeli has recently observed, the success which attended that measure may in a great measure be ascribed. Some time thereafter it was unexpectedly announced that Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham had resigned their offices in the Whig Cabinet. Sir George Sinclair was one of the few supporters of that administration who entirely approved of the line of conduct which these two distinguished statesmen adopted, and he took an opportunity of publicly expressing in the House his conviction that the Government had been much weakened by their secession, and that it now resembled a ray from which two of the prismatic colours had been withdrawn, in consequence of which it only exhibited a feeble and flickering light. Parliament was soon afterwards dissolved; Sir Robert Peel was authorised to form a new ministry. Sir George Sinclair enjoyed the fullest confidence of his constituents; they even carried their regard and approval so far, that when some of his friends had repaired as far as Strathpeffer, where he was arrested on his journey by severe indisposition, they, on seeing his weak and precarious state of health, resolved to dispense with his prosecuting his journey, and agreed on his unanimous re-election during his absence. It was to Sir George a subject of serious consideration how he ought at such a crisis to act. Like his most dear and intimate friend Sir Francis Burdett, to whom he paid a daily visit and with whom he dined several times a week, he had been not a little surprised and scandalised by the gigantic selfishness and unblushing nepotism which marked the whole career of the Whig administration, as well as by the habit which they invariably indulged of answering any objections urged against any measure and especially against any job, "If you oppose this measure you will endanger the success of the bill." Whilst labouring under these strong impressions,

the tidings reached Sir George that the Whigs, in the full malignity of their rage and disappointment at their dismissal, had resolved to oppose the re-election of Mr. Manners Sutton as speaker, and to put Mr. Abercromby in his place. Sir George considered that he could not, as an honest and independent Member of Parliament, countenance so flagrant an act of vindictiveness and injustice. Mr. Manners Sutton had no strong personal claims upon Sir George Sinclair's favour. When Sir George Sinclair had to bring forward a motion on the subject of the Scotch Church, and the members who had taken a part in a preceding debate were, after a division, hurrying in crowds and rather slowly out of the House, the Speaker on the very commencement of the rush called upon Sir George to address the House, and when Sir George respectfully remonstrated, and begged that a delay might be granted until the retiring members were gone, the Speaker insisted on his proceeding immediately, for otherwise he would call on the member next on the list to proceed. Sir George was thus compelled to address the House under circumstances of peculiar disadvantage. Notwithstanding this slight and several others, Sir George resolved to stand by himself. If Sir George had gone at first to St. James's Place (as he at one time intended), with the letter of which an extract is given, pledging Sir Francis Burdett to vote for Mr. Manners Sutton, Sir George has little doubt that Sir Francis would have accompanied him to the House; and a speech from Sir Francis in favour of Mr. Manners Sutton might probably have turned the scale. Mr. Tracy had hinted rather triumphantly to Sir George that he need not be looking for Sir Francis, and Sir George proposed to Mr. Holmes to take a cab and drive to St. James's Place, if Mr. Holmes would promise to get the debate prolonged to his return. But Mr. Holmes believed that the debate would terminate sooner, so Sir George remained and voted for Mr. Manners Sutton. This one act raised the fury of the entire Radical press in Scotland against Sir George. He was at once denounced in the *Great Northern Star*, and called upon to resign his seat. A number of his best friends in Caithness at once turned against him, and set up an opposition candidate against Sir George preparatory to the next election. When

Sir George showed all these malignant squibs and satires to Sir Francis, he shook his head, and said, "Well, Sinclair, I wish I had done as you did, if I had been ten times as much abused as you have been." The following letter was written by Lord Stanley to Sir George Sinclair on the 2nd of February, 1835:—

DEAR SIR,

I should feel much gratified if you would have the kindness to call here immediately after the delivery of the King's speech to-morrow in the House of Lords, in order that we may have the opportunity of consulting as to the course which it may be expedient for us to pursue. May I further trespass on your kindness to say to Sir Andrew Agnew, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Plumptre, if you feel at liberty to do so, that if they will also favour me with their attendance, it will give me much pleasure to see them, though I could not presume on my slight acquaintance with them to take the liberty of inviting them myself.

Believe me, &c.,

STANLEY.

Sir George continued during the remainder of the Session to be a cordial supporter of Lord Stanley's, and a constant attender of every meeting convened at his house. When Sir Robert Peel resigned, an influential member of the Whig party said to Sir George, "Well, Sinclair, you did wrong, but there is still a door open if you wish to come back to us." The temptation was great. Had Sir George publicly declared that he had given the Peel Ministry a fair trial, and as they had been unable to conduct public affairs, would no longer oppose the Whig administration, his own seat might have been secured for life. But he remained firm, and, thanking his friend for the considerate offer, assured him that "he had taken his stand, and was determined to adhere to it." The friend shrugged up his shoulders, and took a silent leave. When the dissolution took place in 1837, Sir George was re-elected after a sharp contest, which never would have taken place if he had adhered in 1834 to the Whig administration, and the following very friendly letter was addressed to him by Lord Stanley from Dunrobin, August 20, 1837:—

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

I received your kind letter on my arrival here last night, and had I time at my disposal, few things would have given me more pleasure than to have searched you out in your extreme nook and availed myself of your valuable assistance as a lioniser, but, unluckily, my time is limited by engagements in Lancashire which I cannot postpone, and almost every day of my stay in Scotland is set out. I can only stay at this place till the end of the week, and then I am under a promise to the Duke of Richmond at Gordon Castle. This press of time has compelled me to decline an invitation which I should otherwise most willingly have accepted, to attend the public dinner which I find that your constituents are to give you on Wednesday next; but being only just arrived here on a visit of a week, I thought it would hardly be civil to my hostess to take two days out of the middle of it for a public dinner. I rejoiced unfeignedly in your success, respecting which I had some anxieties.

The following letter from Knowsley was received a few months later:—

December 25, 1837.

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

You have omitted in your letter to say on what day you and Sir Francis Burdett have accepted the invitation to dine at Stockport with the Conservative operatives, and as I am known always to refuse such invitations, I am not likely to hear the day from other quarters. I am therefore unable to say, as this is a time of year when we are going about a great deal from house to house, whether either my father or myself would be likely to be at home to receive you.

In little more than a fortnight I conclude we shall all have to go up to town in consequence of the short adjournment, but if you will let me know when your dinner is fixed, I will write to say if it will be in our power to see you in case you should think it worth while to come so far out of your way, as we are about thirty-five miles from Stockport.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

STANLEY.

During the remainder of that Parliament, Sir George gave

all the help he could to Lord Stanley, and at the beginning of its final Session he received the following letter :—

2nd January, 1841.

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

I was sorry to learn from Freemantle, the only person I have seen since I came to town three days ago, that you had again been very unwell, though he added that you still talked of coming up for the meeting of Parliament. I have no idea what is likely to take place, but should think that if you could get a good pair for the first fortnight, at all events, it might save you a long and cold journey. Still I am far from wishing to damp your ardour, and should be very sorry you should be absent without a pair. We shall meet, in point of numbers, a degree better than last year, &c.

A letter dated January 18th, 1841, returns thanks for information on the subject of a lease of the Langwell Moors in Caithness, after which is as follows :—

Let me have a line to say you have received my letter safely, and also if you have a pair for the opening of the session, or mean to come up. Do not attempt what you are unequal to, but do not run the risk in one way or another of losing us a vote, where votes may be worth their weight in gold.

Ever yours sincerely, &c.

At the close of the Session Sir George was overwhelmed with illness and fatigue, a coalition of the Whigs and Radicals defeated him at Halifax, and the exertions of the Caithness Liberals, who never forgave Sir George Sinclair's adherence to Lord Stanley, rendered him equally unsuccessful in the north. A heart-rending domestic calamity induced Sir George to seclude himself from public life, and almost from social intercourse, during six years and ten months ; he never slept out of his own house during that period, but his friendly correspondence with Lord Stanley still continued. When Lord Stanley withdrew his support from Sir Robert Peel, on account of his apostasy on the Corn Law question, Sir George received the following answer in reply to a letter of congratulation on that subject, May 13th, 1847 :—

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

If I omitted to answer your former letter, pray ascribe it to any cause rather than that of displeasure at receiving the kind expression of your approval, and of your generally friendly feelings. I cannot say that if I were far more anxious for office than I am, the present state of the country is such as to hold out any strong inducement. I am sorry you cannot give a better report of yourself, and however little you may be able to stand much of turmoil, I cannot think the very solitary life you describe yourself as leading can be favourable either to spirits or health. We anticipate a general election in July. Will the din of it reach your remote region? Is there any chance of your ousting your present representative?

Believe me to be, dear Sir George,

Yours sincerely,

STANLEY.

Such was the termination of Sir George's political career, prior to which, however, he had the honour and happiness to act as chairman of the Westminster Election Committee, by which, after a laborious contest, Sir Francis Burdett was triumphantly returned, an event which was considered as highly beneficial to the cause of Conservatism. Sir George's long seclusion suspended of course for a time all personal intercourse with his political friends, and all attendance in the Court. A quarter of a century has elapsed since his retirement from public life, many changes have taken place in the political world, and he has at last lived to witness the reinstatement of Lord Derby to that position of which Sir George Sinclair, ever since 1835, had deemed him sufficiently worthy, and in endeavouring to accomplish his elevation to the highest position had sacrificed his seat in Parliament, and incurred much vexation and obloquy.

We are now approaching the period when Sir George Sinclair's parliamentary career was drawing to a close. That he should have resolved on retiring so early from legislative life was all the more regretted because his

speeches, down till the last one he made in the House, showed not only that he took as lively an interest as ever in the great engrossing questions of the day, but that his mind was as vigorous, and his eloquence of as high an order, as at any previous period of his prolonged parliamentary career. Among the latest of his great speeches, which electrified the House of Commons, was one which was delivered on the 20th of May, 1840,—the last session but one he sat in the representative branch of the Legislature. The subject before the House was a Bill for improving parliamentary legislation in Ireland, brought in by Lord Stanley, afterwards Lord Derby, who died in October last. Sir George gave his most strenuous support to the measure. After ably advocating its leading provisions in detail, he proceeded to make some observations on the state of Ireland, and in doing so, he made the pseudo-patriots, among barristers and other professional men, with whom Ireland abounded at the time, writhe under his sarcasm, his wit, and his humour. The degrading subjugation to Mr. O'Connell and the other leaders of the then Repeal Movement in which the mass of the Irish people were held, was a theme on which Sir George expatiated at considerable length, amidst the laughter and applause of the House.

The following extract from this speech of Sir George will be now read with an enjoyment little less than that with which it was listened to in the House of Commons nearly thirty years ago.

It was impossible on such an occasion to avoid making a few comments upon the present state of Ireland, which so often afforded to her Majesty's ministers and their adherents a theme for triumph and gratulation. Ireland, they were told, is tranquil, but so was an army completely equipped for battle; the

Commander in Chief gives the word to "stand at ease," although they are prepared to obey him with still greater alacrity when he orders them to "make ready, present, and fire." Had not Father Maguire himself, the accredited Popish champion in all polemical conflicts, openly proclaimed that he himself and nine-tenths of his sacerdotal coadjutors are resolved to bring their respective contingents of teetotallers into the field, if a line of policy should be adopted which does not meet with their sanction and approval? Ireland was only quiet because the so-called popular party are allowed to have everything their own way—because their hands are filled and their mouths are stopped by an unexampled and most rigidly enforced monopoly of the favour and influence of the Crown. He once read somewhere of an Indian Nabob, who boasted not only that he had succeeded in taming a hyena, which had long been the dread and terror of the neighbourhood, but that he had achieved this object by a simple expedient. "All that I did," said he, "was to cause a very large supply of garbage to be deposited every morning at a respectful distance from his den, and to forbid all my subjects, under pain of incurring my displeasure, to intrude upon his haunts, or interfere with his habits." "But, Sir, pray what would happen if your highness's daily tribute of carrion should be withdrawn?" "Oh, he would, no doubt, in that case, be found as savage and untractable as ever." And so would the Irish patriots if the current of promotion and patronage were to flow in an opposite direction. At present they are literally drenched with golden and most copious showers of honours and emoluments. It never rained but it poured. There never was such an alarming mortality among bishops, judges, and public servants of every class and description, as since the accession of her Majesty's ministers. One could never take up any Irish paper, and more especially the *Post* or the *Pilot*, without finding the earliest intimation that some meritorious functionary had been dropping off, and some lucrative office dropping in. All the Liberal peers either were, or intended to be, enrolled among the Ribbonmen, and although upon every vacancy in any department, "methinks there are six Richmonds in the field" to supply it, the unsuccessful candidates consoled themselves by not only reflecting that, accord-

ing to the old adage, “All is not lost that a friend gets,” but by cherishing a confident hope that their turn may come next, for it was quite certain that, whilst the present government continues in office, the most incompetent Whig would in every instance obtain the preference over the most distinguished and best qualified Conservative competitor. But he must here notice another anomaly in the present state of Ireland—the state of galling slavery and degrading responsibility to which many of its representatives are reduced. The hon. member for Dublin seemed to have established a sort of political papacy in his own person. All the members whose return his influence had contributed to promote, must look up to him as the keeper of their consciences, and surrender the right of private judgment. If they presumed to disobey his mandates, they must hold up their hands, and submit to be arraigned before his tribunal; the offence was, in a political sense, a capital one:—

“Off with his head—so much for Brabazon.”•

And two other hon. and gallant friends of his would also have been cashiered or ordered for execution, if they had not pleaded guilty, and been strongly recommended to mercy. Oh, when would Irish gentlemen shake off this ignominious bondage and cease to lick the dust at a self-installed dictator’s feet? They were, no doubt, “all honourable men,” as well as honourable members, and independent men too, but with two somewhat stringent limitations, namely, that they must never vote in opposition to the wishes of the learned member for Dublin, or even presume to act upon the modest *pezzo termino* principle of *non liquet*, by absenting themselves from any division. But her Majesty’s ministers are sunk into the same state of abject dependence upon the same absolute authority. It may be fairly inferred, from the speech of the Secretary for the Colonies, that the hon. member for Dublin had ceased to be his own trumpeter, and that the functions of that high office had devolved upon the noble lord. They were aware that their enjoyment of place on this side of the water can only be co-existent with the continuance of his power upon the other. They seemed to have furnished him with a letter of licence to say and do whatever he pleases without

responsibility or restraint. He expressed his determination to devote all the energies of his mind to the furtherance of an object which they themselves had declared to be equivalent to the dismemberment of the empire ; and what did the Prime Minister say to this ? Why he strove to get rid of the subject, by assuming a tone of unstatesmanlike *poco curante*-ism and ill-timed jocularity, and scarcely ventured to go so far as to

“ Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.”

But this matter was too serious to be trifled with. The poet told us that, in the case of merit, it is possible to “ damn with faint praise ;” and he (Sir G. Sinclair) would presume to add that, in the case of misconduct, it is easy to encourage by feeble disapprobation. He questioned whether any of her Majesty’s ministers in this house would indignantly notice, on the present occasion, the recent attempts to excite agitation and organise resistance in Ireland ; but he told them that, if they did not, “ *cum tacent clamant* ;” and that they criminally sanctioned such proceedings if they shrunk from the duty of condemning them. There was, however, after all, one point of view in which, perhaps, their conduct is defensible. They might, perhaps, concur in the opinions entertained by ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in reference to the epistles and orations of the honourable member for Dublin—that all his promises are fudge—that all his menaces are moonshine. He (Sir G. Sinclair) scarcely thought that he himself would stand up and declare in this House that he either expected or wished to effect the repeal of the union. He could not deny that it was merely a worn out and weather beaten stalking-horse, which even the Irish public was by this time quite sick of seeing so often paraded before them. He was informed that the honourable member had lately invented a repeal button. (Mr. O’Connell pointed to his buttons.) It seemed to be a very apt and significant emblem of the degree in which he cared for the question. In fact, it was universally admitted that the war-whoop, or rather sham-fight whoop, of repeal was now altogether at a discount ; that it had ceased either to stimulate the enthusiast, or to terrify the alarmist, even throughout the various districts in Ireland in which the proclamations of the honourable

and learned member had the force of the law, or rather the force which the law had not ; and he might observe that these manifestos, however flaming and however flowery, reminded him in one respect of certain puffing advertisements, promulgated by crafty and plausible empirics, in which, after reiterated allusions to their own long experience and disinterested humanity, they invariably conclude by adding, “correspondents in the country are expected to enclose a bank-note.”

“ Societies may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold pisantry, their country’s pride,
Now grudge the cash so fruitlessly supplied.”

And, therefore, the sinews of war are very sparingly forthcoming. The people of Ireland are beginning to open their eyes, and consequently to shut their purses. Contributors are literally worn out by a system of perpetual pre-payment. They find that their shillings never fructify to their own advantage in the unfathomable exchequer of these ephemeral institutions ; that their great leader, like Falstaff, is no friend to the double trouble of paying back, and for this reason, if I might borrow a Chinese phrase, the silver is not “oozing out” so rapidly as it used to do ; and when confiscations are exhorted at chapels, or auditors entreated at public meetings to prove the liberality of their political sentiments by the largeness and alacrity of their donations, they seemed disposed, and very naturally, to exclaim, in reference to the destination and the prospects of their money—

“ Vestigia terrent,
Omnia te adversum spectantia nulla retrorsum.”

If he could only ensure a smooth passage across the channel, and obtain such a safe conduct as might be depended upon, he should like of all things to address the “mixed multitude” on the Corn Exchange. He might, indeed, find some difficulty in composing a picturesque peroration *à la Claude Lorraine*, embellished with green valleys, lofty mountains, fertile plains, and meandering rivers ; but he should take care that his hearers should be reminded for the seven hundredth time of the 700 years, during which their country has been misgoverned by England, according to the honourable and learned member, or, as

he (Sir George Sinclair) contended, by the Pope. But he should at all events be provided with a ready-made and indispensable exordium, for no speech would go down upon such an occasion that was not ushered in by “hereditary bondsmen ;” and he should, therefore, begin by exclaiming, “ Hereditary bondsmen ” to your agitators and your priests, how grossly have your understandings been outraged, how wantonly have your feelings been excited, how cruelly have your hopes been disappointed ! Did one of you ever derive, from being enrolled in the ranks of the precursor society, any benefit equivalent to the shillings which you paid for your admission ?

After some further observations of a general kind, Sir George Sinclair proceeded to bring his batteries to bear against Mr. O’Connell, then in the plenitude of his power in Ireland.

Mr. O’Connell tells you that he is trying an experiment. Believe me it is an experiment upon your patience and credulity. I was not at all surprised at being asked last year by a respectable tradesman, who premised that he was no scholar, whether precursor was the Latin word for dupe ? An experiment implies, on the part of him who embarks in it, a belief in, at least, the possibility of his own success. If you saw a man jumping in the Phœnix Park, and he were to say that he was trying an experiment whether he could leap over the moon, you would at once infer that he was either a lunatic or an impostor. Mr. O’Connell knew as well as he did, that as long as there was a House of Lords, or even a reformed House of Commons, he had just as good a prospect, and no better, of carrying through Parliament any of the measures which he professes his anxiety to see enacted. But his real object merely is, to keep the present Ministry in office on any terms, and at any price, and to ensure their co-operation by holding out the hope of advantages, not one of which he knows can ever be realised. There has not been so dexterous a wizard since the days of the bottle-conjuror, who contrived to make a gaping multitude pay their shillings, in the confident expectation that they would see him step into a pint decanter ; and you, my friends, are such tractable

camel-swallowers, that if he were to sow a field with flints, and solemnly affirm that if they did not in the course of twelve months yield a plentiful crop of potatoes he would hoist the standard of repeal, you would all, to a man, not only wait most patiently, but anticipate the favourable result. Do you really think that he himself for a single moment expects to obtain a larger proportion of representatives for Ireland, or a further confiscation of the property of the Church ? He does not even dare to broach either subject in the House of Commons. Ask him why he allows so many months to elapse, or rather sessions to pass, without having taken one single step in furtherance of the schemes which he declares to be indispensable to the best interests of his country ? The truth, my friends, is, that he is quite unrivalled in the histrionic art—to him “All the world’s a stage”—“*Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis*”—to-day, he is all in all with the Jews—to-morrow, hand and glove with the Jesuits—one week he is feasting at Liverpool—another time fasting at La Trappe ; but you have often the good fortune to witness his inimitable performance of characters which he is very shy of assuming on the parliamentary stage. He is great as *Sir Giles Overreach*, and I defy you to match him as *Sir Benjamin Backbite*. In the former of these characters, he contrives to buoy you up with the fond expectations of unattainable benefits, or rather of objects which, even if acquired, would in no respect ameliorate your condition, by causing you to enjoy one comfort more or endure one privation less. If all his plans were accomplished, you would ere long be mournfully exclaiming, “Was it for this that we have been breaking so many heads at fairs, and so many promises at hustings ? Was it for this that we have so often trudged twenty miles in the dead of the night and in the middle of the rain to attend anti-tithe meetings, when we might just as well have stayed in our beds ?” But, my friends, when enacting the other part, does he not strive to excite in your breasts an unfounded and unextinguishable animosity against his opponents (who, let me tell you, are often, in reality, your best friends), by branding them with names, and overwhelming them with calumnies, which, in their presence and within the walls of Parliament, he seems to have registered a vow in

heaven never to reiterate? Not long ago he designated my noble friend, the author of this bill, as a bad man? Will he venture to repeat this charge in the hearing of his friends? Will he tell the British House of Commons that my noble friend is a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad neighbour, a bad landlord, a bad Christian? Has he ever been bad enough to sacrifice principle for the sake of place, or to promote his private interests by exciting the worst passions of others? The Conservative party was not unfrequently reproached with asserting that her Majesty's ministers are kept in place by commanding the support of a majority of the Irish representation. Why, this very circumstance was much oftener dwelt upon by the hon. member for Dublin himself, as a source of exultation on his part, and a claim for gratitude on theirs. He was far from drawing any invidious line of distinction between the members deputed from the different portions of the united empire. He entertained the highest respect, not only for the Irish gentlemen who sat on his side of the house, but for many (such as the members for Kildare or Roscommon, for the city of Waterford, or the town of Galway) whom he had the misfortune to see opposed to them. But he could not fail to observe that this scanty ministerial majority was eked out by the votes of some gentlemen from Ireland, who would not be returned to Parliament if justice were done to all parties, the principles of the law clearly defined, and its provisions impartially applied: this was the only object for which this bill was introduced. This was the only ground upon which it was supported. His noble friend had fearlessly undertaken and faithfully discharged a most important public duty. The demagogue might pour the vials of slander upon his motives—the priest might threaten him with the assassin's knife—but he had established an irrefragable and imperishable claim upon the respect, the admiration, and gratitude of all who were anxious to restore the lustre and secure the permanence of our national institutions.

With the exception of the terrible onslaughts which Lord Stanley was in the habit of making on Mr. O'Connell, I do not know that anything could have

made the latter smart so much as the polished wit of Sir George Sinclair. Mr. O'Connell, who had a great personal regard for Sir George, and with whom he was on somewhat intimate terms, replied to the speech from which I have given the above extracts, and paid Sir George some very high compliments. A gentleman who was in the House at the time, mentioned to me the other day, that he remembers, as well as if it had only been an incident of yesterday, hearing Mr. O'Connell's answer to Sir George, and making, in reference to a custom which Sir George had when speaking, of twisting his hat, the following remark:—"His hon. friend (Sir George Sinclair) reminded him of the well-known lines in Goldsmith's 'Village Schoolmaster':—

“‘And still he gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small hat could carry all he knew.’”

The compliments paid, on this occasion, by Mr. O'Connell to Sir George, for his great and varied attainments, were heartily responded to by the cheers of the House.

CHAPTER XIV.

Correspondence with Peers of the Realm—The late Duke of Sutherland—Letters from the Duke to Sir George Sinclair—Letters to Sir George Sinclair from the late Duke of Newcastle—The late Duke of Manchester—The Duke of Argyll—The late Marquis of Normanby—The late Earl of Derby—The late Lord Lyndhurst—The late Lord Brougham—The late Lord Ashburton.

So very voluminous was the correspondence which Sir George Sinclair had with the most eminent men of the day,—whether socially, or philosophically, or philanthropically,—that, in going through his very varied correspondence, I have often felt quite perplexed in my endeavours to decide as to the classification which would be most appropriate for particular letters addressed to him. In the title which Sir George was pleased to give,—and which to me seems a most appropriate one,—to one of the volumes of manuscript which has been placed in my hands, I find a classification, or generic terms, which will answer all purposes, so far as those who are Members of the House of Commons are concerned. He has entitled the volume—“Letters from Members of the House of Commons.” But Sir George carried on a close and cordial intercourse in writing with many who were not Members of the House of Commons, but Peers of the realm. Few men of the present day have had a more intimate or extensive correspondence with the Peers of the realm, than Sir George

Sinclair had. I have in my possession a large collection of letters, of the most friendly and familiar kind, written to Sir George, from dukes, from marquises, and from all the other grades of our nobility. In this respect, indeed, I feel embarrassed by the abundance of my riches, when I apply myself to the task of selection. I can spare only space for a comparatively few specimens of the letters thus addressed to Sir George from his aristocratic correspondents.

I begin with the Duke of Sutherland. His Grace was not only a frequent, but one of the most copious of Sir George Sinclair's correspondents. Any one reading the Duke's numerous letters to the latter, would naturally feel surprised that,—being a man of such accurate and varied information on the great public questions of the day, as his letters show him to have been, and being also a Peer of the realm, and the head of one of the greatest families in England,—he should have been unknown in connection with the debates and deliberations which take place in the House of Lords. The reason was, his great infirmity of imperfect hearing. It is strange that though the fact was, of course, known to all those in the station of life in which the Duke moved, the public generally were not aware of his great deafness. To this circumstance the Duke makes a special reference in one of his letters to Sir George. He does so not in any murmuring spirit, but as regretting his very defective hearing, because depriving him of the pleasure which he would otherwise enjoy in the society of his friends. Nothing could be finer than the feeling with which he refers to his infirmity. He was, indeed, a man of the most amiable disposition. He was, at the same time, constitutionally,

a man of a singularly easy mind. Events of the greatest importance, in relation to himself personally, did not for a moment disturb his equanimity. Never was it more true of any man than of the Duke, that—to use a common phrase—he took things coolly. One remarkable and amusing instance of this was furnished on the most interesting day of his life. On the morning of the day of his marriage, a friend of his found him leaning carelessly over the railing at the edge of the water in St. James's Park, and throwing crumbs of bread to the ducks. His friend, surprised at seeing him at such a place and so engaged, within two hours of the time appointed for his marriage to one of the finest women in England,—one in whose veins the blood of the Howards flowed,—exclaimed : “What, you here to-day ! I thought you were going to be married this morning ?” “Yes,” was his answer, given with the most perfect *nonchalance*, and throwing a few more crumbs to the ducks, without moving from the railing on which he was leaning, “Yes, I believe I am.”

Something of the same easy-mindedness occurred not long ago. A nobleman, now a Duke, but then a Marquis, had asked a friend of his who was a better judge of carriages than himself, to accompany him to Long Acre, to advise him in reference to the purchase of a carriage. A day was fixed on for the two to go together to make the intended purchase ; but on the day preceding the one appointed, the then Marquis wrote to his friend the following brief note :—“It will not be necessary to meet me to-morrow to go to Long Acre to look for a carriage. From a remark made by the Duke [his father] to-day, I fancy I am going to be married !” Not only had the

Marquis left his father to choose a bride for him, and to make the other necessary matrimonial arrangements ; but when the intimation was made to him by the Duke, that the future Marchioness had been fixed on, he seemed to view the whole affair as if it had been one which did not concern him in the least.

The first letter which I will give from the Duke of Sutherland to Sir George Sinclair, refers in the opening to the infirmity of deafness to which I have alluded as one to which he was subject. But it will be observed how soon he turns away from that affliction to the expression of the pleasure it gave him to go about among the poor, and do all the good he could to them. The remainder of his letter shows how great was his intelligence in relation to the best mode of managing estates, and dealing with the question of making provision for the paupers of Scotland. The letter is dated—

Dunrobin, October 8th, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I am very much obliged to you for sending to me Dr. Turnbull's remarks. If I have an opportunity of consulting him I will certainly take it, for the inconvenience of not hearing is very great ; but I must own that, after consulting and trying many, I begin to think my case so much connected with health in other respects, that I have little hope ; but it is well and right to try.

Your own good disposition and anxious consideration of the poor, induce you to give willing credit to any accounts of endeavours to improve their condition ; and you really give me more than I deserve for anything new in that respect. The fact is, that not being a hunter or sportsman, I know no occupation more easy or more agreeable to myself than going about among them, and then one can be of use in many little things. Sometimes rebuking and finding fault, &c., or more satisfactorily encouraging or commending, one feels that it is not labour in vain.

This is a position of duty ; but there is something in the ways

or character of our Northern people that make it much more agreeable and inviting than I find it in Staffordshire. I also feel that, having such an extent of property here that might generally be under the care of half-a-dozen proprietors, properly requires more than one can well contrive to give, and it is only the conviction that the factors are well acquainted with all the people that reconciles me to the having such a responsibility. I have pleasure in seeing the improvements, and in really finding a degree of comfort and well-doing generally prevailing in these districts. The employment given here, no doubt has effected this, but that is of a temporary nature, yet it gives habits. My English physician assures me he has not seen one drunken man all this summer. Captain Elliott's investigation has also been extremely satisfactory, but I am cut short in schemes for want of funds. Many suppose that because I have expended much, I must be rich, but that very reason, truly considered, would lead to a very different conclusion, as I have been for some time spending more than my resources can afford.

I obtained this year an act for a harbour here. I find the cost would exceed the first ideas very much ; and engineers differ about the proper position of piers, breakwaters, &c. I feel obliged to desist. I am, however, under our friend Mr. Bremner's care, building what I hope will prove a very useful little harbour near Tongue, which must content me for the present.

Amongst other schemes, that which most occupies me now is the making a road from the east to the west coast,—that is, a new road through a part of country chiefly a desert. It will be thirty-two miles, without any ascents of consequence, and will make fourteen miles difference in access to a very fine natural harbour, and open a country in which many acres may prove capable of cultivation for turnips, &c., for sheep and for man. If I could make arrangements similar to those of the Ross-shire proprietors, which I find very generally approved of in regard to undertaking the maintenance of the people, or receiving assistance for such work from the Destitution Committees, I should immediately begin, and thus give temporary employment for some time, and open means generally for more in future.

This is the principal scheme I have now before me, but my time of stay, I fear, draws to a conclusion ; and I am abruptly

deprived of that of the Duchess. She received disquieting accounts of the health of Lord Carlisle, of sudden increase of weakness and a fit of gout, and determined to proceed at once, and set out on Thursday on this melancholy journey. She hoped to be able to return North as far as Inverary, where I shall expect her. I always leave this with reluctance, and always with the hope of passing the next long summer days in Sutherland.

I am, my dear Sir George,

Faithfully yours,

SUTHERLAND.

The next letter which I will lay before my readers, from the Duke of Sutherland to Sir George Sinclair, is, it will be observed, dated on the 5th of April, 1849, more than twenty years ago. At that time the question of making a legal provision for the paupers in Scotland was exciting great interest in that country. It was a question which especially affected the landed proprietors north of the Tweed. I express no opinion with regard to the soundness of the views, or otherwise, of the Duke of Sutherland, in relation to the propriety of passing a legislative measure for a compulsory provision for the Scottish poor. I give this letter of the Duke as one only of the many proofs, which his correspondence with Sir George Sinclair furnishes, that he not only took a deep interest in the great questions of the day, but that he had a clear comprehension of them, and could write intelligently and bly on their nature and bearings.

Trentham, April 5th, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I thank you much for your communications. I shall order the pamphlet to be sent to me, that I may have the whole before me. If Lord Robertson and Lord Jeffrey's law were proved to be

the law, I should certainly apprehend all the evils and ruin which appear to you imminent; but I trust that, as is the case with every one who takes the deep interest you do, the constant every day intimate observation of poverty and the accompanying privations, and depression of spirit, and want of energy to meet and counteract these, especially when the poor can hope to obtain otherwise the means of meeting their immediate wants—I trust that the constant contemplation of this, and of the possible increase of evil, may have given rise to more gloomy apprehensions than if you were for a while out of reach of Thurso and the scenes and habits which you have so near and under your view.

I grant that much may be found too generally in other and in all parts; and if one considers uninterruptedly the miseries of men, one may easily be more affected by the contemplation than elevated by that of the *grandeur de l'homme*, of both of which Pascal treats with such admirable pathos. I am still of your former opinion, that compulsory charity was called for in Scotland, notwithstanding the charities which, as you observe, and which Dr. Chalmers trusted to, are being exercised by many; yet I cannot think the proprietors there sufficiently willing, and not in need of a spur. I would not have the whip used too much, but, avoiding exaggerations as much as possible, I think that a benevolent, really charitable, kind-hearted man,—such, for instance, as may be pointed out near Thurso,—more likely to be imposed on than the inspector.

I don't think that there has been found the reason to complain in Sutherland of the consequences of the Act, as many feared would be the case; but there is much to make one feel—as you are disposed,—much alarmed for the future, and concerned for the present, actual condition, especially on our west coast: where, supposing Sir Robert Peel's plan for Ireland to prove good for that country, our climate, soil, and local circumstances would not render it applicable.

I am on the move,—going to London to-day, and thence to the Isle of Wight, or some sea-side, for change of air for our youngest boy, who is recovering from a remittent fever.

I have also been rather indisposed by a bilious attack, but am again recovering.

What changes and continued perplexities amongst governments and nations !

Ever faithfully, my dear Sir George,

Yours very truly,

SUTHERLAND.

The next letter from his Grace to Sir George begins, it will be observed, with the affectionate salutation of “Mon cher Cousin.” This may seem strange to most people, because they have never heard of Sir George being a cousin of the Duke of Sutherland. The explanation is to be found in what I stated in the early part of this volume,—that, more than a century ago, Lady Janet Sutherland, sister of the Earl of Sutherland, and grand-aunt of the late Duke, married the grandfather of Sir George ; so that the Duke of Sutherland and Sir George Sinclair were cousins in the third degree. I remember that, some years ago, on being shown by the Hon. S. Waldegrave, late Bishop of Carlisle, a magnificently bound volume which the Queen had given him as a present, I was rather puzzled to know how the inscription by her Majesty could accord with the fact which it expressed. The inscription, written in the Queen’s own hand, was, “To the Hon. Samuel Waldegrave, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, from his affectionate Cousin, Victoria.” On asking the late most excellent bishop how the relationship was made out, he said that in the reign of Queen Anne an ancestor of his married a German Princess, who was an ancestor of Queen Victoria, and that in virtue of that marriage, her Majesty always spoke of him as her cousin.

The following letter cannot be said to be one of public importance, but it is interesting as showing the Duke’s

high regard for the Sinclair family, and his own warm-heartedness and courteous manners.

Dunrobin, Sept. 24th, 1849.

MON CHER COUSIN,

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

On my return from a delightful visit to Assynt, which I hope often to repeat, as I have just taken possession of a *pied-à-terre* at Loch Niver, and having had perfect weather for the enjoyment of the country,—which is beautiful and very striking in scenery, and I have had opportunity of going through much of it, and of making acquaintance with many of the townships, containing a very interesting, industrious, and pleasing people, though very poor, as I fear must be always their condition,—I find your kind letter of the 21st. It would have given great pleasure to my boys and to Mr. Bunsen, to have accepted your kind invitation, and I should have had much pleasure to have been of the party, but we have lately been constantly on the move, first to Tongue, and since to Assynt, and I have still so much more business to do than I can possibly accomplish satisfactorily, that I must have a few days here, and must keep them also. I hope some other time to have the pleasure you now offer to them, if we be spared, a condition which I, being, you know, your senior, should always have in mind, though I need not express it so constantly as we Scotch are fond of doing.

I heard from your brother Alexander lately. He said that he could and would pass a couple of days here, on his way north ; and I in answer said he must come directly, as I was on the point of going on Wednesday to Assynt. I hoped to have seen him in the interval, but he did not appear, and I fear has given up his intention. I should have had pleasure in seeing him. My movements now are uncertain ; if I were quite well and up to the necessary bustle, I should have been to-day with the Duchess at Inverary, in the hope of finding it a little more quiet, but may have to go at any time, and therefore wish to do what is most pressing here as soon as I can. I always remember with great pleasure my visit “forty years since,” to your father, at Thurso, and I feel that I should have a renewal of pleasure in another visit, and in talking of past times, and a thousand things with you. I cannot think your kind invitation unreason-

able or unseasonable, but hope that Lady Camilla, to whom I beg leave to present my compliments, will allow me to consider it as still open for whatever time may be fortunately at my disposal hereafter.

I am, my dear Sir George,
Very truly yours,
SUTHERLAND.

The next and last letter to Sir George Sinclair from the Duke of Sutherland which I shall give, is one of a very touching nature. It solely consists of an account of the illness and death of his son, Lord Frederick, who had gone out to take part in the Crimean war of 1854. I can bear testimony, from other sources than either the Duke or any members of the Sutherland family, to all, and even more than all, that the Duke says of the noble and chivalrous character of his son. The narrative given to me of the way in which he bore his illness,—his generous consideration for all around him, when himself lying prostrate from fever; his perfect acquiescence in the pleasure of Providence in laying him low; his refusal to accept of special indulgences which were offered to him, because others could not have them; his extreme anxiety that none of his family at home, especially his mother, the Duchess, should know how ill he was, because of the profound sorrow it would cause them,—these were circumstances in the youthful nobleman's case which filled all who saw him in his illness with the highest admiration. The letter to Sir George Sinclair from the Duke will be seen to have been written in answer to one of condolence from Sir George. The following is the letter:—

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,
I thank you very sincerely for your kind letter, and I must

Nov. 3rd, 1854.

tell you that I had thought of you, and I felt that you would feel for us. No preparation from thought of the necessary dangers of such a war could sufficiently prepare for the fatal blow. I received the information in a letter from Lord George Paulet, of the "Bellerophon" man-of-war, who, having heard from the captain of the "Leander," on his arriving at Eupatoria, with provisions for the fleet, that our son was in bed with fever on board a transport, visited him with his surgeon, conveyed him on board his ship, gave up his cabin, and all the most kind attention that a father could have given. Dr. Blake, of the "Leander," had attended him three days before this, but during about a month he had been in bed in the transport, without the least advice, as the transport had not any.

The captain of it stated that though confined to bed by weakness and suffering, he had never uttered a murmur or complaint, and the captain is said by the surgeon to have been startled at hearing of the danger, and that the delay had made it immediate. Lord George Paulet writes that Fred expressed delight at the change, and that he (Lord George) had hoped that it and the care of the surgeon, who did all that human attention could effect, might have brought him round to recovery. But the next day, the 6th of October, at ten minutes to four o'clock, he breathed his last, calmly, and the surgeon, who was with him, says, without pain. Nearly the last desire was that the surgeon should write to us in his name, as he would dictate. He had some time before he died dictated to an officer, and he had written twice since he was left in the transport, a few lines, hardly legible, begging his mother not to be alarmed, as he hoped soon to be better; he then said to the surgeon not to do it, as it would alarm, and that he would do it himself.

Lord Raglan had most kindly written to me on the 18th of October, to say that fever prevented his landing, and that the best medical advice stated that change of climate gave the best chance of recovery, and that he would probably have to return to England. We had in consequence expected to hear of him, and the Duchess would have gone to him if he had been anywhere on the way home. It seems that he desired not to go to Constantinople with the ship that conveyed the wounded, and remained waiting for another opportunity, which came too late.

We have, indeed, as you so kindly suggest, much reason for consolation. All who knew him express esteem and friendship; and we know that he was as a son among the very best possible, and religiously good and excellent; and I have felt that it is a soothing thought that by the mercy of God,—though he had chosen his profession though the Duchess had frequently expressed to him apprehension of want of strength and health for it; he was bent on discharging his duty, and of proving himself equal to all it might require;—yet, by Divine mercy, he was spared from engaging in the battle, however glorious, and from the scene of carnage, which must make a sad impression on the recollection, even to have seen. It is soothing to know that friends attended his last hours. They did all that friends could do, and he is at peace.

Yours, most truly,
My dear Sir George,
SUTHERLAND.

I ought here to mention that Sir George Sinclair and the Duchess of Sutherland also corresponded with each other, and some of her Grace's letters are lying before me. They are characterised throughout by that genial and generous feeling which, in unison with her personal attractions, made her one of the most admired and esteemed ladies within her Majesty's dominions.

Among those who took part in the correspondence which was carried on between Sir George and members of the highest order of the Peerage, I find several from the Duke of Newcastle, grandfather of the present Duke. Probably the Duke of Newcastle to whom I refer, will be better known when I mention that he is the Duke who took so prominent a part in the opposition which was given to the Reform Bill, in 1832, when, in relation to the attacks made upon him because of the compulsion he exercised on the electors of his borough of

Newark, as to the way in which they should vote, he exclaimed, in the language of Scripture, “Have I not a right to do what I will with mine own?” That phrase, in connection with the sentiments it expressed, has distinguished that Duke of Newcastle—the correspondent of Sir George Sinclair—from all other dukes of the name, either as regards those who had gone before or followed after him. The phrase became a household one. It was for years in everybody’s mouth, and is often still used in the assertion of one’s assumed individual right to do as he pleases. The most extraordinary use I ever remember to have heard made of the expression was in the case of a man who some time ago was brought before one of our police courts for beating and otherwise maltreating his wife. His answer to the charge was not a denial, or even an attempted extenuation of the crime imputed to him, but a simple assertion of the Duke of Newcastle’s doctrine in one of its new applications,—that every man had a right to do what he liked with his own wife; and the wife of the person in question being his own property, according to all law, he contended that he had a right to beat her as often and as much as he pleased.

But the reason why I allude to the letters of the Duke of Newcastle, written twenty years ago to Sir George, is because of the opportunity it affords me of remarking that, like many other Tories of his time, he cherished an unmitigated enmity to the late Sir Robert Peel. “I agree,” said the Duke, writing to Sir George, “with Lord George Bentinck in his opinion of Sir Robert Peel. I have for many years entertained the most watchful distrust of him. He is a modern Judas, and I believe would betray

any individual or any cause." Nor are these feelings towards the memory of the late Sir Robert Peel yet extinct; they exist in their full force in many minds down to the present hour.

The next letter from one of Sir George Sinclair's ducal friends and correspondents is from the pen of the Duke of Manchester, who, as Viscount Mandeville, was, perhaps, of all others the one with whom, in the early part of his parliamentary career, he was most intimately acquainted, because of the similarity of their views on religious subjects. There is nothing remarkable or of general interest in the subjoined letter from the late Duke of Manchester to Sir George; but to those who are partial to the study of theological questions it will possess some interest, because of the opinion which the Duke expresses in it relative to a point which has for ages been much mooted among Biblical critics, and is not yet finally set at rest. The controverted theological point to which I allude is, as to the original language in which the Gospel of St. Matthew was written. Men equally eminent for their theological scholarship have entertained entirely different opinions on the point,—some contending that it was written in Hebrew, others in Greek, while not a few have maintained, with a great show of learning, that it was originally written in both languages. The Duke of Manchester was thoroughly convinced that the first of the four Gospels was originally written in Greek only, and published a *brochure* with the view of establishing the point. I believe that the more prevalent and still extending belief is, that it was written simultaneously both in Hebrew and Greek. The Duke of Manchester was a firm believer in the personal reign of Christ on

earth, and it is in the Millenarian sense of the words that he concludes his letter, which I subjoin.

Kimbolton, May 31st, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

Your letter, which I received this morning, gave me great grief in showing to me that my neglect had been in any way a cause of sorrow to you ; but you know how bad a correspondent I always was, and for these last four or five years I have been constantly in a state of worry, and latterly my health has been very much broken.

I am glad you like the pamphlet. I have heard from several their belief that it establishes the Greek original of Matthew, and goes far to solve the chief difficulties connected with the Gospels.

What an anxious state things are in now. Many now look to prophecy, who used to smile at the students of the prophetic book. I confess I am very anxious, though I do not see the signs of the last great development. When it comes may we all be found waiting for *His* appearing,

Believe me,

Affectionately yours,

MANCHESTER.

There was one more ducal friend and correspondent of Sir George, namely, the Duke of Argyle, from whose letters I will make only one selection, and with that I will close the friendly communications which Sir George received from members of the highest order of the Peerage. The letter of the Duke relates to the fisheries in Scotland : a question which was, at the time it was written,—now nearly twenty years ago,—exciting much attention north of the Tweed. Since then, circumstances have occurred to invest it with great importance within the last few years, as our late legislation on the subject proves. The letter is one which shows that the writer was a person of superior abilities, and that he had not

only paid much attention to the subject, but had acquired a thorough knowledge of it.

London, July 1st, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

Warned by the repeated failures of every recent attempt to amend the fishery laws of Scotland, I have been exceedingly anxious to avoid what I conceive to have been their error and source of weakness—their having attempted too much.

There are many faults in the present law of fisheries in Scotland which require amendment, and I have had numerous suggestions; but I am anxious to limit this bill to what I conceive to be clearly and admittedly a good by all parties almost—to wit, that the fishing of salmon should cease at least one fortnight earlier than under the present law.

The period of spearing is a much more difficult matter. You know of course the attempt which was made to map out Scotland with zones, and make a separate law for each. But I believe that no such disunion can ever be effected, inasmuch as the different seasons of different rivers are determinal under laws which we do not know, and which has no connection with mere geographical position. I do see in the evidence taken before the committee of both houses, that a few rivers are represented as having a full supply of clean fish long before the present period of spearing. I believe, however, that there are few such; and I am much surprised and much interested in the statement you made as regards the extraordinary early period at which clean fish run up the Thurso. I think your suggestion in regard to rivers belonging to one sole proprietor most deserving of consideration. The great difficulty arises from the obvious consideration that if these few rivers are open when others were closed, every poached salmon could be represented as belonging to the former, and if sold be exceedingly difficult to prevent wholesale poaching. But I do think that when other points of the present law come to be revised, your suggestion will be very carefully weighed. The cross benches always receive the fire of both sides, and, as you say, we have both received not a few broadsides.

It seems to me very long since I have had the pleasure of

seeing you, but I cannot help hoping that even if you but move farther off from the Thurso, we may meet you some day near to Braca, where I shall much like both to talk and to throw over some salmon with you.

I am, my dear Sir George,

Yours, most sincerely,

ARGYLL.

Hitherto I have given letters addressed to Sir George Sinclair from the highest in rank among those who are called “the Lords Temporal.” Before I come to give letters from other grades of the Temporal Peers, it is fitting I should give at least one letter to Sir George from a peer of the highest rank among the “Lords Spiritual.” As none of our modern archbishops have had a reputation for literary ability and accomplishments at all approaching that of the late Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, it is due to that eminent prelate that I should give one of his letters to Sir George. The date of the Archbishop’s letter is, “17, Hereford Street, Park Lane, April 17, 1849.” It is short, but it refers to one point which will be found interesting to authors of publications which are brought out in the pamphlet form. The letter is as follows:—

DEAR SIR,

It is rarely that a pamphlet sells enough to pay expenses. I have published Charges, and many others, which usually sell enough to defray great part of the cost; and then I give away often, to those to whom it would be an object, many more copies.

In reference to one passage in your eighth Letter, I would remark, that the Report of the Irish Poor Inquiry Commission (which I presume you are acquainted with) was far from being what the Ministry who appointed it would have dictated or approved.

Whether they would have appointed the Commissioners they did, had they foreseen how *restive* we should prove, I cannot say.

Then, as to well-paid Commissioners, we, and also the English Commissioners in the same matter, were paid nothing,—though a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, with an audacity rare, even in that journal, spoke of the latter as a job! So that a Commission might be recommended exempt from these two objections.

Believe me to be,

Very faithfully yours,

R. DUBLIN.

In relation to the fact that pamphlets rarely pay the cost of printing and paper, the late Archbishop of Dublin might have gone much further. He might have quoted the *Edinburgh Review* to show that it is an ascertained fact, that not one pamphlet in five hundred pays the expenses of publication.

Sir George Sinclair had on his list of friends and correspondents the name of the late Marquis of Normanby, who, between forty and fifty years ago, enjoyed no inconsiderable reputation as an author of works of fiction, when Lord Mulgrave. The most popular and successful of these was, “Yes and No.”

Sir George Sinclair, as will hereafter be made to appear more fully, regarded with an intensity of dislike I have never known to be surpassed, the conduct of Louis Napoleon ever since the *coup d'état* of 1852. He looked upon that deed, all things considered, as the most enormous crime which has been committed in our day; and that feeling being, without any diminution of its strength, ever present to his mind, he never ceased, whether in conversation or written correspondence, to express it in the most emphatic language he could employ. He regarded it as a sacred and imperative

duty so to speak and so to write. It was with him a matter of conscience to hold up the author of the *coup d'état* and the *régime* which followed, to the execration not of this country only, but to that of the whole world. These explanatory observations are necessary to an understanding of the two letters of the Marquis of Normanby which I am about to give. It will be seen from the first letter that Sir George had written to the Marquis, complaining, at the time he wrote, of the subserviency, in the majority of cases, of the London press to the Imperialism of France, and the want of fidelity to constitutional principles and moral courage—so far as Napoleon was concerned—of the remainder of the metropolitan journals. There was only one among all the London daily journals which was systematic and uncompromising in its hostility to the despotism of Louis Napoleon, and only two among the weekly papers that were opposed to Imperialism. And these two weekly journals were not hearty in their work. They but feebly and fitfully opposed the Napoleonic *régime*. Sir George Sinclair deeply deplored this. He looked upon it as discreditable to England, where the most perfect freedom of the press was enjoyed. And he felt this all the more sensibly, inasmuch as the press of France was deprived of the right of saying a single word, however mild, which Imperialism decided to be—no matter how forced the construction—adverse to the Government. In this state of things, Sir George, who had by this time written much in opposition to the French Empire in tracts and pamphlets, and in the only London daily journal whose columns were open to him—proposed to establish a weekly journal of small dimensions, at the low price of one halfpenny,

for the sole purpose of keeping up by argument, invective, and wit, an incessant fire on Napoleonism.

Sir George repeatedly consulted me on this matter, but I pointed out to him that such a publication could not succeed, but must inevitably entail a serious pecuniary loss ; for that no journal devoted to the discussion of only one subject had ever yet been known to prove a success. The idea then occurred to Sir George, that some arrangement might be made with the *Morning Chronicle*, to purchase a certain amount of space, on certain days, in that journal for the promulgation and advocacy of his anti-Napoleonic sentiments. This, I ought to remark, was after the *Morning Chronicle* had ceased to be the paid organ of Imperialism, and was ready to devote its space for the advocacy of any principles, provided it was satisfied with the price which could be obtained for its services. It is to this matter that the Marquis of Normanby alludes in the subjoined letter.

Hamilton Lodge, March 28th, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I have been so much occupied these last few days as not to have had a moment to answer your last note. The whole question of the present condition of the press is most important ; but it is surrounded by so many difficulties of persons and of parties as to be at the same time very discouraging.

The initiative ought to be taken by some one of more active social habits than my morbid life of the last few years has enabled me to maintain. I do not think, however, that it would do to connect any new speculation with such an effete print as the *Morning Chronicle*, which has now for so many years been dying by inches. It is rather a quaint confirmation of what we have both said. Our foreign friend tells us in this morning's letter that Garibaldi forgot to give the King's health at Milan.

I am sure you would have been very sorry to hear of the sudden death of poor Lady Dillon. I was at her house—I will not say how many years ago.

Yours very truly,
NORMANBY.

Some of the readers of this volume may feel surprised that persons in the high social rank which the Marquis of Normanby occupied, should be so intimately acquainted with the position of the press as he was at this time in relation to the *Morning Chronicle*; but the fact is, that the press exercises so great a moral power on all classes of society, that the highest, not less than the lowest, take a lively interest in the fortunes of those newspapers which are best known. Lord Normanby's opinion as to the then moribund state of the *Morning Chronicle* was soon afterwards proved to be correct by the death of that journal.

The next letter of the Marquis of Normanby to Sir George Sinclair was written after reading a pamphlet by the latter respecting Imperialism, which was sent with that view by Sir George. What the opinion entertained by Lord Normanby of the French Emperor was, may be inferred from the expression,—“The Anti-Imperial Dutchman,”—which occurs in the first sentence. More is there meant than meets the eye. I leave its meaning to be divined, where it is not already so, by the reader, and proceed to give the letter, which is as follows:—

Hamilton Lodge, May 19, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I enclose you, with many thanks, the pamphlet on the Anti-Imperial Dutchman, which is very clever and observant.

You know, I thoroughly agree with you that the recognition of the *régime* established by Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* was

the turning point which led to all the mischief which has since happened. You are quite right, too, in attributing the permanence of the evil to the conduct of the British nation itself, whose subserviency was infatuated indeed ; but if I am to make a criticism, I should say that it did not follow in the wake of the Court(?) and the Cabinet, because the Crown hardly can now-a-days interfere so directly as upon the question of the dismissal of Palmerston for his approval of the *coup d'état*. That the virtuous indignation of the Sovereign led to so much subsequent humiliation was chiefly the fault of the English people, who, in their ready admiration of successful usurpation, did not support the Queen as she deserved.

Yours very truly,
NORMANBY.

To this letter of the Marquis of Normanby, Sir George returned the following reply :—

Norwood, Surrey, 1862.

MY DEAR LORD NORMANBY,

I was, as usual, much gratified by the perusal of your obliging letter. I am, however, unable to agree with you in acquitting the Court of having unwisely and culpably acquiesced in the *attentat* of the Second of December. The disgrace of Lord Palmerston was not owing to his having signified his approval of that crime, but to his having done so without waiting for instructions ; and I believe he would have been as much found fault with if he had, prematurely and of his own accord, *denounced*, instead of sanctioning, the deed ! The people of England cannot, I think, be held responsible for the invitation to Windsor, the bestowal of the Garter, the visit to Paris, and the pilgrimage to the tomb of the Duc D'Enghien's murderer. These steps would have been shrunk from with abhorrence by George the Fourth, and even by King William. I am not attempting to palliate the guilt and folly of the English nation, but merely to show that the head, as well as the members, are equally implicated in the disgrace.

I am, my dear Lord Normanby,
Yours very sincerely,
GEORGE SINCLAIR.

The late Lord Derby was another, among the Peers, of Sir George Sinclair's intimate friends and frequent correspondents. A previous chapter shows the cordial terms on which they were with each other, while both were members of the House of Commons,—the former as Lord Stanley, and the latter, first as Mr. Sinclair, and afterwards as Sir George Sinclair. In the extracts which I shall give from the letters of Lord Derby to Sir George, I shall confine myself to some of those which were written between the years 1860 and 1863. But before transferring any of them to these pages, it may be well to mention, that universally as Lord Derby is known, not only as a statesman but as an accomplished classical scholar, and as a man of general literary attainments of a high order, it is not generally known that he excelled in certain other things. Comparatively few, for instance, are aware that he had an intimate acquaintance with theology. Still fewer have any idea that he not only was a theologian, but that in early life he wrote religious books. He published one on the Parables of Christ when he was simply Mr. Stanley, and only about twenty-five years of age. It was, like his own religious views at that time, pervaded by a thoroughly evangelical spirit,—a fact which might, indeed, have been inferred from the mere circumstance of its having been published, at that time, by Nisbet & Co., from which house nearly all the leading evangelical works then emanated. As far as I remember, the volume consisted of about three hundred pages, and was published at three shillings and sixpence. It met with a very considerable sale, and was spoken of in very commendatory terms. It is now published at a cheaper rate by the Society for the Promotion of Chris-

tian Knowledge,—Lord Derby having in the *interim* considerably modified his views in the direction of what is called High Churchism.

But it was not only as an author of evangelical works that Lord Derby, when Mr. Stanley, was known in early life as a religious man. He also took a prominent part in the promotion of evangelical views, by joining the Committee of the Hibernian School Society, and making evangelical speeches at public meetings in Freemasons' Hall,—Exeter Hall not being built at the time. Nor was this all. A friend of mine lately told me that a Scotch friend of his, an eminent Doctor of Divinity, was on one occasion on a visit at Knowsley Park, and that Lord Derby read and expounded, at each morning's family worship, a portion of Scripture. This eminent Scotch Divine added, that he never in the whole course of his life listened to more sound or more luminous expositions of the Bible, although he had heard, either in the pulpit or the parlour, expositions of the Holy Oracles by many of the most distinguished divines of the day.

The following letter from Lord Derby to Sir George Sinclair refers in brief but emphatic terms to the treacherous conduct of Louis Napoleon, in relation to the annexation of Savoy, and the discredit which attached, and ever will attach, to the name of Victor Emmanuel, then King of Sardinia, and now King of Italy, for becoming a consenting party to that nefarious transaction. The letter is dated

St. James's Square, March 17th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I have this morning received the *Northern Ensign*, with your “verbosa et grandis Epistola,” which has much amused

me, although the subject is of rather too serious a character for amusement. I have also to thank you for your former communications in the John o' Groat's Papers. Events are very critical at this moment, even more so than when you wrote: for the last forty-eight hours have completely stripped off the mask from both Emperor and King, and have shown themselves and their motives in the clearest, if not the cleanest point of view. What Europe will do remains to be seen; but I fear the various Powers are too much at variance with each other to hope that they will take the one safe course, and unite against the general disturbers of the peace of Europe.

I am glad to find that though you have buried yourself alive, you have not ceased to take an interest in public affairs, and I assure you that it gave me great pleasure again to see your handwriting.

Yours sincerely,

DERBY.

The next letter from Lord Derby was written a few weeks after the preceding one. Sir George Sinclair was at that time writing to the *Northern Ensign*, one of the Caithness journals, letters of considerable length and in stronger terms in his condemnation of Louis Napoleon's conduct than was his wont to employ in relation to any other person or subject. Nothing, it will be seen, could have been much worse than Lord Derby's opinion of Louis Napoleon. Lord Russell, when Lord John Russell, and Foreign Secretary to Lord Palmerston's Administration, expressed in my hearing, in the House of Commons, an opinion of our "powerful neighbour," hardly less unfavourable. And Lord Palmerston himself, while Prime Minister, expressed on one occasion, in private to myself, in terms as strong as those employed either by Lord Derby or Lord John Russell, his reprobation of the conduct of Louis Napoleon in relation to more than one of his principal acts. But Lord

Palmerston, like Lord Derby, felt that our policy was to avoid an open rupture with him, provided it could be done without national dishonour. The letter of Lord Derby is dated “St. James’s Square, April 21, 1860:”—

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I have this morning received and read the last of your series of letters in the *Northern Ensign*, and I fear you have taken only too just a view of the character and conduct of our powerful neighbour. I cannot, however, subscribe to your conclusion, that we should precipitate a rupture, which I agree with you in considering only a matter of time, as no course, even were we better prepared for it than we are, could tend so much to strengthen and consolidate his power, as war with this country. Nor shall we, I am afraid, gain much in favourable opinion and disposition towards us, by a change of dynasty which should replace the Orleans branch upon the throne of France. The princes of that house are more hostile to this country than Louis Napoleon. And they openly, as I am told, express their approval of, and sympathy with, this last and grossest abuse of power,—the annexation of Savoy. But I am of opinion that all confidence in the sincerity of the Emperor is for ever destroyed; and that we must look henceforth to the necessity of being thoroughly prepared for a rupture with him whenever the exigencies of his position make it his policy to come to an open quarrel.

Meantime I regret to say that the spirit which now reigns over our counsels is very unfavourable to our being in the necessary state of preparedness, and the ascendancy of Bright and Cobden’s influence threatens to overpower all sense of national honour, and even of national danger. This year’s budget, and the Reform Bill with which we are menaced, should it pass in its present form, appear to me to point to a future full of apprehensions of the gravest character.

I return, with thanks, the two notes from Berryer, enclosed in yours of the 13th, and am,

Dear Sir George,

Yours sincerely,

DERBY.

This letter is, in many respects, one of European importance, and will not fail to attract the attention of more than one of those great parties to whom allusion is made in it.

Another letter from Lord Derby refers in terms sufficiently emphatic to leave no room to doubt how great the distrust was which he felt with regard to "our powerful neighbour." Its date is "St. James's Square, August 15, 1860:"—

DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I return, with thanks, your German correspondent's two letters and the newspaper article enclosed in your letter of the 11th. The general distrust which the Emperor of the French has excited, and which he will find it very difficult to allay, has at least produced one good effect in occasioning a greater *rapprochement* between the German States, and especially between Austria and Prussia, than could have been produced by any less powerful motive. The manifestation of public opinion in Belgium was very striking, and will not have been without its influence on the Emperor's mind and conduct. Even our own Government are beginning to find that they have been duped, and that it is absolutely necessary to be on their guard against the machinations of their ally. The Syrian business is an unfortunate addition to the previous complications, and may be more so if there is, as I fear there is, a secret understanding between France and Russia. The latter power, however, is so exhausted, and has so much on her hands at home, that she must confine herself to intrigue, in which, to do her justice, she has no equal—not even in France.

I leave town to-morrow, this long and wasted session being virtually at an end, though there is still much of routine work to be done. If the Conservative party have not been able to do all they could have wished, they have prevented much mischief, and by the position they have taken up have aided the less Radical portion of the Cabinet in resisting their more democratic colleagues. It is melancholy to see a man of

Gladstone's abilities carried away by such wild theories, and subject to such influences as he has allowed to govern him of late.

Believe me

Yours sincerely,

DERBY.

The next of Lord Derby's letters to Sir George, which I transfer to these pages, I give as showing the friendly feeling which existed between the two, and the nature of the attacks of illness to which Lord Derby was so often subject :—

Knowsley, April 18th, 1862.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I was unable at the time to thank you for your kind note of enquiry of the 14th, being still laid up by my attack of gout, following on influenza and quinsey, by which I have been greatly weakened, and for the time crippled. I hope, however, that change of air, for which I have been sent down here as soon as I was able to move, will set me up again in my ten days' holiday. My hand is still very weak, and this is my first attempt at writing a note, so you will excuse its brevity. I am amused by an invitation from Mr. Foster, the American Spiritualist, to dinner. I do not even know him by sight, and never had the slightest communication with him. So much for intelligence on "good authority." Your friend, Mr. Gruneisen, is a good man, and a good Conservative (though he would consider the term too mild), but he does not write a good hand.

Yours sincerely,

DERBY.

We see in this letter an illustration of that courtesy which Lord Derby practised throughout his whole life, whether in its public or private relations. A mere kind inquiry from Sir George Sinclair as to the state of his health,—it having been mentioned in the public journals that he had been ill,—called forth the above letter of thanks.

The Mr. Foster, to whom a reference is made in the middle of Lord Derby's letter, was an American who came over to this country, ten or twelve years ago, with letters of introduction to the chief Spiritualists on our side of the Atlantic. He was represented as being the most wonder-working "Medium" in the world. For a time he drew considerable numbers to witness phenomena and receive communications from those who had gone to the "spirit world," for which gratification he charged a guinea a head, just as a physician does for giving his advice to a patient.

It would be inferred from Lord Derby's letter, that Mr. Foster had invited his Lordship to dinner; but that was not strictly the fact. The circumstances were these. Mr. Foster had been asked by a gentleman who was desirous of testing the truth of Spiritualism to go to his house to have a *séance* on a particular day. The American medium declined, on the ground that he was engaged to go to Lord Derby's house on that day. On learning this, Sir George Sinclair wrote to Lord Derby, congratulating him on being sufficiently recovered from a recent severe illness to receive Mr. Foster. Lord Derby misunderstood the American Spiritualist. Instead of his saying that he had invited Lord Derby to dinner, he said that he had been invited by Lord Derby to his house. This last statement was wholly untrue; Lord Derby knew nothing whatever of the American medium. It is fortunate he did not; for if he had been present at one of his *séances*, it would have proved a perfect California of wealth to the Yankee Spiritualist. He would have put announcements in all the papers next day that Lord Derby had become a "believer."

I may here be permitted to mention, by way of parenthesis, in the interests of truth, that others of our great men have been set down by Spiritualists as having become converts to their views, and statements to that effect have appeared in the public papers, merely because they had attended one or more *séances*, solely for the purpose of investigation. Both the late Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster were victims to this expedient on the part of the Spiritualists. This fact accords with my own private knowledge. Some ten or twelve years ago I was invited to meet Lord Brougham, Sir David Brewster, and other eminent men, at Ealing, at one of the *séances* of Mr. Home, who was then living there under the hospitable roof of a friend. The funeral of a relation which I had to attend on the same day, prevented my being present on that occasion. But because Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster were present at this *séance*, at which Mr. Home was the hero of the evening, these eminent individuals were proclaimed by such of the public journals as the Spiritualists had access to, as having been converted to Spiritualism. Now, there never was an assertion more at variance with the facts. With Lord Brougham I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted; and in private conversation, as well as in letters, he assured me that so far from having any faith in Spiritualism, he wholly disbelieved in it, in the sense in which it was understood by those who called themselves Spiritualists. He admitted that there were certain phenomena which he could not understand, such as the rising of tables from the ground and then oscillating in the air—phenomena which I myself admit, because I have seen it—but he laughed to scorn

the idea that these phenomena were produced by spirits. He said to me in our private conversations on the subject that the phenomena which were witnessed were the result of some form or other of electricity with which we were yet unacquainted,—just as magnetism or mesmerism produced effects which were to us, in our present imperfect state of knowledge, incomprehensible.

Nor did Lord Brougham confine his views on these points to his conversations with me, or to his correspondence by letters. He confided to my care elaborate articles for publication to the same effect; and to these I took care to give all the publicity which a morning journal of extensive circulation could insure them.

With regard to Sir David Brewster, I can speak with equal certainty. He not only indignantly repudiated the idea that he had any faith whatever in Spiritualism, in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but he went further in his repudiation of that creed than even Lord Brougham did. In asking me to give publicity to his communications pronouncing Spiritualism to be an enormous delusion, he not only did not wish his name to be withheld from those communications, but, on the contrary, he put his name to each of them; and any one who may be curious to see these communications will find them, or rather, I should say, the more interesting portions of them, in Mr. Home's work, published some years ago under the title of "*Incidents of My Life*,"—to which work they were transferred from the morning journal in which I first gave them publicity.

I will, I am sure, be pardoned if I allude for a moment to one more instance showing that Spiritualists are in the habit of claiming eminent men, without the slightest

ground for so doing, as having become converts to their creed. They have boldly and unblushingly affirmed that the late Lord Lyndhurst became, towards the close of his eventful and prolonged life, a firm believer in Spiritualism. I have never been able to understand on what definite fact, or conjunction of facts, they rested this assertion. They do not pretend that Lord Lyndhurst became a disciple of Spiritualism many years before his death. Well, then, I have personal evidence of facts regarding the latter part of his life, which I hold to be demonstrably incompatible with the theory of his having then become a Spiritualist. Some time before he died—I will not specifically bind myself to dates—Lord Lyndhurst became a thoroughly converted man, in the strictest and most comprehensive sense in which that phrase is understood. I speak on the authority of the gentleman,—a man of the highest Christian character, as well as of the highest social position,—who was in constant attendance, as a spiritual counsellor, on Lord Lyndhurst during the last ten months of his life,—when I say that never did any man have clearer views of the great distinctive doctrines of the Gospel, or a firmer or simpler faith in the finished work of Christ, as the only ground of hope for a happy eternity, than he had. And in that faith he died, as he had latterly lived, his last words being, “I die supremely happy.” Now, I hold that it were a moral impossibility for any one to be the earnest, simple-minded, thorough Christian, in the evangelical acceptation of the word, which Lord Lyndhurst most certainly was, to have been at the same time a Spiritualist, in the sense in which such men as our leading Spiritualists are; for they are unbelievers in the chief doctrines of the Gospel,

and do not attend places of Christian worship. I state these facts partly to show the groundlessness on which Spiritualists claim men to be among their number who not only never had the slightest sympathy with their sentiments, but were thoroughly opposed to them ; and partly with the view of pointing out that had Lord Derby invited the American Spiritualist to his house, as alluded to in his letter to Sir George Sinclair, or even attended one of his *séances*, he would have been set down as a Spiritualist of the first magnitude.

The next letter from Lord Derby was written in acknowledgment of a small *brochure*, containing, in continuation of one that had been previously sent, an onslaught on Louis Napoleon. Sir George, as I have before stated, was a great supporter of the Legitimist cause in France, notwithstanding the prevailing Liberal tone of his political sentiments. In accordance with his Legitimist views, he invariably and strenuously advocated the restoration to the French throne, of the elder branch of the Bourbon family. This remark will explain an allusion in this letter of Lord Derby to Sir George :—

Knowsley, Oct. 1st, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I have to thank you for your Second Philippic, which certainly contains some (for some persons) very unpleasant truths. I have not much to say for the morality of either of the Revolutions, and certainly the present *régime* is not that which is most favourable to the tranquillity of the world at large ; but I may be permitted to doubt whether, as far as the interests of this country are concerned, we should find a more friendly feeling in consequence of the restoration of the elder branch. That, however, is a matter on which it is useless to speculate ; for I believe that party, of all in France, is the one whose ultimate success is the most improbable.

I am sorry to see that your printer has done you scant justice, the misprints, especially in the quotations, are unpardonably numerous.

In return for your Philippic, I will ask your acceptance of a small volume which I had privately printed in the summer—translations from various poems, which I hope may afford you an hour's amusement, and serve as a memorial of a now very old friend. I send it by book post.

I am very sorry to hear you have been so severe a sufferer, but hope, from what you say, that your recovery, if slow, is now at least sure.

Yours sincerely,

DERBY.

Another letter of Lord Derby which I shall quote is dated "Knowsley, December 12, 1862." Sir George occasionally, as the Christmas season approached, made his lordship a present of geese and whisky, and this letter in the first part of it makes a humorous acknowledgment of a present of that nature which had just been received. In relation to the whisky often spoken of in Scotland, as Lord Derby does in his letter, as "mountain dew," and which was so highly appreciated by all who were privileged to partake of it, I may remind my readers of an incident which occurred only two years ago. A vendor of whisky who, as the event proved, was a little too clever, hearing of Lord Derby's extreme illness at that time from a severe attack of the gout, sent him a small quantity of whisky, assuring his lordship that if he would only take at intervals the quantity so sent, it would not only infallibly cure him of the gout, but re-invigorate his whole constitution, and make him quite a new man. The empiric felt that if he could only get a single word from Lord Derby in praise of his whisky, it would be the making of a moderate fortune, because of

the way in which he could turn it to account. Lord Derby, however, took no notice of either the whisky sent or the person sending it. In a week or ten days after this the gratifying announcement was made in all the public journals that the severe attack of the gout from which Lord Derby had suffered so much had subsided, and that he might, indeed, be said to be convalescent. On this the London whisky dealer wrote again to Lord Derby, expressing his great pleasure at his recovery, assuming it was the result of his whisky, and asking his lordship to be good enough to say what he thought of the whisky. Annoyed by the importunities of the empiric, and seeing that his object was to get his lordship's testimony to the superiority of his whisky, he wrote this laconic note to him :—"I beg to inform you that I prefer the gout to your whisky." Had Lord Derby, in the plentitude of an unsuspicious nature, said a single word in praise of the whisky, there can be no doubt that the public journals would have forthwith teemed with certificates from Lord Derby to the matchless merits of this person's "mountain dew,"—just as the mythical Earl of Oldtown is made to testify by advertisements in every part of the globe where the English language is read, to the marvellous efficacy of a notable ointment, as shown in its having restored his shrunk-up leg to its original size, appearance, and functions. But with regard to the whisky which Sir George sent as a present to Lord Derby, and the quality of which the latter extols so highly, it is due to its manufacturer to state that it was the product of Mr. Swanson, of the Garston Distillery, Caithness.

There is a reference in this letter of Lord Derby,

as there was in one before, to the badness of Mr. Gruineson's handwriting. Mr. Gruineson, one of Sir George's intimate friends, is well known in the literary and operatic world. As a musical critic he has perhaps no superior. More than thirty years' intimate acquaintance with Mr. Gruineson's handwriting enables me to confirm the justice of Lord Derby's remark with regard to its badness, but my own is so like it in that respect, that I am not in a position to condemn the penmanship of any one. Lord Derby, however, had a perfect right to do so, for even up till the time of the illness which terminated in his death, he wrote a singularly neat, —indeed, beautiful hand, without erasures or interlineations. I subjoin the letter to Sir George Sinclair, to which these observations apply :—

Knowsley, Dec. 12th, 1862.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I delayed thanking you, in Lady Derby's name, for the geese and mountain dew, till I could tell you that they have been subjected to the criticism of the Duke of Cambridge and a party who have been sporting here; and I am happy to be able to announce that the verdict was triumphantly in their favour. The "dew" especially was thought so highly of, that I should take it as a favour if you can and will purchase for me a case of the same quality, say about two dozen bottles, and I will pay you like an honest man.

Your friend Mr. Gruineson is an excellent man, but he writes an execrable hand. I have, however, deciphered his amusing letter, which, as you do not want it back, I will destroy. I think he exaggerates the state of things in France, though I have no doubt that the Mazzinian party are actively at work, and that plots are rife, which try the vigilance of the police and the nerves of the Emperor. He seems, however to have got very successfully through the opening of the new

Boulevard, and to have taken the opportunity of very artfully flattering the masses.

Thanks for what you are doing for the Lancashire distress.

Yours sincerely,

DERBY.

I will give only one more of Lord Derby's numerous letters to Sir George. It chiefly relates to the bereavement which Sir George sustained in 1863 in the death of Lady Camilla Sinclair. Nothing could be more delicate or touching than the way in which Lord Derby alludes to that dispensation of Providence. The letter is dated—

St. James's Square, April 12th, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I had seen in the papers the account of your heavy domestic affliction, but had not liked to obtrude upon you at so early a period with any expression of my feelings for you ; but the receipt from you, at Tunbridge Wells, of the lines written a few years ago, and now reprinted, afford me an excuse for saying how sincerely I sympathize in your sorrow, though I had not the honour of a personal acquaintance with her whom you have lost. I have always thought that to the survivor of those who have enjoyed a long life of married happiness, the best consolation, next to the conviction of the assured happiness of the departed, must be the knowledge that in the course of nature the separation cannot be for a very lengthened period.

Whatever other or better comfort you are capable of receiving under such a bereavement, may He give you, who only can !

Ever yours sincerely,

DERBY.

Nothing could surpass this in fine feeling, and I can well conceive how highly it must have been appreciated by Sir George's sensitive heart. The lines to which Lord Derby alludes in relation to Lady Camilla, eight years before her death, are as follows :—

LADY CAMILLA SINCLAIR.

A graceful tree adorn'd the shelter'd glade,
In Nature's choicest livery richly clad,
Whole years I bask'd beneath its kindly shade,
In moods and moments both serene and sad.

Winter's chill blast has marr'd its bending form,
Its precious fruits are few and far between ;
Fresh boughs are shiver'd by each piercing storm,
Its leaves are yellow,—once so brightly green. .

The tott'ring trunk is dearer to my heart
Than youthful stems which deck the sloping hill ;
Their vernal beauties no such charm impart,
As in my soul's fond record linger still.

Thurso Castle, Dec. 5th, 1855.

Of the character of the lady of whom these lines, beautiful alike for their poetry and feeling, were written, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

In closing the references which I have thus made to the letters which Lord Derby wrote to Sir George Sinclair, I cannot refrain from giving the remarkable words, —announcing the close of his public career, one of the most brilliant on record—which he uttered in his speech on the Irish Church question towards the end of last session, and which were sadly prophetic of his early death : —“ My Lords,” said the venerable Peer, hardly able to support himself while he spoke, “ My Lords, I am an old man, and, like many of your Lordships, have passed the allotted three-score years and ten. My official life is over. My political life is well nigh closed, and my natural life cannot long continue. My Lords, my natural life commenced with the suppression of a formidable rebellion in Ireland, preceding the Union of the two countries. May God grant that at the close of that life I may not witness a renewal of the one and a dissolution of the other. I

cannot pretend to read the future, but whatever may be the issue of this great controversy, whatever the result of your Lordships' determination with regard to this measure, I shall, for my own part, even if it be the last time I have the honour of addressing your Lordships, feel satisfaction to my dying day, that I have been able to lift up my voice against the adoption of a measure the political folly of which is only equalled by its moral delinquency."

There was not one that heard Lord Derby express himself in this most touching language, that was not more or less deeply affected. The words were spoken on the 18th of June: he ceased to exist in this lower sphere on the 23rd of October, amidst the deep regret of all classes of the community.

There are many letters from members of the House of Lords to Sir George Sinclair, which would well deserve a place in this volume could the requisite space be spared, but I am obliged, for want of such space, to be contented with a few. There is one from the late Lord Ashburton, which happens to possess an exceptional interest at the present time, because it chiefly refers to the question of our monetary system, which, if certain indications are to be relied on, is about to be again brought before the public and parliament. Lord Ashburton was a strenuous advocate for a metallic currency, while the Mr. Attwood to whom he refers as the correspondent of Sir George, was the head of the then Birmingham Monetary School, whose great principle, as lately mentioned, was a paper currency, going down in value so low as one-pound notes. The letter, it will be seen, was written just a quarter of a century ago.

Piccadilly, 21st May, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

It gave me great satisfaction to find your kind note on returning to town from an absence of a few days in Hampshire, and to have signs of life, though from the mountains of the north, of one who formerly contributed so much by his wisdom and good sense to keep our reasoning powers right. I was sorry to learn that cares and suffering had determined your retreat from the active world. Permit me, as the suggestion of age and experience, to say that in this you are wrong: our best chance of comfort and happiness is to fight against cares, and by a life of usefulness to be benefiting, and to think we are benefiting, the world we are living in.

I continue to work in this place though burdened with many more years than you, and I have become pamphleteer to endeavour to keep us out of the monetary difficulties in which we are once more involved. I conclude from the date of your note that you cannot have seen my attempt, and I therefore send you a copy. Your correspondent, Mr. Attwood, is evidently an able man and an original thinker, and I should be very happy to make his acquaintance if, when in town, he would do me the favour to call. The name is that of what my friends the Americans call a very talented family, but you will see that I am far from agreeing with them in their paper theories, which, however, they defend with great ability. My object in publishing was to combat the Charter Act of 1844, and I believe the opinion of the country is coming round to me in this point. You are, I think, unnecessarily alarmed about the Emperor Nicolas. I have no fear of him whatever, either in his character of autocrat or stock-jobber.

I am, my dear Sir George,

Yours, most truly,

ASHBURTON.

With Lord Lyndhurst Sir George Sinclair was, at one time, on terms of intimacy, and a mutual friendship was kept up till near the close of the life of the former. I do not find that Sir George had preserved many of Lord Lyndhurst's letters to him; but there are two that were

evidently written when he was drawing towards the close of life. They are both very brief, and do not possess any other interest than that which arises from the fact that they were written a short time before the end of his career. But though there are no dates to either so far as regards the years in which they were written, both have the dates of the month. The one which was evidently the first written is dated "George Street, March 13,"—George Street, Hanover Square, being Lord Lyndhurst's residence. It is as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I have read your letters with great interest. They fall in with my views as to "our great ally." The effect of that alliance is to separate us from the West of Europe, and to subject us to constant mortification, in finding counsels neglected and our policy thwarted. When the settlement of Italy is completed, what is to come next? His motto is, "one thing at a time, but all in succession." I am still alive, but not much more, and greatly flattered to be kindly remembered by you.

Ever faithfully yours,

LYNDHURST.

It will be seen from this letter, not only that the mind of Lord Lyndhurst was as clear and vigorous as ever, notwithstanding that he had by this time considerably passed the octogenarian period of life, but that his views in relation to the impolicy of our alliance with Louis Napoleon, and consequent loss of prestige among the nations of the world, coincided with those of Sir George Sinclair,—a circumstance which must have been exceedingly gratifying to the latter.

Lord Lyndhurst refers in the above mentioned letter to the illness under which he was then labouring, as he had been for some time before; but it is only from

the next letter, dated “George Street, May 6,” that we learn how serious his illness had become. Constitutionally he was a man remarkable for his flow of spirits, which never left him in his old age until attacked by the illness which ended in his death. We can therefore safely infer how exceedingly ill he must have been when he writes to Sir George that he was “unable to attend to anything either amusing or instructive.” This is manifestly the language of one who was so exhausted with sickness as to be scarcely able to hold a pen.

I am inclined, indeed, to think, from some circumstances connected with Lord Lyndhurst’s last illness which came to my knowledge at the time, that the short letter to Sir George Sinclair was among the last he wrote to any one outside the circle of his special friends. The following is the letter, which is written in as fine a hand as if the writer had only been in his thirtieth instead of his ninetieth year :—

George Street, May 6.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I have been confined by severe indisposition for the last four months, and am still a sufferer, and unable to attend to anything either amusing or instructive. Thanks for your note and its accompaniment.

Very faithfully yours,
LYNDHURST.

In connection with the illness which preceded the death of Lord Lyndhurst, I am able to state, on the authority of a gentleman, than whom, as I have mentioned in a previous page, no one stands higher in the religious world, and who visited him twice a week, for two or three hours each time, for a period of ten months prior to his death,—that so profoundly had his mind become

impressed with the paramount importance of the things of eternity, that he showed no inclination to converse on other topics. The gentleman to whom I allude—one in the same high social position as himself—told me that, again and again he had seen numbers of noblemen and other distinguished persons waiting in an ante-room to see the venerable invalid, but that under no circumstances was any person, no matter how high might be his rank, admitted while he was engaged with the noble sufferer in spiritual conversation. And when others were admitted, Lord Lyndhurst made a point of directing their attention to the great verities of the Gospel. Again and again did he endeavour to get Lord Brougham, who visited him often, to engage in conversation on divine things, but never with success. Lord Brougham on all such occasions evaded every effort made by Lord Lyndhurst to enlighten or advise him in relation to the one thing needful,—that one thing without which there can be no happiness hereafter, but where there will inevitably be the reverse. Lord Lyndhurst thus continued to speak religiously to those who came to see him, until enfeebled nature was no longer capable of the effort. He died, as already mentioned, in the ninetieth year of his age.

Were I to give a place in these pages to *all* the letters from Peers of the Realm which I have found among the papers of Sir George Sinclair, their insertion would occupy an undue amount of my remaining space. I will therefore confine my publication of this class of letters to one more; and that one letter proceeded from the pen of one, in some respects the most remarkable man of his age. Having said this, it will, I doubt not, be at once inferred

that I allude to the late Lord Brougham. His character is so well known that no preliminary observations are needed in introducing a letter from him. The letter chiefly relates to the question of Poor Laws for Scotland,—a question at that time, 1847, exciting much attention on the other side of the Tweed. Lord Brougham alludes to a letter from the late Dr. Chalmers, which Sir George forwarded along with one from himself,—in which the Doctor had been contending for the right of the ministers and members of the National Church of Scotland to be exempted from the jurisdiction of the Civil Courts in matters purely spiritual. Lord Brougham, who had no Scriptural views with regard to the constitution of a Church professing to be Christian, could not at all understand how a man of Dr. Chalmers' great mind could have the slightest scruples about submitting to the interference of the Courts of Law in ecclesiastical matters, just as readily as in civil affairs. This statement is necessary to explain Lord Brougham's surprise at the part of Dr. Chalmers' letter to Sir George Sinclair, which refers to the subject in question.

Grafton Street, July 22, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I am much obliged to you for your over kind though melancholy letter, and the very curious one of my old and valued friend Dr. Chalmers. Agreeing heartily with him on the Poor Law question, I marvel at his language about the Free Church, and he seems himself aware of its extravagance.

As for the Poor Law question, I once used to think that in England the maximum plan you allude to would do, but we were driven from that. The evil is that the population and idleness will always go on increasing as long as any provision is made by law for feeding the people, and they will not attend to a maximum of which they cannot feel the justice.

We are in a great puzzle in Parliament—on the Irish Poor Law question, of course ; and how we are to deal with it I know not. The House of Commons is in the hands of an incapable ministry of the mob. If the Lords do not act at once, rising and meeting the state of things boldly, evil days will come.

Yours, truly,

H. BROUGHAM.

It will be observed that instead of signing himself “Brougham and Vaux,” Lord Brougham here signs himself “H. Brougham”—his signature before he was made a Peer of the Realm. This was a very common thing with him, just as it was to address all his more intimate friends by the initials only of their Christian name, as he does in this letter to Sir George. Until within a year of his death, which took place in 1868, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, Lord Brougham was, as I can testify from personal observation, as buoyant and full of playfulness as if only a boy who had just entered his teens.

CHAPTER XV.

Letters from Members of the House of Commons—Letter from Sir James Mackintosh to Lady Camilla Sinclair—Letters to Sir George Sinclair from the late William Wilberforce—The late Sir Robert Peel—Sir Robert Inglis—Sir James Graham—Mr. Disraeli.

IN my previous chapter I have given a few of the letters which Sir George Sinclair had preserved out of the many he had received from friends who were Peers of the Realm. I find a large volume, as I stated before, among his extensive collections of correspondence with public men, consisting exclusively of letters from members of the House of Commons. These are so numerous, and some of them so lengthened, that were they all to be given, they would make a moderately sized volume of themselves. Under the circumstances I must content myself with a few selections.

The first letter I shall present to the public is from the late Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most learned Members of Parliament in his day. This letter, I ought to remark, was not addressed to Sir George himself but to Lady Camilla Sinclair, then Mrs. Sinclair; but that is too trivial a circumstance to prevent its appearing under the above heading. It presents the writer in a very amiable light,—rather more so, indeed, than that in which, in his day, most people regarded him; for he was generally looked upon as

one who was somewhat of a hard, dry member of the political school of philosophy. But this letter is calculated to remove that impression, where it may still exist. It is full of fine feeling, especially in that part of it in which the writer describes his second visit to the grave of the poet Cowper, of whom he speaks in the highest terms. The letter, which will be read with much interest, is dated—

Harrogate, August 21, 1825.

MY DEAR MRS. SINCLAIR,

I am much gratified by any proof of your remembrance, and I flatter myself with the hope that you will not be displeased to hear of the very good effect of the water and its accompaniments on my health. I feel a great change, and it seems to be visible to others. I am sorry that we are at such a distance from your family as to see little of them. I do not visit. Lady Sinclair has been exceedingly kind to my daughter, who, as her mother is not here, needs the patronage of a matron.

I am sorry that I did not exactly know the residence of my shipmate, Sir Dudley, on the 14th of last month, when my daughter and I must have gone near, if not through Emberton, on our way from Ampthill to Olney, where we passed that burning day amidst the memorials of poor Cowper. We were much interested by all that reminded us of the most remarkable union of genius, virtue, and misery that, I believe, ever was known. Five and twenty years ago I visited Olney, with the same purpose, and I then observed that those who had come into contact with the gentle poet were Cowper-ised. One of them I found active, vigorous, and cheerful. He had been Cowper's barber. He remembered my former visit, and gratified me by showing, as well as saying, that he had watched my progress ever since. In bidding farewell your young admiral would not be injured by comparing the life and the poems of Cowper with the scenes of Olney and Weston. It is a natural and sometimes useful feeling that induces us in such cases to ask,

If of the modest mansion aught remains
Where heaven and nature prompted Cowper's strains?

I am glad to hear that the Arctic Ocean strengthens you. Mr. Sinclair has now nothing to fear from the Norse Sea Kings, who, four or five centuries ago, would have thought you "good prize." Are there ~~any~~ or many names of places in Caithness derived from the Cælic? Can your Leicestershire ears distinguish the Caithness Scotch from that of the South? In an old list of Commissioners of Supply for Caithness, I find the name of Groat. I fear he has left no memorial but John o' Groat's House. This twaddling will show you that my sense is attracted by trifles in the place where you are. With kindest regards to Mr. Sinclair, I am, my dear Mrs. Sinclair,

Very truly yours,

JAS. MACKINTOSH.

Another friend of Sir George Sinclair distinguished, not as a Member of Parliament only, but as a philanthropist and religious man, was Mr. William Wilberforce. From him, among other letters, Sir George received the following. The letter, it will be seen, is in keeping with the religious fervour which habitually burned in his bosom, and the intense benevolence which invariably marked the career of the great abolisher of the Slave Trade. The letter of Mr. Wilberforce to Sir George is dated—

Highwood Hill, Middlesex,
3rd February, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

Again, and again, and again it has been flashing across my mind for a year or more, that I never returned any answer to a very kind letter which I received from you; and if you had forgotten that a complaint in my eyes allows me to write but little compared with the claims on my pen, and scarcely to read at all, you might have misconstrued my silence. At last, therefore, having occasion to answer a very obliging communication from my old friend your father, I am prompted to address a few lines to his son also.

Let me assure you that, though I have given no proofs of

your occupying a place in my remembrance, your image has often recurred to me; and I learned, with no little pleasure, that you were devoting your time and talents to beneficial pursuits; in particular, one, the excellent tendency of which I cannot doubt, though I cannot judge how far your object can be effected—that of providing for the supply of good ministers to the Church of Scotland.

I hoped to visit your country last summer, but was compelled very reluctantly to abandon the design, by finding it absolutely necessary to my success in endeavouring to obtain permission to build and have the patronage of a chapel of ease near my own house, that I should remain near London, till it became too late for a northern tour. Of all the motives which prompted me to the expedition, the most powerful perhaps was the wish to become better acquainted with Dr. Chalmers, whom I already know enough highly to esteem and love.

Mrs. Wilberforce, who knows that my bodily frame is of a weakly texture, is much afraid of my subjecting myself to any of the changes which travelling necessarily involves, so that, whether or not I may ever be able to see Scotland must be quite uncertain. I rejoice, however, to think that it is partaking of the improvement which I trust is still going on in this country, after having been already so great during the last forty or fifty years. May it please God, my dear Sir, to enable you to contribute to this improvement; may He grant you, if it be His will, a long course of usefulness, comfort, and honour, and may you at length have an abundant entrance into that better world, where holiness and happiness shall be complete and eternal.

With every kind wish, I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

W. WILBERFORCE.

P.S.—Do not write to me out of form, but when you can give me any information, especially of a religious kind, which will not be contained in our public prints, you will do me a favour by communicating it. You may always write to me under cover of the Hon. Frederick Calthorpe.

Those who have read what I have written in my first chapter will not need to be told anew of the fact that Sir Robert Peel and Sir George Sinclair were friends as well as schoolfellows at Harrow. Sir Robert Peel, in early as well as in later life, was devoid of anything like warm-hearted friendship. He was constitutionally cold and reserved in his manner, even to his school acquaintances, and that was equally his characteristic in public life. There never was any real cordiality on his part towards any even of his most strenuous and steadfast supporters, when he was Prime Minister. All of them complained of his haughty bearing and distant demeanour as the leader of his party. A striking instance of his haughtiness of manner was once furnished by a little incident which took place in the lobby of the House of Commons. A well-known and good-natured member of that House, about a quarter of a century ago,—one who, from his open manner and great kindness of heart, was a favourite with all the members of the House at that time,—happened one evening to meet Sir Robert Peel in the lobby while he was coming out, and in the exuberance of his goodnature gave Sir Robert a gentle slap on the shoulder, saying, in the Paul Bedford style, then so common, “Holloa, Peel, how are you, my boy?” Sir Robert, instead of taking the salutation as a good-natured, harmless act, did not utter a word, but pulled himself up, and with an indignant frown, as if the other had meant to affront him, walked away in his wonted stately style. That was exactly the man. No one dared to use the slightest familiarity with him, even when they were most steadily supporting him in crises of his Administration. He had his large majorities at particular periods of his

Premiership, but he never had a single real personal friend among the number.

In perfect accordance with this view of the character of Sir Robert Peel, I find the numerous letters to Sir George Sinclair, which Sir George has preserved. Probably of all his acquaintances there was no one whose character he more admired than he did that of the subject of these Memoirs. I see, from various letters, that in special emergencies, particularly in relation to ecclesiastical matters connected with the Church of Scotland, he was more unreserved in his correspondence with Sir George than with any other person, and that he attached more importance to his principles and conduct than to those of any other man on either side of the Tweed. At least, all the information I have been able to obtain on the point, conducts me to that conclusion. Still there was something which had a freezing effect in all his correspondence, so far as Sir Robert's letters have been preserved by Sir George. As the great majority of the letters of the former to the latter were in connection with the Church of Scotland previous to the disruption which took place in 1843, and as the interest of that great ecclesiastical event, so far as regards conversation in society on it, has passed away, I will not extract any of Sir Robert Peel's letters to Sir George Sinclair from that part of his correspondence. But there is one of Sir Robert's letters to Sir George which is clothed with great constitutional interest, which it would be an unpardonable omission were I not to give it a place in this volume.

It will be in the distinct remembrance of those who were in the habit of paying attention to political ques-

tions thirty years ago, that in the year 1839 the then Melbourne Ministry were defeated in the House of Commons on what was called the Jamaica question, by a combination on the part of the Conservatives, headed by Sir Robert Peel, and the Radicals, partly, on that particular occasion, led by Mr. Joseph Hume. The majority against the Government was only two or three votes,—I do not, at the moment, remember the precise number. Lord Melbourne, acting in consonance with the constitutional custom of calling on the party who had headed the fight which ended in the defeat of the previous Ministry, to undertake the task of forming a new one, advised her Majesty to send for Sir Robert Peel, and give him her commands to form a new Cabinet. Sir Robert was accordingly sent for, and undertook the task. In a few days he had, as he believed, succeeded, but after mentioning to her Majesty the names of the intended members of his Government, a hitch occurred, and from a cause altogether unexpected. Her Majesty having acquiesced in Sir Robert's intended appointments in relation to those who were to constitute his Cabinet, he remarked, addressing the Queen, “We now come to those who are to constitute the ladies of your Majesty's Court. I would suggest that the Duchess of So-and-so, the Marchioness of So-and-so, the Countess of So-and-so, should fill particular positions about the person of your Majesty.” “Oh,” said the Queen, “I should wish my present ladies to retain their places. I am attached to them, and would be unwilling to part with them.” Sir Robert Peel urged, of course in the most deferential manner, that it was necessary that there should be the changes he proposed, because if the wives and

daughters of his political rivals were still to remain about the person of her Majesty, the circumstance would be very disadvantageous to any Government which he might form, as they would naturally take advantage of their position to furnish their husbands and fathers with whatever information they obtained at Court, to the prejudice of his Administration. The Queen, however, would not consent to have her ladies of the bedchamber, and other situations at Court, superseded by others. On finding this, Sir Robert, representing anew to her Majesty what he regarded as the improbability of his being able to carry on a Government with honour to himself or advantage to the country, unless the changes in question were acquiesced in by the Queen,—relinquished the task of forming a new Ministry.

In this state of matters, Lord Melbourne was again sent for by her Majesty, who expressed her desire that he and his late colleagues should withdraw their resignations and resume the discharge of the duties of the offices they had before respectively filled. As the majority against them was, as I have stated, only two or three, Lord Melbourne complied with the Queen's wishes. The Melbourne Ministry were accordingly reinstated, or rather reinstated themselves, having before brought over as many of those of the Liberals who had previously voted against them, as would insure a reversal of the decision which had led to their resignation. Among these who usually voted with them before, and voted with them on this occasion, was Mr. Joseph Hume. He, however, it is right to say, changed his vote from no private considerations, but because Lord Melbourne, through the Ministerial leader in the House of Commons, gave him a

pledge that if they remained in office they would give him what was always an object dear to his heart,—a penny postage. That he deemed a good which immeasurably outweighed in importance the point involved in the Jamaica question, on which he had voted against the Melbourne Ministry.

These remarks are necessary to render intelligible the letter, which I now subjoin, of Sir Robert Peel to Sir George Sinclair.

Drayton Manor, Oct. 30th, 1839.

MY DEAR SINCLAIR,

I am always obliged to you for the free and unreserved communication of your opinions on political matters, and always give to them, from my conviction of their disinterestedness and sincerity, full consideration. You will, I have no doubt, feel that it must be quite out of my power to decide now on the course which it may be advisable to pursue on the occasion of the meeting of Parliament, which will not probably take place until three months hence. I thank you for the extracts you have been good enough to send me from the letters which you have received from correspondents of opposite political opinions. I do not think there is much weight in their observations, assuming that *you* and *I* are right in thinking that it would have been dishonourable in a public man to undertake the government of this country with the express understanding that the wives and daughters of his political rivals and opponents were to occupy the chief female appointments about the Court.

The parliamentary policy framed last session did actually lead to that *summum bonum* which your correspondents so ardently desire,—the expulsion of the Government. The failure to form another Government was solely attributable to the demand which *we* think ought not to have been acceded to. Whatever letter writers or newspaper writers may say, that was the single cause of this failure. That cause would, I apprehend, have existed in equal force, whether the Ministers had retired on the Jamaica question, or in consequence of any other vote carried by the union of Conservatives and Radicals.

Your Radical correspondent I do not comprehend. He blames us for "throwing difficulties in the way of the Ministry for party objects." I thought his accusation was that party objects and interests had been too much overlooked, and that sufficient difficulties had not been thrown in the way of the Ministry. Probably the motion which he would have thought a perfect specimen of public spirit and disinterestedness, would have been denounced by half the Conservatives, as a "motion throwing difficulties in the way of the Ministry for party objects."

Ever yours, my dear Sir,
R. PEEL.

It will be seen from this letter of Sir Robert Peel how highly he valued the good opinion of Sir George Sinclair. During the following two years, the Conservative party had been steadily gaining new seats in the House of Commons by those single elections which are always occurring. By the end of that time Sir Robert Peel, as the leader of the Conservatives, had obtained a sufficient majority to render it impossible for the Whigs to carry on the Government. They accordingly resigned, and Sir Robert Peel again received her Majesty's commands to form a new Ministry. He obeyed the Queen's commands without, on this occasion, stipulating for the supercession of the ladies of her Court by other ladies of his own political views.

Among others of Sir George Sinclair's friends, parliamentary as well as private, it would not be right to omit an allusion to Sir Robert Inglis. Sir Robert was a most estimable man. He was the very impersonation of good nature. His very face was radiant with it. His countenance, in fact, beamed so brightly with all that was expressive of cheerfulness and benevolence, that it did one's heart good to look upon it. It was enough to

reconcile those to human nature, who had hitherto been hostile to it. Mr. O'Connell used to express the pleasure it gave him, amidst all the unkindly feelings so often engendered in the heat of party collision, to look to one happy, benignant countenance,—the countenance of the Member for the University of Oxford,—which Sir Robert Inglis then was. I remember, on one occasion, Mr. O'Connell speaking of Sir Robert as possessing the sleekest, the fattest, and happiest countenance he ever saw. Sir Robert was so devotedly attached to the Church of England, that he had hardly a thought beyond her interests. Indeed, there was a sense in which his existence may have been said to have been bound up with hers.

One of his great peculiarities was his passion for street-music. Itinerant musicians were with him the greatest of mankind. I have myself seen him manifestly lost in the excess of his admiration of their musical achievements. Grisi and Alboni were the deities of his day in the operatic world, but their singing was unworthy of the name compared with that which regaled his ear in the public streets.

The following is one of Sir Robert Inglis's letters to Sir George. The part relative to the communication from Mr. Attwood to Sir George, which the latter had transmitted to Sir Robert, had for its object to procure the repeal of Peel's Bill of 1844, and to substitute for a metallic a paper currency. Mr. Richard Spooner, to whom reference is made in Sir Robert's letter, shared Mr. Attwood's views on that question, and so did Sir George, as his father, Sir John Sinclair, had done before him. Almost all the Scotch Members were equally in favour of

a one-pound paper currency, because they found, as they still find, the great benefits of which it was, and is, productive. The part in the letter of Sir Robert Inglis which alludes to the then impending general election, shows that he possessed more playfulness than the world gave him credit for:—

7, Bedford Square, May 3rd, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

It is a pleasure to me to have any intercourse with you, even in the imperfect form of a letter: it will be a far greater pleasure once more to shake you by the hand heartily.

Your letter of the 26th is marked *late* by the post office, and, at any rate, whatever and wherever may have been the cause of the delay, I am now taking the earliest opportunity of thanking you for it, and acknowledging the kind confidence on your part which induced you to entrust to me Mr. Charles Attwood's letter, herewith returned. Almost the same words had already been addressed, direct to myself, by Mr. Richard Spooner, but I did not feel prepared to take any part in the matter—difficult in 1819, and trebly difficult now, if it be proposed to retrace the steps of that year. In perfect confidence I will say to you that I do not think the individuals in either house to whom you have already communicated Mr. Attwood's former paper, are likely to carry much weight. I am conscious that I am taking a liberty with you in thus opposing your judgment, but I say it lest my silence might imply assent.

The coming elections will be among the most curious ever known, inasmuch as there is not only no watchword of party, but not even any one stirring question yet before us. Whigs and Tories, Radicals and Conservatives, will in vain be sought for. Whigs, perhaps, which in 1841 seemed to be as much extinct as the Ichthyosauri or Plesiosauri, may be found in some strata; but confidence in public men is lost; and, if *Astrea* be to be seen on earth, it must be in some such place as Thurso Castle, with nothing but the Frozen Ocean beyond, but certainly not in these latitudes. It will, I repeat it, give me the sincerest pleasure to see you again. May God sanctify all your sorrows

to you ; in this, at least, I am in earnest, whatever you may have thought of the close of the last page.

Ever yours,

ROBERT H. INGLIS.

Sir James Graham was another of Sir George Sinclair's parliamentary friends. For many years there was a special intimacy between them ; while, so far as relates to written correspondence, I am not sure whether Sir George received a greater number of letters from any one of his legislative acquaintances, with one exception—that of Sir Francis Burdett—than he did from Sir James Graham. The latter was so well known in his day, and even the present generation are so conversant with the latter part of his public career, that none of the leading incidents in it need be adverted to. But those of the present day are not all acquainted with the fact that he commenced public life as one of the most ultra of ultra-Liberals. In making a speech at a public meeting in the year 1830, immediately after the overthrow of the Polignac Administration in France, and the consequent flight of Charles the Tenth from that country, Sir James Graham gave expression to a hope that the head of every European monarch who sought to reign unconstitutionally would soon be seen rolling on the scaffold. Within five years of the time at which these words were spoken, Sir James Graham was found a seceder from the Liberal Government of Lord Grey, and in less than three years more he came before the public a full-fledged Conservative,—a term which at that time was more expressive of Toryism than it is now ; for of late years the mutual approaches of Conservatism and Liberalism have been so close, that it is difficult to draw the line of demarcation.

The high estimation in which Sir George Sinclair was held by Sir James appears in almost every letter which the latter wrote to the former. No less did he appreciate the lofty intellectual attainments of Sir George. And no wonder ; for viewing his religious character and his distinguished literary acquirements in conjunction, there can be no question that there was no one of his day more deserving of universal esteem and admiration than Sir George. Out of the numerous letters which Sir George received from Sir James, and which have been preserved, I am constrained, by the exigencies of space, to content myself with a very few. The first letter relates partly to the triumphant reception accorded to Sir George by the people of Caithness soon after his return to Thurso Castle on the close of the Session of 1836, and partly to the fears of a revolution in favour of republicanism, with which at this time and for several years afterwards he seems to have been haunted. The letter is dated—

Netherby, 5th December, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I read with the greatest pleasure the account of your triumphant reception in Caithness, which may, I think, be received as a pledge of your strength and security in that county. I read, also, your speeches with satisfaction, and such declarations from men of station and approved character like yourself, cannot fail to produce a salutary effect on the public mind, and will tend, I trust, to restore the people of Scotland to their sober senses and to a better mind. I am not, however, very sanguine, for I fear the Republican principle has taken deep root among the middle classes, especially in Scotland, where the Presbyterian religion is somewhat congenial to their political opinions, even among men of piety and virtue ; and since the passing of the Reform Act, the deliberate wish and fixed purpose of the middle classes must ultimately prevail. It is *our* duty, however, to resist to the last extremity revolutionary

changes which we know to be pregnant with danger to the peace, the happiness, and the liberties even of those who most clamorously desire them, and for one at least, when I supported the Reform Bill, I did not intend to undermine the Church, to cashier the Lords, or to overthrow the Ministry.

I shall remain here till the third week of January, and shall be happy to see you on your way south if you can conveniently pay me a visit. I do not think it will be in my power to attend the Glasgow dinner, but I am truly glad that the youths of Scotland appreciate the merits of Sir Robert Peel; and any mark of respect which can be paid to him is justly due. I am always,

Yours very truly,

JAMES GRAHAM.

In the next letter which I shall give, Sir James Graham refers, evidently under feelings of deep disappointment, to the defeat which he sustained when contesting his seat in Parliament at the General Election of 1837. This was the first time he appeared on the hustings after his secession from the Grey Government, and his joining a new and middle party between the Liberals and the extreme Tories, which had been formed in 1835, under the leadership of Lord Stanley, afterwards the late Lord Derby. Sir James was, in some measure, according to his own statement, compensated for his defeat in Cumberland by the success of Sir George Sinclair and Sir Francis Burdett in their election contests. It will be observed how extreme his dislike was to Radicals, although only seven years before he was, to use his own term, the most "furious" of all the advocates of that class of those extreme opinions of which the word "Radical" was then more expressive than it is now. The letter is interesting, because it presents us with Sir James's own views of an election which excited at the time an amount of interest

Netherby, 16th August, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I congratulate you sincerely on your victory in Caithness, for I believe that you were one of the marked victims ; and I am glad that you disappointed the vindictive spirit of our enemies. In my case they have been more fortunate, and their desire of vengeance has been partly gratified, *but by no means satiated.*

I never was very sanguine as to the result of the struggle here; but I was bound to fight the battle, for in honour there was no retreat; and the contest will in the end be useful, since it has roused a strong Conservative feeling in the parts, which, when organized and concentrated, will on some future occasion rescue us from the disgrace of being represented by two furious Radicals. I have made no arrangement for a seat, but am quite content to wait till some suitable vacancy occur; and I can assure you I feel neither anxiety nor impatience.

The kindness of our friends, and of yourself among the number, more than compensates to me for the disappointment I

have sustained. Burdett's victory in Wiltshire, following his triumph in Westminster, must have amply repaid him for any sacrifice which he has made to principle and love of country ; and the evening of his political life is gilded to his last by the more temperate but not less brilliant light of his setting sun. Stanley is now in your neighbourhood ; he left me last week on his way to Dunrobin, and from thence to Gordon Castle. I wish I could accept your invitation, but I cannot leave home at present.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES GRAHAM.

I pass over various other letters from Sir James Graham to Sir George Sinclair, consisting chiefly of the expression of friendly feelings towards his correspondent. After I have given the following letter, I will make one or two observations on the “admonition” which he gives to Sir George. The letter is dated—

16th January, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I am obliged by your letter, and gratified by the praise which you bestow on my speech at Carlisle. If it have any claim to public attention, the deep conviction with which I entertain the sentiments expressed, is a pledge of my sincerity ; and it will be hard indeed for my enemies to prove that I have been actuated by selfish motives in the painful course which a sense of duty has forced upon me.

My object in writing is to impress on you the danger of negotiations with the Radicals, and I repose no confidence in their honesty, believing their principles to be unsound, and their intentions to be wicked and dangerous. And a new government, formed on the ruins of the present, by their co-operation and assistance, will be built on sand, and will merit a curse and not a blessing. I pray you be cautious in this matter. Wait a little, and the present Ministers will fall into universal odium and contempt ; but beware of everything which may be interpreted into intrigue with the common enemy, which I consider the republican party ; and the notoriety of any such proceeding would be sure

to strengthen the hands for such to deprive of power. The right, I am persuaded, will at last prevail, but the battle must be fought—must be fought in the aid, at least without concert with the evil D.

Excuse from a friend this frank admonition,

And believe me always

Yours very truly,

JAMES GRAHAM.

The “admonition” which Sir James Graham here gives to Sir George Sinclair, to have nothing to do with a certain political party in Parliament, is reiterated again and again in other letters. He calls those which were, at the date of his letter, generally spoken of as the Independent Liberal Party, in contradistinction to the Whigs, or those who servilely supported the Government of Lord Melbourne,—the Republican Party; but that phrase, which was meant to be one of opprobrium, was not just. The party thus called Republican consisted of from thirty to forty in number, and though they went far beyond the different Whig administrations that have existed since the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, in the liberal character of their political sentiments, I do not believe that there was a single one among them who was in favour of Republicanism,—so far, I mean, as regarded the wish to see a Republican form of government in this country. Some of them might possibly have thought a Republican form of government might be best for France and some other Continental countries, just as many do now; but it is my firm conviction that, had it been proposed to abolish the Monarchy in Great Britain, in order that a Republic should be erected on its ruins, neither Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Joseph Hume, Mr. Thomas Duncombe, Mr. Thomas Wakley, Mr.

William Williams, nor any other member of what Sir James Graham calls, in the above letter, "The Republican Party," would have been found to hold up his hand for the abolition of our English Monarchy.

The next letter from Sir James to Sir George will be the last which I will give. It was written in the same year as the one which I have just given, but at a later period of that year, being dated—

October 18th, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

Though I have nothing to communicate, yet I am unwilling to allow your kind letter of September to remain unnoticed. I have been far from well for the last month, suffering from repeated attacks of gout, which have confined me to my room, and which I cannot shake off as heretofore. I am thus reminded of the melancholy truth—

*“ — veniunt morti tristisque senectus,
Et labore, et duræ rapit inclemens mortis,”*

—a truth which, to men without hope beyond the grave, is melancholy indeed; but which I endeavour to improve as a warning kindly sent to prepare for immortality.

Lord Derby will survive his late attack, but the shock has been severe in the extreme, and the next will probably be fatal. I hope we shall have Stanley in the Commons for another Session; but his presence in the Lords would not be without certain advantages. I am sorry that you are so much dissatisfied with the last Session. I think the surrender of the Appropriation Clause a splendid triumph of principle over "shabbiness," and the settlement of the Irish Tithe question on safe and solid grounds is an immense advantage. I believe also we are gaining ground in the country, and that the recent registration is favourable; and although the dangers are many and great, yet I do not despair; and I am convinced that Peel has played the game in the wisest and best manner—whether we consider the interests of party or the welfare of the country. You must remember that the union of the Court and of the

Democracy is a combination for which no provision is made, since no one could anticipate it; and the struggle against such fearful odds requires peculiar caution—since, if it be permanent, nothing can resist it; and it is so unnatural that one would hope it might be dissolved in the only way which is safe, and not a source of danger to the Sovereign and the Constitution.

Always truly yours,

JAMES GRAHAM.

The Lord Derby here referred to as having shortly before been dangerously ill, and whom Sir James predicts will not long survive, is not the Lord Derby who died in October last, but his father. The prediction of Sir James was not, however, fulfilled. The Lord Derby of whom he speaks did not die until the year 1851,—thirteen years after Sir James had so confidently anticipated his early death.

Sir James Graham, it will be observed, speaks, in the early part of the above letter, in a tone emphatically moral in regard to the present and the future. He often did so in the House of Commons, especially when seeking to make a deep impression on the House in relation to his patriotism. Though he received less credit for patriotism than most Members, there was no one in the Commons who made so frequent and energetic a protestation of being a patriot of the first magnitude. I remember that, on one occasion, he was strenuously opposing some measure of the Melbourne Ministry, from which, if it should pass, he confidently predicted the inevitable ruin of the constitution and the country. And he concluded, in a very solemn tone of voice, by quoting from Pope's translation of Homer's "Iliad," the impassioned words of Hector, spoken in the belief of Troy's impending destruction:—

“ The day when thou, Imperial Troy ! must bend
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.—
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay ! ”

As nobody believed that Sir James Graham would rather die than see the Ministerial measure in question carried, the latter two lines elicited loud laughter. But Mr. Ferrand, one of the boldest and most outspoken men that ever sat in Parliament, got up and declared, in language not to be mistaken, his utter disbelief in Sir James’s assertion that he would prefer death to the passing of the measure. He added that he would express that disbelief in the words of the poet just quoted. He remarked that probably the House would remember a couplet written by the same author, or rather the same translator, of the Iliad, as the one whose words they had just heard quoted. The couplet from Pope was this—

“ Where London’s column, pointing to the skies,
Like some tall bully, lifts the head, and lies.”

The laughter was loud, and the applause vehement. The column referred to is the Monument at London Bridge, and what gave the quotation its great point was the curious coincidence that Sir James Graham was the tallest man in the House of Commons, and that he was regarded as an intellectual “ bully ” in his encounters with his opponents in the parliamentary arena.

The last of the Members of Parliament, friends and correspondents of Sir George Sinclair, from whose letters it is my purpose to make a selection, is one of the most distinguished men who, since the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, have had a seat in the representative branch of the Legislature. When I mention the name of Mr.

Disraeli, I have done enough, previous to giving three of his letters. His name needs no introductory observations.

He and Sir George were great friends. Their friendship, if not formed because of the similarity of some of their classical pursuits, was cemented by that circumstance. This is evident from many incidental observations which are frequently to be met with in the letters of Mr. Disraeli to Sir George. In most cases these letters are very brief, and mostly expressive of the very high regard which he felt for the subject of these Memoirs. I should like to have given more of Mr. Disraeli's letters than I purpose to do, because of the beauty of their language ; but though not marked "private," there are some things in them which, when written, were manifestly meant to be considered confidential. In the letters which I subjoin there is, I feel assured, not one single word which Mr. Disraeli would not have uttered in the House of Commons, had the turn which any debate had taken rendered desirable the language he here employs. The first of the letters of Mr. Disraeli refers to the condition into which the Conservative party were brought by the desertion of their leader when he became a proselyte to the views of Mr. Cobden on the subject of the Corn Laws. Its date is—

Grosvenor Gate, March 13th, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I have delayed answering your very welcome letter, in the hope that I might find a quiet half hour to communicate with one for whom I have so much regard and respect as yourself ; but that seems impossible, and I cannot allow another day to pass without expressing how much touched I was by hearing from you, and how much I sympathize with those sorrows which have prevented us all of late enjoying your society.

Here we are involved in a struggle of ceaseless excitement and energy. Deserted by our leaders, even by the subalterns of the camp, we have been obliged to organise ourselves and choose chieftains from the rank and file: but the inspiration of a good cause and a great occasion have in some degree compensated for our deficiencies, and we work with enthusiasm. Would you were among us to aid and counsel! and that great spirit too, departed from this world as well as the senate, on whose memory I often dwell with respect and fondness.

I thank you for your hints, of which I shall avail myself, and shall always be proud and happy to cherish your friendship.

Yours, dear Sir George,

Very sincerely,

B. DISRAELI.

Another letter from Mr. Disraeli to Sir George will be admired wherever read for the charms of its diction, especially in the first paragraph. Its date is—

Grosvenor Gate, Nov. 25, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I do not pretend to be a correspondent, as I have often told you. I am overworked, otherwise I should be very glad to communicate with you, of all men, in the spirit, and bathe the memory sometimes in those delicious passages of ancient song, which your unrivalled scholarship so beautifully commands. My dear friend John Manners writes to me every week, now he is shut out from Parliament, and expects no return, but he gives me his impressions and counsels, often the clearer from his absence from our turbulent and excited scene. I cannot venture to ask such favours from you, though I should know how to appreciate the suggestive wisdom of a classic sage.

On Tuesday will commence one of the most important debates that ever took place in the House of Commons. I shall reserve myself, I apprehend, to the end. It will last several nights. There is a passage about usury, which haunts my memory, and which I fancied was in Juvenal, but I could not light upon it as I threw my eye over the pages yesterday. Notwithstanding our utilitarian senate, I wish, if possible, that

the noble Roman spirit should sometimes be felt in the House of Commons, expressed in its own magnificent tongue. I have of late years ventured sometimes on this, not without success, and in one instance I remember a passage which I owed to your correspondence. It was apposite, when in reference to Sir James Graham's avowed oblivion of the past, I told him—

“At Di meminerunt, meminit fides.”

Let me at least hear that you are better, and always believe me, with the most unaffected regard,

Your friend and servant,

B. DISRAELI.

The next and last letter of Mr. Disraeli's which I will lay before the reader was written immediately after the expulsion of Louis Philippe from the throne of France, as the consequence of the Revolution of 1848. Though no date is given to the letter, the phrase, “The intelligence of yesterday afternoon,” the other phrases, “We are in the midst of a revolution,” “The catastrophe of Paris,” &c., clearly fix the time after which the letter was written. It is as follows :—

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

Thanks, many, for your excellent hints of this morning. Every day for these two months, I have been wishing to find a moment of repose to write to you—but I have been entirely engrossed with affairs, public and private—and now, after all, I write to you in the midst of a revolution. The catastrophe of Paris is so vast, so sudden, so inexplicable, so astounding, that I have not yet recovered from the intelligence of yesterday afternoon. It must have an effect on this country, and on all Europe prepared to explode. Here the tone of men is changed in an instant, and our friend, Joseph Hume, made a speech last night under the inspiration of the Jacobinical triumph—quite himself again!

As for votes of non-confidence, had one been proposed when you suggested it, I calculated that the Government might have

had 200 majority: all the Peelites and timeservers being then prepared to support them. Affairs are now somewhat changed, and it is on the cards, that a few days may produce some result. I am heartily glad I denounced the Jacobin movement of Manchester before this last French revolution.* I am obliged and gratified by all your letters, and enclose some documents as you wished.

Yours ever,

D.

It will be observed that Mr. Disraeli varies his signature to his letters. He seldom gives his name, "Benjamin Disraeli," in full; not often even "B. Disraeli." His favourite signatures, in the letters lying before me, are either "D." or "Disraeli." I may mention that he writes an exceedingly fine hand, which would be highly prized in mercantile circles.

* It is right I should state that this refers to a speech made by Mr. Bright, under the excitement of the Continental movement, at Manchester, a month before the French Revolution, in which he said, "Manchester ought to unfurl the banner of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality."

CHAPTER XVI.

Letters from M. Berryer—M. Victor Schoelcher—Mr. Carlyle—Mrs. Carlyle—
and other Friends with whom Sir George Sinclair corresponded.

No one who knew Sir George Sinclair could be ignorant of the fact that, besides his extensive correspondence with Peers of the Realm and Members of the House of Commons, he corresponded largely with persons who had acquired literary distinction in the world. Among these were many foreigners—especially Frenchmen. The two most eminent of these were M. Berryer and M. Victor Schoelcher. As their letters to Sir George are the most interesting, I must limit my specimens of the writings of his foreign friends and correspondents to the two whose names I have mentioned. And first I begin with letters from M. Berryer. Everyone who has the slightest acquaintance either with the forensic eloquence, or politics, or literature of modern France, must be so familiar with the name of M. Berryer in relation to these three points, that it is to his eye and ear a household word. At the bar M. Berryer has had no rival for eloquence, or for the brilliancy generally of his professional career, during the half century in which he practised at the French bar. Equally distinguished was M. Berryer in the various parliaments of which he was a member. His speeches at the bar, and in the legislature,

were sufficient of themselves to show how great and varied his intellectual acquirements were ; but his private correspondence and published writings equally attest the same fact. He was, indeed, regarded by France, taking him all in all, as in various respects the greatest Frenchman of his day ; and this though politically opposed to the great majority of the French people. He was a Legitimist, and most faithfully and firmly did he identify himself with the elder branch of the Bourbons in his fallen fortunes. The Count de Chambord, whom M. Berryer always regarded as the lawful sovereign of France, and invariably addressed as such in all his correspondence with him, never had, and never will or can have, a more devoted friend than he found in M. Berryer. It will, I doubt not, be remembered by many, that when M. Berryer knew that he had only a few hours to live, his last act was to address a letter to the Count de Chambord, as Henry the Fifth, expressive of his unaltered devotion to himself personally, and of fidelity to his cause,—which was perhaps never surpassed for the fervour of its affection or the beauty of its diction. With this distinguished man Sir George carried on, for seventeen or eighteen years, an intimate correspondence, chiefly in relation to political affairs in France, but also, to a considerable extent, on matters connected with literature. Sir George Sinclair seems, so far as I can see from the papers he has left, to have commenced the correspondence. The following letter, from Sir George to M. Berryer, relates, it will be seen, partly to political and partly to literary subjects. I give it in full, in French, because I am assured by the gentleman to whom I am indebted for the translation that the French is so exqui-

sitely beautiful as to merit being given as an example of Sir George Sinclair's power of expression in that language. It is right, therefore, that those who possess a thorough knowledge of the French language, and are conversant with French literature, should be presented with the letter in the language in which it was originally written.

Thurso Castle, Ecosse,
Ce 18 Janvier, 1849.

MONSIEUR,

Le plaisir que j'éprouvai en lisant votre aimable lettre fut aussi grand que l'honneur que vous m'avez fait en voulant bien me l'écrire. Je passe ma vie dans cette retraite septentrionale, où je ne vois personne qui partage les sentimens dont mon âme est profondément pénétrée, ou qui s'intéresse aux souvenirs, tendres et douleureux, qu'une mémoire trop fidèle renouvelle chaque jour, lorsque je songe aux membres défunts ou vivans de la plus auguste et plus ancienne des familles européennes, et aux dignes et dévoués serviteurs dont le loyal et inébranlable attachement a adouci l'amertume de leur exil. J'ai envoyé des exemplaires de ma brochure à quelques uns des plus distingués de mes compatriotes, ainsi qu'à plusieurs de mes amis intimes ; mais je n'ai rencontré, presque nulle part, la moindre lueur de cette sympathie dont mon cœur sent le besoin, et sur lequel j'avais même osé compter. Mais hélas ! dans ce pays-ci, comme partout ailleurs, il paraît que l'egoïsme a rétréci presque tous les esprits, a glacé presque tous les cœurs. Pour acquérir ou conserver de l'influence, il faut ramper à la Cour dans la fange de l'adulation la plus avilissante, et finir par braver avec insolence un peuple qu'on a commencé par cajoler avec bassesse. En vain, donc, ai-je chéri la douce espérance, qu'on se serait enfin empressé de rendre une justice tardive à ce doux et noble monarque dont la sagesse a été démontrée, et les motifs justifiés, non seulement par les évènemens affreux de l'année passée, mais par les désordres, les conjurations, les perfidies, les inconséquences, de toutes celles qui sont écoulées depuis 1830. Accablé donc comme je fus par le silence ou la froideur qui ont presque partout suivi la distribution de mon ouvrage, ce fut pour moi

une véritable consolation d'apprendre que le plus illustre, le plus zélé, et le plus courageux partisan de la meilleure et la plus sainte des causes, a daigné approuver mon travail, et apprécier mon dévouement.

C'est à vous, sans doute, Monsieur, qu'il appartient de déterminer quel serait le moment le plus opportun pour faire retentir en France une déclaration en faveur du grand et sacré principe de la légitimité—principe qui doit servir de base pour la consolidation de l'ordre et de la véritable liberté. Quant à moi, je suis porté à croire qu'une majorité immense de votre population est royaliste de cœur et d'âme, et n'attend qu'une expression ardente et courageuse de loyauté, de la part de quelque patriote zélé et connu, pour faire éclater dans tous les départemens son mépris pour la république, et son attachement à la monarchie. Il est vrai que je me laisse peut-être entraîner trop loin par l'amour et le respect que j'ai depuis si longtems voués au digne et cher rejeton de tant de rois :—

“ Pour tous mes ennemis, je déclare les siens,
Et je le reconnais comme Roi des Troyens.”

Je crois qu'il a cultivé dans l'école rude mais salutaire de l'adversité les vertus qui assureront son propre bonheur, et celui de la grande nation que Dieu l'appellera à gouverner. “ Comme Charles X.,” il sera doux, compatissant, affable, généreux, pacifique. On dira un jour de lui, selon l'expression d'un de vos poëtes :—

“ Il veut rendre le monde heureux.
Il préfère au bonheur d'en devenir le maître,
La gloire de montrer qu'il est digne de l'être.”

Quelque vif cependant que soit le désir que j'éprouve de voir la restauration de Henri V. au trône de ses ancêtres, je souhaite avec une égale ardeur, comme j'ai déjà eu l'honneur de vous dire, qu'on rende enfin justice à la mémoire, et aux vertus, de son auguste et excellent aïeul. Ah ! qu'on a été dur et ingrat à son égard ! On accueillit en France avec transport le cercueil d'un homme, doué sans doute de grandes qualités, mais qui sacrifia des millions d'êtres humains, parmi presque toutes les nations, à son ambition insatiable et effrénée, et qui remplit les trois quarts de l'Europe de carnage et de désolation ;

et on n'a pas encore réclamé, du sein d'un pays étranger, les cendres du plus doux et du meilleur des monarques, qui déposa sa couronne, et renonça aux droits sacrés de sa famille, pour ne point faire verser le sang des traîtres les plus vils, et des ennemis les plus acharnés ! Mais quelque frappante et pénible que soit cette inconséquence, il y a une autre qui m'étonne encore bien davantage. Dans un coin retiré de l'Allemagne, entourée seulement de quelques serviteurs dévoués, qu'elle édifie chaque jour par sa piété et par sa résignation, demeure la fille de Louis XVI., la bru de Charles X., la veuve de Louis XIX. Et les Français peuvent laisser cette illustre victime de tant de crimes dans cet état d'isolement et d'abandon ! Ah ! mon cher et digne ami, c'est ici surtout que la voix de mon cœur trouvera un écho fidèle dans la sensibilité du vôtre. Voilà, voilà le sanctuaire que les pélerins français devraient s'empresser de fréquenter. C'est là qu'on ne saurait trop tôt verser des larmes d'attendrissement et de penitence, pour effacer les traces du sang des martyrs, dont elle partagea les infortunes, et dont elle imite les vertus ! Ah ! ne devrait-on pas reconnaître la nullité d'une abdication forcée et conditionnelle, quand ce ne serait que pour inscrire dans le catalogue de vos princes le nom de Marie Thérèse—ce nom qui mérite à tant de titres le dévouement le plus vif, et la vénération la plus profonde ? Le rappel de cet auguste personnage à une patrie qu'elle n'a jamais cessé de chérir, malgré tous les torts inouïs qu'elle pourrait lui reprocher, est, si j'ose m'exprimer ainsi, une *expiation* que la France devrait s'empresser de lui offrir. Je ne saurais vous exprimer combien je suis étonné que parmi tous les orateurs qui se sont fait entendre depuis les jours de Février, aucun n'a osé rendre justice à la mémoire d'un des meilleurs de ses rois, ni aux grandes et saintes qualités de son illustre belle-fille ; et que ce soit un étranger obscur et isolé qui a été le premier, et jusqu'ici, je crois, le seul à éléver sa faible voix en leur faveur ! Hélas ! ils ont été pendant dix-huit ans les objets journaliers de mes pensées et de ma sympathie. Depuis l'affreux moment de leur exil, combien de fois ai-je répandu des pleurs lorsque je songeai aux malheurs qu'ils ont si longtemps soufferts, et si peu mérités. Les gens du monde se moquaient de moi, et regarderaient mes réflexions comme des rêves fanatiques, ou "des égarements du cœur et de

l'esprit," si j'osais leur parler des châteaux en Espagne dont mon imagination a souvent été occupée. Mais

" Chacun songe en veillant—il n'est rien de plus doux ;
Une flatteuse erreur emporte alors les larmes," &c.

Et depuis les affreux jours de Juillet, qu'on a, je crois, cessé de célébrer, et commencé à regretter, j'ai mille fois songé combien j'aurais été heureux si cette maison avait été assez grande et assez magnifique pour servir d'asile à des exils si dignes de tendresse et de respect. Je me les suis souvent représentés comme assemblés dans ce château, et mon cœur a trouvé un doux soulagement lorsque j'ai pensé à tous les soins que je leur aurais prodigués, à toute la sympathie que je leur aurais témoignée, à tous les moyens auxquels j'aurais eu recours pour leur procurer des distractions et des plaisirs. Vous pouvez donc vous imaginer, mon cher et digne M. Berryer, avec quelle impatience j'attends l'heureux moment qui amènera la restauration d'une famille douée de tant de qualités qui devraient " faire voler partout des cœurs à leur passage."

Et je crois que ce moment important ne saurait être fort éloigné. C'est vous, j'espère, que le ciel a destiné d'en accélérer l'arrivée. Le Prince Louis Napoleon sera bientôt convaincu que sa position exaltée ne saurait se maintenir longtemps. Il sera, avant qu'il soit peu, le jouet d'un peuple capricieux, dont il est, ou plutôt dont il a été, l'idole. Ne sauriez-vous lui persuader qu'il vaudrait mieux pour lui d'être le Président du Conseil, ou l'Ambassadeur à la Cour Britannique de son roi légitime, que d'être Président d'une république qui ne peut être ni stable ni heureuse ? Ah ! je suis persuadé que, monté sur le faîte, il aspire à descendre, ou que, du moins, cela ne manquera pas d'arriver bientôt. Vous lui direz, en parlant de votre auguste maître—

" Employez-vous pour lui ;
Faites-vous un effort pour lui servir d'appui.
Je sais que c'est beaucoup que ce que je demande,
Mais plus l'effort est grand, plus la gloire en est grande.
Conserver un rival dont vous êtes jaloux,
C'est un travail de vertu qui n'appartient qu'à vous," &c.

Je ne crois pas, non plus, qu'il sera très difficile de persuader M. le Maréchal Bugeaud qu'il assurera sa propre gloire autant que celle de sa patrie en acceptant le commandement suprême

de l'armée de son roi légitime : et MM. les Généraux Cavaignac et Changarnier recevraient avec plaisir et reconnaissance, en récompense du zèle avec lequel ils ont maintenu la cause de l'ordre et de la tranquillité publique, le rang de Maréchal de France, quand il provient de celui dont l'aïeul mit le bâton entre les mains des Turenne et des Catinat. Il paraît même plus que probable que MM. Guizot et Thiers s'uniraient avec vous dans cette bonne et sainte entreprise, et se laisseraient persuader d'accepter les fonctions du ministère sous les auspices de Henri V., si on garantissait à la Maison d'Orléans l'oubli du passé, la jouissance du présent, et les espérances de l'avenir.

Ah ! mon cher et respectable ami, si j'avais le bonheur, tel que je suis, triste et accablé d'infirmités, d'être membre de l'Assemblée Nationale, j'y ferais entendre, sous le moindre délai, "les restes d'une voix qui tombe, et d'une ardeur qui s'éteint." Mais si j'étais doué des talens les plus rares, de l'éloquence la plus entraînante, du patriotisme le plus pur, de la probité la plus à l'abri de soupçon ; si je possédais une influence fondée sur le respect le plus universel de mes compatriotes, et qui me mettait à portée, surtout dans la plus juste des causes, de donner l'essor aux sentimens de loyauté dont je crois que presque tous les cœurs Français sont déjà penétrés,—en un mot, si j'étais M. Berryer,—je monterais la tribune, je prononcerais le nom, je ferais valoir les droits de l'enfant de miracle, je dirais à ma conscience,

" Je connais mon devoir, c'est à moi de le suivre.
Je n'examine point si j'y pourrais survivre."

Mais il est bien tems de m'arrêter. J'ai peut-être trop abusé de la liberté que votre aimable et excellente lettre m'a en quelque façon enhardi de prendre :—

" Pour vous encourager ma voix manque de termes :
Mon cœur ne forme point des pensées assez fermes.
Moi-même en cet adieu j'ai les larmes aux yeux,
Faites votre devoir, et laissez faire aux Dieux."

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec les plus profonds sentimens de respect et de reconnaissance,

Mon très cher M. Berryer,
Votre très humble, et très attaché serviteur,

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

The following is the translation of the above, with which I have been favoured by a friend, who is eminent for his knowledge of the French language :—

Thurso Castle, Scotland,

18th January, 1849.

SIR,

The pleasure I experienced in reading your friendly letter was as great as the honour you did me in writing it. I pass my life in this northern retreat, where I meet with no one who shares with me the sentiments with which my soul is deeply penetrated, or who takes an interest in the tender and painful *souvenirs* which a too faithful memory renewes every day, when I think on the dead or the living members of the most august and most ancient of European families, and on the worthy and devoted servants whose loyal and unswerving attachment has softened the bitterness of their exile. I have sent copies of my pamphlet to a few of the most distinguished of my countrymen, and to several of my personal friends ; but I have hardly anywhere met with the faintest glimmer of that sympathy of which my heart knows the want, and upon which I had even ventured to count. But, alas ! in this country, as everywhere else, selfishness has narrowed almost every mind, and frozen almost every heart. To acquire or preserve influence, it is necessary to grovel at Courts in the mire of the most degrading adulation, and end by braving with insolence a people that you began by cajoling with baseness. In vain, then, have I cherished the sweet hope, that at length the people would be eager to render tardy justice to that mild and noble monarch whose wisdom has been demonstrated, and whose intentions have been justified, not only by the fearful events of last year, but by disorders, conspiracies, perfidies, and inconsistencies of all those which have elapsed since 1830. Crushed as I was, then, by the silence or the coldness which almost everywhere followed the distribution of my pamphlet, it was a real consolation to me to learn that the most illustrious, the most zealous, and the most courageous partizan of the best and most holy of causes, has deigned to approve my labour, and to appreciate my devotion.

It is to you, sir, that it doubtless belongs to determine what

would be the most fitting time to cause to resound throughout France a declaration in favour of the great and sacred principle of legitimacy—a principle that should serve as a base for the consolidation of order and of real liberty. As for myself, I am led to believe that an enormous majority of your population is Royalist, heart and soul, and only awaits an ardent and courageous expression of loyalty on the part of some zealous and well known patriot, to cause to burst forth, in all the Departments, its contempt for the Republic and its attachment to the Monarchy. It is true, perhaps, that I allow myself to be carried away too far by the love and the respect which I have so long bestowed on the worthy and beloved scion of so many kings.

“ I declare all his enemies as mine,
And recognise him as King of the Trojans.”

I believe he has cultivated, in the rude but wholesome school of adversity, the virtues that will insure his own fortune, and that of the nation which God will summon him to govern. “Comme Charles X.,” he will be mild, feeling, generous, pacific ; and it will be said of him one day, in the words of one of your poets—

“ He desires to make the world happy.
He prefers to the happiness of becoming its master,
The glory of showing himself worthy of being so.”

Strong, however, as is the desire I feel of witnessing the restoration of Henry V. to the throne of his ancestors, I desire with equal ardour, as I have already had the honour of telling you, that at length justice should be done to the memory and to the virtues of his august and excellent grandfather. Oh ! how hardly and how ungratefully has he been treated ! They welcomed with transports in France the coffin of a man, endowed, certainly, with great qualities, but who sacrificed millions of human beings, in almost every country, to his insatiable and unbridled ambition, and who filled three-fourths of Europe with carnage and desolation ; while there has not yet been any effort to bring over, from the heart of a foreign country, the ashes of the gentlest and best of monarchs, who laid aside his crown, and renounced the sacred rights of his family, in order to save the blood of the vilest traitors and the

most inveterate enemies from being shed. But however striking and painful be this inconsistency, there is another that astonishes me still more. In a retired corner of Germany, surrounded only by a few devoted servants whom she daily edifies by her piety and resignation, dwells the daughter of Louis XVI., the daughter-in-law of Charles X., the widow of Louis XIX. : and the French can allow that illustrious victim of so many crimes to remain in such a state of isolation and neglect! My dear and esteemed friend, it is here, above all, that the voice of my heart will find a faithful echo in the sensibility of your own. There, there, is the sanctuary to which Frenchmen should hasten. It is there that it would be impossible to drop too early tears of compassion and of penitence, to wipe out the traces of the blood of the martyrs whose misfortunes she shared, and whose virtues she yet imitates. Oh! should not the nullity of a forced and conditional abdication be recognised, were it only to inscribe in the catalogue of your queens the name of Maria Theresa—a name which, on so many grounds, merits the most lively devotion, and the most profound veneration? The recall of that august personage to a country which she has never ceased to love, in spite of the unheard-of wrongs with which she might reproach it, is, if I may venture so to express myself, an *expiation* which France should hasten to offer her. I could not express to you how surprised I am that, among all the orators who have gained the public ear since the days of February, not one has dared to do justice to one of the best of kings, nor to the great and holy qualities of his illustrious daughter-in-law ; and that it should be left to an obscure and isolated foreigner—and thus far, I believe, the only one—to raise his feeble voice in their favour. Alas! they have been for eighteen years the daily objects of my thoughts and sympathies. From the fearful moment of their exile, how many times have I shed tears in thinking of the misfortunes which they have so long endured, and so little merited! Worldly men would laugh at me, and treat my reflections as fanatical ravings, or “wanderings of the heart and of the mind,” if I were to talk to them of the *Châteaux en Espagne* with which my imagination has often been filled. But—

“ Every one meditates as he watches—there is nothing more pleasing.”

A flattering error will then carry away the mind : and since the dreadful days of July, which people have now, I believe, ceased to celebrate, and are beginning to regret, I have a thousand times thought how happy I should be if this house were large enough, and magnificent enough, to serve as an asylum for exiles so deserving of affection and respect. I have often imagined them assembled in this *château*, and my heart has experienced a delightful relief in thinking on all the care I would have lavished upon them ; on all the sympathy I should have manifested for them ; on all the expedients I should have contrived to procure them diversion and pleasure. You may imagine, then, my dear and esteemed M. Berryer, with what impatience I await the happy moment that will bring about the restoration of a family gifted with so many qualities that should “ faire voler partout des cœurs à leur passage ”—(“ everywhere make hearts fly to greet them on their way ”).

And I believe that that important moment cannot be very distant. It is you, I hope, that Heaven has destined to accelerate its arrival. Prince Louis Napoleon will soon be convinced that his lofty position cannot long be maintained. In some short time he will be the sport of a capricious people of whom he is, or rather has been, the idol. Could you not persuade him that it would be better for him to be the President of the Council, or the Ambassador of his legitimate King to the British Court, than president of a Republic which can be neither stable nor prosperous ? Ah ! I am convinced that—

“ Mounted on the height, he aspires to descend.”

Or you could at least tell him that that would not fail to happen speedily. You could say to him, in speaking of your august master :—

“ Occupy yourself in his interests ;
Make an effort to be a stay to him.
I know it is a great deal I ask of you,
But the greater the effort, the greater will be your glory.
To support a rival of whom you are jealous,
Is a trait of virtue that belongs only to you.”

I do not think, either, that it would be a very difficult thing to persuade Marshal Bugeaud that he would serve his own fame, as well as that of his country, by accepting the supreme

command of the army of his legitimate King ; and Generals Cavaignac and Changarnier would receive with pleasure and gratitude, by way of recompense for the zeal with which they have maintained the cause of order and of public tranquillity, the rank of Marshal of France, when it emanates from him whose grandsire placed the *bâton* in the hands of the Turennes and the Catinats. It even seems more than likely that MM. Guizot and Thiers would favour you in this good and holy enterprise, and would allow themselves to be prevailed upon to accept ministerial functions under the auspices of Henry V., if the House of Orleans were guaranteed oblivion of the past, the enjoyment of the present, and hope of the future.

Ah, my dear and esteemed friend, if I had the good fortune of being a member of the National Assembly, sad as I am, and borne down with infirmities, I would with the least delay “make the remains of a failing voice to be heard, and of an ardour that is becoming quenched,”—(J'y ferais entendre “les restes d'une voix qui tombe, et d'une ardeur qui s'éteint.”). But were I endowed with talents the most rare, with eloquence the most captivating, with patriotism the most pure, with probity the most removed from suspicion ; if I possessed an influence founded on the most universal respect of my countrymen, and which placed it within my power, especially in the most just of causes, to give an impulse to the sentiments of loyalty by which I believe all French hearts are already penetrated—in a word, if I were M. Berryer—I would ascend the tribune ; I would pronounce the name ; I would cause to prevail the rights of the child of miracle ; I would say to my conscience :—

“ I know my duty, it is for me to follow it.

I do not pause to examine whether I should be likely to survive the effort.”

But it is high time that I should close. I have, perhaps, too far abused the liberty which your amiable and excellent letter has in some way emboldened me to take.

“ To encourage you, my voice is wanting in words.
My heart does not prompt thoughts sufficiently firm.
I myself, in this adieu, have tears in my eyes.
Do your duty, and let the Gods take their course.”

I have the honour to be, with the most profound sentiments of respect and gratitude,

My very dear M. Berryer,
Your very humble and very attached Servant,
GEORGE SINCLAIR.

The following letter from M. Berryer to Sir George is an acknowledgment of a pamphlet from the former.

Paris, 6th January, 1849.

SIR,

I have read with the most lively interest the pamphlet which you have done me the honour of sending me.

The loftiness of your views, the nobleness and the elevation of your ideas, enable me to comprehend perfectly the esteem and the sympathy which have been evinced for you by the illustrious personages whose letters you communicate; for, in my own case, I experience the same sentiments in reference to you, and I particularly thank you for the exceptions you have been so good as to make in my favour.

I should only fear that in the period of agitation and uncertainty which still continues, your work might not be sufficiently appreciated; and I think it would be best to defer its publication in France to a more opportune time.

I keep your pamphlet with joy, then, until the moment has come for publishing it: and I am very glad you have permitted me to extract certain facts from it.

Pray accept, Sir, the expression of my thanks, and the assurance of my perfect consideration.

BERRYER.

I pass over various letters from M. Berryer to Sir George Sinclair, which were written in continuation of the correspondence between the two distinguished men. The interval between 1849 and 1860 was a long one, but the letters of M. Berryer during those eleven years were chiefly of a friendly kind. In the subjoined letter from the brilliant Frenchman to Sir George, the former states

his reasons for not accepting an invitation which the latter had given him to pay a visit to Thurso Castle. And in assigning as his reason for not bringing himself to make even a temporary residence in the United Kingdom, that our Ministers had, by their acts, endorsed what he regarded as the usurpation of Louis Napoleon of the Throne of France, which in right belonged to the Comte de Chambord,—M. Berryer will receive the respect of men of all political opinions in this country. Such fidelity to his principles, such self-sacrifices for the cause with which M. Berryer had identified himself, are so rare in the present day, that it does one's heart good when one meets with a case of the kind. The letter is dated—

Angerville la Rivière,

12th November, 1860.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I owe you my thanks for sending me the ninth letter to M. Jules Favre. I read it with great interest and satisfaction, happy at finding in your writing the able expression of my own feelings. You have also been good enough to forward me a view of Thurso Castle. I should be very glad, if it were possible, to go and view that fine demesne with my own eyes. I need not tell you that I should be delighted if the generous thought that occupies your mind were adopted, and that residence could receive the guests to whom you offer so friendly an invitation. I desire to make known your intention in a quarter where I can also confidently represent the reasons which, in my opinion, ought to ensure the acceptance of your plans. I cannot dissemble the fact, however, that their realisation is not unattended with difficulty and objection. Whatever liberty England may enjoy, the present policy of the country, and the language of your Ministers, present grave obstacles to an intention of taking up residence in the United Kingdom. Like you, I groan under inaction, but am not surprised at it, when the too general forgetfulness of the fundamental principles of right and of

honourable dealing in the affairs of this world places people of heart and of good intentions in a state of sad isolation. Few enlightened minds, and few courageous friends, would be disposed now-a-days to second any noble effort. You display, my esteemed friend, a disposition, and a straightforwardness of character, which have become extremely rare, even in your free country.

I had the honour, a few days ago, of addressing you, by the post, an article on the French Bar. I should be glad to know whether you received it.

Accept, I beg you, my respectful and affectionate compliments.

Your all-obedient Servant,
BERRYER.

The next letter of M. Berryer to Sir George would have excited great interest, both here and on the Continent, had it been made public at the time it was written, which was on the last day of December, 1860. At that time the King of Naples, or “the brave young king,” as M. Berryer calls him, was “nobly fighting against” the “revolutionists,” under Garibaldi ; and he feels certain that the Continental Powers which abandoned the young King of Naples on that occasion would one day find themselves similarly abandoned. He dwells, indeed, on the difficulties of Austria as having already begun, and predicts that they will go on increasing. His prophecies were speedily fulfilled ; within four or five years Austria and Prussia were diplomatically at drawn daggers, and in 1866 confronted each other on the field of battle. With the issue all the world is acquainted. Austria was signally vanquished, humbled in the very lowest dust, and was bereft of the whole of her Italian dominions. M. Berryer lived to see all this ; and the fulfilment of his prediction, that she would be abandoned by those in whom

she trusted. She was completely abandoned by Louis Napoleon. The following is the letter:—

Paris, 31st December, 1860.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I received the two copies you were kind enough to send me, on the 21st inst., of your interesting and trenchant article on the Italian question. I could not help smiling at the idea you so happily borrow from our fabulist; though I could never take the Emperor of Austria for a rat withdrawn from the world to some profound and peaceful solitude. If that young sovereign shuts his ear to appeals for help, it is because he has more need of it himself than any one else. The revolution by which his dominions are being agitated hardly leaves him leisure to think about the preservation of his friends, or his coming to their aid. This great House of Austria is now paying the penalty due to its adhesion to other revolutions. The year 1848 was to Austria a consequence of the welcome she gave to the Revolution of 1830. In 1842, I predicted to Count Buol, in his office at Vienna, that his country would soon experience the results of the adhesion that he was not going to fail to give in to the new Empire. The logic of nations is inflexible, and the maxims whose triumph in other countries they see their Governments applaud, they are not slow in regarding as desirable for adoption by themselves. These consequences will gradually make themselves felt everywhere; and it is no guarantee for a power that it is insular, to be preserved from what is now called "Progress." The day will come when the sovereignties which abandon the young and brave King of Naples to the fortunes of a struggle which he so nobly sustains, will be reduced to the necessity of themselves making the same efforts, and will find themselves similarly abandoned in their moments of extreme peril. It is a dangerous error, even for States attached to different religions, not to perceive that the principle of the ancient sovereignty of the chief of the Roman Church, is the principle even of all the sovereignties existing in modern society. *Dii omen avertant!*

M. de Montalembert is still absent from Paris, and I have been unable to forward to him the copy which you intend for him. He shall have it as soon as he returns to town.

I renew, my esteemed friend, my very sincere and friendly compliments, and beg you to accept my best wishes at the commencement of the year.

I am, with respect,
Your very humble and obedient Servant,
BERRYER.

Within three months of the date of the letter I have just given from M. Berryer to Sir George Sinclair, the former writes the following to the latter. It is a letter in which the distinguished Frenchman expresses himself in stronger terms in relation to the silence and inaction of the other European Powers,—while they see Louis Napoleon engaging in the most iniquitous enterprises,—than he does in any of the other letters from his pen now lying before me. His words in parts of this letter are words of burning indignation at seeing the most sacred rights rudely trampled under foot, and yet no remonstrance, even from any of those quarters in which there existed the right to utter their voice in disapprobation of what was going on. The date of this letter is—

Angerville, April 22nd, 1861.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I have received your last letter, and transmitted to M. de Montalembert the gazette which contains your excellent political reflections. I have, also, communicated to several of my friends the curious and witty "adaptation" you have made of some scenes in the "Medea" of Corneille to the shameful suit which Prince Napoleon is carrying on against his brother, the son of Miss Patterson. Yet you have received no answer from me, and, until now, you may have doubted whether the post has been faithful to you, and has not deprived me of your missives. I have not had the honour of writing you because, for more than five weeks, I have been extremely unwell, and have been condemned to abstain from every kind of occupation. It was painful for me to be seated at my desk, and to try to write. I have at this moment been ordered to the country for change of

air, and to live in repose and silence. It may be that the public journals have said something of my illness, and of my absence from Paris. You will thus have explained to yourself my silence; but I desire to make my excuses to you, and beg you to be assured that I should be deeply afflicted by the cessation of our correspondence, and of the friendly relations which you permit me to have with you. They have for me the charm of an exchange of mutual sentiments, and of similar convictions as to the sad affairs of this world.

I am not surprised at the language of your friend—a Republican, a Frenchman, an exile ! Like him, I think very Corneillean the capital line :—

“And you think you love in only hating feebly.”

Yes; to detest too little the ruin of liberties, the lying despotism, and a double-faced policy, is almost to have consideration for the authors of all the wrong that is now being done in this world, and that menaces the future still more cruelly. The inaction and the silence of those who, to preserve our unhappy country from such a future, ought energetically to summon to their side every man of intelligence and heart, and every friend of freedom, to whatever rank he might belong, or under whatever flag he might hitherto have ranged himself—this inaction and this silence, I say, are a great calamity. But what are we to think of, and how much should we not lament, the blindness of all the sovereigns of Europe in abandoning the most sacred rights to the most unjust enterprises ; suffering the fundamental principles of all society to be violated ; outraging the maxims of honour as well as the sacred enactments of the law of nations, and assisting without protest at the ruin of causes the most just: a ruin which soon will extend to themselves ! And lastly, if we are to be pained by the inaction and the silence of the *proscrits*, the exiles, and the disarmed ; and if we are to cast reproaches at them ; what accusations ought not to be brought in the name of humanity against those who have in their hands authority, freedom of action, and all the resources of power ? Tell me, my dear and esteemed friend, what you think of the language and cordial *ententes* of your statesmen —of the men who are the leaders of Old England ?

At this moment, nevertheless, people are very much moved by the publication of the letter of Monseigneur the Duke d'Aumale, addressed to Prince Napoleon. I do not pause to notice what is superfluous, or what is deficient, in this document, which is otherwise remarkable ; but certainly the reply given by it to the coarse insults offered by the princely orator to the great and noble House of Bourbon is vigorous, able, and cannot fail to produce good effects in France. You must certainly have read it. Your journals ought either to have translated, or to have reproduced it. What do you think of it yourself, and what is thought of it in England ?

It has been supposed in Paris that Napoleon was about to descend from the heights of the Imperial throne, to send, in his own name, and in that of his cousin the Emperor, a challenge to the exiled Duke ! If the landing of this personage—who cares little about handling the sword—should indeed take place on British territory, I would entreat you to send me word of it in all haste.

Adieu, my esteemed friend. I repeat my excuses for my forced silence, and beg you to retain your friendship for me, and to believe the affectionate respect with which

I am your obedient Servant,
BERRYER.

The next letter of M. Berryer which I transfer to these pages was written on the 16th June in the same year, 1861, from his country residence at Angerville la Rivière. It is one of unusual interest, both with respect to the writer's professional affairs, and general politics. The more eminent barristers of our own country will appreciate the observations of M. Berryer when he speaks of the monopolising claims which their professional duties have on their time and attention. A successful barrister is, probably,—speaking in relation to mental labour,—one of the most hard-wrought men of the day. And yet, in almost every instance, it will be found that our most gifted and most successful members of the bar take, of

all other classes of the community, the deepest interest in the great political questions of the hour, and make themselves more conversant with the literature of the age than any others. Though all our eminent British barristers cannot,—it may be doubted whether one of them could,—boast of the brilliant position to which M. Berryer had attained in his own country, yet they can heartily acquiesce in everything he says on the delight which they take in their profession, notwithstanding all the toils and all the anxieties which are incident to it. In giving this letter I can easily conceive with what pleasure it will be read by all who belong to the same noble profession as himself,—a profession whose great maxim is to sacrifice every personal or friendly feeling to the one great principle of feeling for the moment that his client is his world, and that should the falling of the heavens be the consequence of his efforts to achieve the triumph of his client's cause, he is to put forth all his energies,—is to bring to bear all the powers of his mind,—with the view of accomplishing that object. M. Berryer's letter is, as I have said, dated—

Angerville la Rivière, 16th June, 1861.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I am ashamed at not having yet replied to your last and very friendly letters, and particularly to that of the 28th of May. Do not, however, censure my silence. I have so little liberty,—so many occupations absorb almost every hour of every one of my days,—that I cannot be reproached with culpable neglect. I have, besides, just been making several journeys, to plead in causes, far from Paris; and I have hardly been able to catch a few moments' repose here, to prepare me for fresh judiciary contests. I am not in the least a man of leisure; and I perceive by your friendly reproaches, and by the very kind invitation which you send me, to what an extent you are unaware of

what my existence is in France, through revolutions which have separated me from the royal government—the only one I could consent to serve—and have imposed upon me the *régime* of other governments, such as that which now rules us, and from which my invariable principles keep me conscientiously aloof. Having no personal fortune, I only maintain my position in the world by incessant labour in my profession as an advocate. Such a life, so entirely laborious, is altogether honourable, and it is for that reason that I am attached to it, and do not cease to practise it. I find in it—that which is my first want—a complete independence, and, under the *régime* of press-slavery, rather frequent occasions for manifesting before the tribunals my sentiments, my convictions, and my desires. But this entire liberty of my mind, and occasionally of my speech, is not liberty to me for disposing of my time at my own will. I owe that time to the causes with which I am entrusted, and to duties which my age, already far advanced, render more difficult and more slow.

I have but few moments to devote to my friends. Correspondence which would delight my heart to indulge in, must inevitably be a little neglected; and, to my regret, I could not undertake such a journey as you so kindly propose to me. I should be very glad if it were permitted me to pass a long time in your beautiful retreat, and to enjoy there your erudite conversation. The expression of your principles, which are also mine, would be a great solace to my mind, and one most acceptable to the grave sorrow caused me every day by the events which take place in the world, and make it resound with the odious maxims which we see triumph in too many minds.

I am, believe me, most sensible of the numerous marks of esteem and kindness which you offer me, and I should wish to respond to them, and be able to convey my thanks to you *vivā voce*. My slavery is a sorrow to me, and I do not exclaim with you, that

“ Malgré la rigueur d'un si cruel pouvoir,
Mon unique souhait est de ne rien pouvoir.”

Accept, I beg, my excuses and my regrets, my esteemed friend, and receive the homage of my affectionate respect.

BERRYER.

The next letter from M. Berryer to Sir George Sinclair which I select from the collection before me, embraces an unusual variety of topics, all of them more or less interesting. Those portions of it which refer to the refined enjoyments which are derived from intimate intercourse with persons of similar sentiments and sympathies, are exceedingly beautiful. The letter bears date, 8th July, 1861 :—

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I could not describe to you how deeply I have been touched by the flattering, obliging, and friendly sentiments with which your last letter is filled. It is a handsome and ample recompence for the labours and the sacrifices of my life, to have been able to obtain such expressions of esteem ; if, indeed, I have merited the eulogiums which you bestow upon me. I have it at heart, I assure you, to reply to your invitation, and to be able to tender to you my acknowledgments *vivā voce*. I feel how much pleasure I should have in passing some time in your society, enjoying your conversation, and mingling my desires and my regrets with your own. If, on a stormy day, it is pleasant for a traveller to meet a companion who comes to escape the tempest under the same shelter ; still more delightful is it, in times of calamity and public disorder, to allow one's heart and one's mind in the friendship of a man of enlightenment and of honour, in whose company thoughts are unfolded and exchanged deliberately and in entire freedom. The relations, full of confidence, and distinguished by the absence of restraint, which your kindness has originated between us, have become fortified from day to day, and are dear to me, though I have not yet had the honour of seeing you, and though I have not yet been able to cross the Straits which separate us. There is, however, a great charm that attracts me to you. The tie is a powerful one which is formed by the contact of two good natures, animated by the same zeal for the triumph of the same cause. *Idem velle, idem nolle, ea demum firma est amicitia.*

Such an association of ideas relative to the judgments to be passed, and the measures to be taken, on the affairs of the

political world, leaves more independence to the mind of every one, and gives a higher authority to personal convictions, when that association springs up between two men who, belonging to two different nations, may be actuated by dissimilar interests, and do not look at the same faces of things, nor contemplate them from the same point of view. There is in this diversity of situations a useful control over the correctness of impressions, and the truth of final conclusions.

A stranger to France, you have studied from afar, and during a long course of years, her wants, her faults, her miseries, her resources ; and you have formed, in reference to the preservation of the well-being and the dignity of this dear and beautiful country, the same convictions as myself, who have never left it, and who have devoted my life to this same study of its past, its present, and its future. You have conveyed to Monseigneur the Duc d'Aumale the thought which has been the guide of my persevering efforts during more than twelve years, and I am happy that H.R.H. has returned you such an answer.

I am not surprised at the generous approval which he has expressed at the witty parallels you have established between some of the best scenes of our great dramatic writers and contemporary events, and the language of men who are nothing but melancholy parodists of the grandeur of the past. Your stinging applications of the fine sayings of Corneille and Racine to the vulgarities and the criminal scandals of the personages of our political dramas, prove that you know our literature as well as you do our history.

Your literary taste, my esteemed friend, would lend a powerful and additional charm to the pleasure of passing some time in your retreat ; but for this year, in spite of all that attracts me to it, I shall be prevented from leaving home during my ensuing periodical vacation. Family affairs to adjust, imperative duties to complete, and the residence with me of my daughter-in-law, and of my grandson whom I cherish, will, I trust, render acceptable to you my excuses and my regrets. I address to you, at the same time, my earnest desire that greater liberty may be granted me next year, and that I shall soon have the happiness of seeing you in person.

Receive, I beg, my esteemed friend, the respectful and sincerely affectionate compliments of

Your humble and very obedient Servant,
BERRYER.

The next letter from M. Berryer to Sir George advertises to various topics both of English and European interest. At the time it was written, namely, in the year 1861, great interest was taken in this country in the Volunteer movement, then comparatively in its infancy, but now a great fact,—so great, indeed, that it may be regarded as one of the institutions of the country. Sir George, whose bosom ever overflowed with patriotic feelings, addressed, a short time before this, the Volunteers of Caithness. That address attracted much attention, and in all quarters where it was known inspired the greatest admiration, alike for the love of country which it breathed, and the beauty of the diction in which Sir George's sentiments were expressed. References were made in this address to an apprehension, which at that time very generally prevailed among us, that Louis Napoleon meditated an invasion of our shores. These prefatory observations will render more intelligible than they would otherwise have been some of the allusions made in M. Berryer's letter.

Angerville la Rivière,
August 13th, 1861.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I am still behindhand with my thanks, and beg you to pardon me for it. Do not attribute it to my negligence, but to the imperious necessities of a life which leaves me no leisure. I have been more occupied than ever during the month which has just elapsed. I have been several times absent from home, and your letters have been sent to me somewhat late. I have, at any rate, been able to read the excellent address which you have made to the Volunteers of your county. I admire the patriotic

spirit which has led to the formation of, and which animates, these new corps. This militia, so promptly and so well organised, is a fine spectacle, and we can only applaud the generous sentiments that inspire harangues such as yours. While extolling on this head the British character, I do not believe that the moment is near when any invasive enterprise would be attempted against your country. The man who weighs down our destinies no doubt labours to scatter abroad in Europe the elements of, and the incentives to, disorder and revolution. But whatever may be the nature of the mission he believes to be reserved for him of avenging Waterloo, England is certainly the last power with which he would risk going to war.

Independently of all questions of present policy, I feel myself animated for my own country by the sentiments which you hold so nobly in your heart for yours. There is between us a great conformity of principles and of impressions, and I glory in the fact that two men who have never met should have, in their hearts and in their enlightenment, so many points of intimate contact. I am flattered and touched by this *rapprochement*, and could not sufficiently convey to you how grateful I am for the affectionate terms, and for the kindness of your letter. Yes, I should experience a profound delight in passing some time with you, and I desire that that pleasure may be reserved for me in the coming year. In the genial calm of your solitude, and in the unfolding of our mutual attachment, we should give ourselves up to pleasant conversations upon all the convictions which unite us. But while philosophising, I reserve to myself the duty of saying to you that there is not, in my opinion, any moral or social truth that our Sorbonne has ignored. Let us never compromise by our judgments the constant and fundamental doctrines by confounding them with the errors which the passions or the weakness of some men have initiated and sustained.

I have to offer you, also, the thanks of my daughter-in-law, who has been delighted with the charming veil which you have sent me for her. She will adorn herself with it some other time, but at present she is in deep mourning for her father, whom she has just had the misfortune to lose.

You have made me a precious gift in favouring me with a

copy of the letter of Monseigneur the Duc de Nemours. I have read it with pleasure, and thank you for it.

Accept, I beg you, with all my thanks, the very sincere assurance of my profound respect, and of my very affectionate sentiments.

Your obedient Servant,

BERRYER.

Following close on the above letter is another. The M. Victor Schœlcher referred to in it was at four successive elections under the Republic, chosen a member of the Corps Légitif. But as I shall have to make a quotation from one of his letters after I have concluded my extracts from M. Berryer's correspondence with Sir George, I defer my observations relative to M. Victor Schœlcher until then. The following letter is dated, "Angerville la Rivière, September 12th, 1861"—

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I hasten to thank you for kindly communicating to me your letter of the 7th of this month to M. Victor Schœlcher. I read it with real satisfaction, and admire the wisdom of the counsels you give to a man who has all the intelligence, and I believe also, all the sincerity, that could ensure acceptance for them. Such correspondence must be a consolation for him who has the misfortune of being exiled from his country. It is pleasant, in so cruel a separation from one's countrymen, to find a foreigner taking a generous and earnest interest in the future of the country from which he is cut off. I thank you for the kindness with which you keep up this affectionate intercourse with those of my countrymen whose misfortune I sincerely deplore, however widely divergent may be our political opinions, and however bitter may be the memory of the wrong done to our France by many men of the Republican party, in showing, by their conduct and their language, that they dreaded less the return of the Imperial *régime*, than the re-establishment of the Monarchy.

I beg to tell you, also, that all your ideas as to the necessity, in order to preserve the French nation from a deplorable future,

of cementing a union among independent men, whom past events have divided, and whom the existing state of things ought to re-unite—your own ideas, I say, are the complete expression of the sentiments which inspire and direct my efforts each day. At a distance, you judge truly of the condition into which our country has fallen. Failing the restoration of constitutional royalty, this country will remain the prey of the alternative triumphs of anarchy and despotism.

Receive, my esteemed friend, with my sincere thanks, the compliments of my very affectionate respect.

BERRYER.

The next letter from M. Berryer to Sir George, is in answer to one from the latter. It chiefly relates to literary matters. Its date is “Angerville, October 24th, 1861”—

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

On my return home, after a few journeys, I received your despatch of the 19th October. You could not make me a more welcome present than that of this little photograph of a portrait executed, you tell me, nearly thirty years ago. I delight to trace in these handsome traits of your youth the rectitude, the nobility, the intelligent firmness of disposition, which your correspondence and your writings have made me acquainted with. Time has been unable to change them, and you, indeed, are that which you were. You have no occasion to hold the language of Don Diego, and you preserve the strength, and retain the sentiments, of young men. I am surprised, also, at your finding fault with the resolution of the princes. At their age, one braves Fate ; one is not sparing of noble blood ; one does not desire

“Attendre chez son père une obscure vieillesse.” *

The burden of exile is too heavy. I can only praise this demand for free action and daring enterprise. It is impossible, I admit, to imagine a conflict more deplorable than that in which they have taken part ; and I can anticipate from it no other issue than misfortunes similar to those of St. Domingo.

* To await an obscure old age at home.

The difficulty of the undertaking will lie in coming forth from it with all personal dignity preserved ; but the movement which impels them to defend a federation formed with the concurrence of our arms, and under the protection of the old French flag, I cannot find it in my heart to blame. On such questions, I think *à la Française*.

No ; your letters to the Republican correspondent—the copies of them, at any rate—have not been intercepted. With regard to the happy reproduction of the scene from Agrippina and Nero, I have got it read. It has been taken from me for the purpose of being thrown into circulation ; and I have heard many persons of a humorous turn of mind laughingly repeat the line—“Goyon ! qu'on obéisse aux ordres de ma mère.” (Goyon ; let my mother's orders be obeyed.)

Meanwhile, and desiring that it may be given me to have the liberty of going to see you, I send you my respectful and very sincere compliments ; and in order that on our first meeting we may recognise one another as old acquaintances, on my return to Paris I mean to have my photograph taken, and shall then take the liberty of sending you a copy of it. Lord Brougham has written me, that, in London, the photographer Mayall has produced one which is thought to be a good likeness.

Your very obedient and affectionate Servant,
BERRYER.

Passing over two letters written by M. Berryer to Sir George after the date of the letter I have just given, I transfer to this volume one of general interest, dated from the country residence of the former at Angerville.

Angerville la Rivière,
December 19, 1861.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I have been unable to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the second of this month. I only had your parcel on arriving here a few days ago. The article on the present deplorable state of the finances of France came very *à propos* on the anniversary of the *coup d'état*, to which we owe this fright-

ful expenditure, and this situation which menaces our near future. It is much to be feared that the public credit, already shaken, will suffer much from the embarrassments of the Treasury. Will not American affairs be the subject of one of those extraordinary credits, of which we seem to desire the abandonment of the system? Be sure, also, that our austere Senate will oppose its august master's stripping himself of a prerogative by which he had, in his constitution, very wisely provided for his absolute power, and of which he has made so magnificent a use. Are we not about to hear of war? Will not France side with you? Assuredly the Americans will not consent to make any serious reparation for the insult offered to the British flag; and your ministers will prove to your Imperial ally that the outrage is shared by him, inasmuch as the "Trent" carried a plenipotentiary sent to France. And lastly, cotton, the tariffs, and all the elements of moral order of this day will be brought into play, and our cotton manufacture will be held to be not less interested than yours in the affairs of the South. So much the better! if all that would only lead to some *dénouement*, and to the fall of the curtain upon the pitiable drama of which we are the sad spectators.

I shall return to Paris in a few days, and shall see my *confrère* M. Jules Favre, to whom I shall communicate the curious documents which you have done me the honour of confiding to me.

In making me grow old, will not God permit me to become indifferent to the miseries and the scandals of the present day, and to end my days in intercourse only with men of heart, of honour, and of enlightenment, more concerned with the arts, with letters, with justice, and with the eternal beauties of creation, than with contemporary affairs?

I should be very glad to have, at length, the pleasure next year of going to see you in England; and since sad 1861 is drawing to a close, I wish that you will commence, and pass through, with all good fortune, the year which is about to succeed it.

Receive, my esteemed friend, my respectful and very affectionate compliments,

BERRYER.

I come now to a very important event in the career of M. Berryer. It will be remembered by most of the readers of this volume that in 1864 the Benchers of the Middle Temple invited M. Berryer, as the most distinguished member of the French bar, to a banquet in their grand Hall in the Temple. It was a splendid affair, and alike creditable to the Bar of England and the French Bar,—the latter represented in the person of M. Berryer. The event created great and general interest at the time ; and the proceedings at the magnificent banquet were reported at great length in all the journals of the day. The following letter from M. Berryer himself to Sir George Sinclair, giving his own account of the event, will be read with interest :—

Paris, 10th December, 1864.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I did not know until the last moment, on the eve of the day on which I left Paris to proceed to London, what day had been fixed for the banquet. You live so far off that I could not venture to ask you to undertake so long a journey in so inclement a season, and I felt the deepest regret at being unable myself to go to you. My absence from Paris, however, could only be very short : indeed, the days were counted for me—I might almost say the hours. I hope to return to England in the ensuing spring, and then, more fortunate than now, to be able to gratify my longing desire to pass a few moments in your society. Meanwhile I rely upon the pleasure of receiving tidings of you, and of learning that you have less to complain of as to your health. I observe with admiration, too, the prodigious activity of mind which you preserve, notwithstanding your sufferings.

The extract from the *Morning Advertiser*, which you have been so good as to add to your letter, affords me a fresh proof of it. Allow me to say, however, that while you evince the warmest friendship for me, you have been a great deal too hard on the Attorney-General. I regarded his toast as the fulfilment of a common-place formality, usual at such meetings. No cheer

followed it, and I could remain in my chair unmoved and extremely indifferent. I felt, too, that the Attorney-General's tone and manner were perfectly gracious, and that his language, irrespective of the official toast, was most friendly to me, and did me great honour. On this occasion, therefore, I think *Verax* was a little too susceptible.

At this season of storms and tempests you do well to prefer the old and lumbering post-conveyance to the light vessels which the winds and the seas drive on the shore, or too frequently submerge. I shall hear with joy that you and all your family have had a pleasant journey.

Accept, my dear and esteemed friend, my sincerely respectful and affectionate compliments,

BERRYER.

It would appear that Sir George Sinclair had written to M. Berryer, disapproving of something which Sir Fitzroy Kelly—then Attorney-General, but now Lord Chief Baron—had either done or left undone, as the member of the English Bar under whose auspices the whole affair was got up. My impression is, that the ground of Sir George's dissatisfaction was, that compliments had been paid to Louis Napoleon to which he took exception. But to whatever the reference may have been, M. Berryer vindicates the Attorney-General—now, as I have said, the Lord Chief Baron—and expresses his approval of all that he said and did on the occasion.

There must have been something exceedingly interesting in the study of M. Berryer's mental constitution. Surprise at the supremacy of iniquity in particular forms and under certain circumstances, appears to have been at all times blended with a firm faith in the speedy triumph of truth and justice. This again appears in a letter to Sir George, under date, August 23rd, 1865. "The triumph of evil," he says, "is a great problem in this world, and

under the hand of the Sovereign Master of all that is good. But," he adds, "these triumphs of iniquity are always of short duration, and the success of the wicked, of liars, and of tricksters, is, after all, but ephemeral. May we belong to the number of those whom God destines to survive existing iniquity." The "liar" and "trickster" here referred to as destined to have but a brief reign, and as being the impersonation of iniquity, is Louis Napoleon. The prayer of M. Berryer that he and Sir George Sinclair might be found amongst those who were destined to see the downfall of Napoleonistic iniquity, was not answered, so far as regarded themselves ; but, though neither of them has lived to see it, that prayer has been already in part heard in relation to all who are alive at the present day, and will most certainly before long be heard and answered to its fullest extent. He who, according to M. Berryer and Sir George Sinclair, is the "mystery of iniquity," is in a very different position now from what he was four years ago, when this aspiration of the former was conveyed to the latter. One half of his power has been swept away, and the other half is undergoing the same vanishing process with a rapidity which must be astounding to himself, as it manifestly is the source of joy to his subjects.

In another letter to Sir George, under date, Paris, 9th Feb., 1866, M. Berryer denounces in severe terms the conduct of what he calls the "speculating *charlatans*" by whom Louis Napoleon was at the time surrounded, and confidently predicts the ruinous consequences of their corruption, both to the Imperial *régime* and the country. I give an extract from this letter. M. Berryer says :—

From your distant retreat you contemplate calmly the affairs of the world, and judge them with a matured mind. The spectacle of the energetic and patriotic efforts made by the Americans in their Civil War; the power of united wills in that democracy; the perseverance, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, contrasting so strongly with the inconsistency, the weakness, the absence of principle, and the loss of dignity of most of the sovereigns of Europe; the cowardice and the venality of their ministers; alike forbid our doubting of the great and rapid progress that the democratic spirit will make among the nations of Europe. The consequences of this situation will be more grave and more rapid than were those of the American War of Independence, twenty years before the close of the last century, on the affairs of Europe, and of France in particular.

You appreciate truly, moreover, the character and the worth of the speculating *charlatans* who now govern us. In France, all affairs now depend upon some operation at the Bourse; and we should not now be in the serious and discreditable embarrassment that weighs upon the French Government, if it had not been found necessary to undertake the Mexican War to procure for familiar friends of the Emperor, bearers of Jecker Bonds, the means of having that paper paid off,—bought though it was for a trifle. Those bonds have been paid, and now these same gentlemen are making a great noise about the necessity of recalling the expeditionary army, after first providing the means of enabling Maximilian to vegetate at Mexico, or to return with some millions to his estate at Miramar.

Yet a little more time and patience, and we shall witness the fall of all these lying powers. But what will be their lot? It does not signify. Our own condition, in point of honour, of freedom, of morality, could not be worse than it now is. May God vouchsafe to us the consolation of beholding the punishment of these perjuries, and we will say the *Nunc dimittis* without regret. It would, however, be a last and bitter sorrow, to find oneself separated from good. Do not fail to let me hear often the state of your valuable health.

The ultimate results of the state of things to which M. Berryer here refers, predicted by him, are certainly, if

appearances may be relied on, in a fair way of being speedily witnessed.

In the same year, namely, in 1866, Sir George Sinclair appears to have written to M. Berryer to the effect that he had met, one day in the streets of Edinburgh, Charles the Tenth, when an exile in this country. Charles the Tenth, as has been stated in more places than one in this volume, was the grandfather of the present Count de Chambord, the personal friend of M. Berryer, and in the view of the latter, the legitimate Sovereign of France. The mention of the incident seems to have stirred his very soul. Writing to Sir George on the 2nd of May, 1866, M. Berryer thus expresses himself:—"Your last letter has gone to my heart, and I have been deeply moved by the very touching and truly noble description you give of the impressions made upon you on meeting, in the streets of Edinburgh, the old King Charles X.; the proscribed, the high-minded man, the amiable Prince, the worthy descendant of the greatest and most illustrious of Royal families. You make me share your emotions, and with you I repeat—

"Un soupir,
Ce n'est pas trop pour un tel souvenir."*

There is something very touching in this. It shows how profound was M. Berryer's attachment to the elder branch of the Bourbon family.

M. Berryer's next letter to Sir George Sinclair, dated the 30th of May of the next year, 1867, furnishes us with a proof of the severity of the system adopted in France under the Napoleonic *régime* to exclude from the knowledge of the people of that country foreign events

* A sigh,
'Tis not too much for such a souvenir.

discreditable, or which might be likely to be injurious, to the Imperial dynasty. M. Berryer in this letter writes as follows :—

The entrance of foreign news into France is so carefully interdicted, that it is not possible for us to know the truth as to events. It is only under the form of an *on dit* that we hear of the captivity of Maximilian. You would oblige me if you would inform me for certain what the rebel Juarez is doing with the pretended Emperor, the invader of his country. What will be the fate of this Archduke-prisoner ? I have left Paris, where people don't trouble themselves about so trifling a matter, and only care about balls, banquets, and receptions of such an odd collection of sovereigns *en promenade*. I have not yet heard that the King of the Belgians has thought of indignantly withdrawing, on learning the captivity of his brother-in-law. I hold to the belief, though, that the Emperor of Austria will not come to compliment the projector of the Mexican expedition. As for the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, their coming seems to me much more like a contemptuous and sneering mystification, than an act of politeness. This strange concourse of Europe at Paris may possibly have no other object in view than that of extinguishing, in the *hauteur* of such visits, the warlike thoughts of the Man of Projects.

The above extract is from the last letter written by M. Berryer to Sir George Sinclair which I find among the papers of the latter. Others may have been received by Sir George from his distinguished French friend, though not preserved, as they may have solely consisted of those expressions of friendship which they were in the habit of interchanging with each other. M. Berryer, like the subject of this biography, has also passed away from this world, acknowledged to be, and mourned as, one of the most illustrious sons of whom France could boast. It is an interesting fact that M. Berryer only survived a few weeks, after an intimate correspondence of nearly twenty

years, Sir George Sinclair, the friend whom he so highly esteemed, alike for his remarkable intellectual attainments and his eminent moral worth.

Mr. Gruneisen, the intimate friend of both these eminent men, wrote to me, in reference to this fact, the following interesting letter immediately after the death of M. Berryer. I ought to observe that the allusion in the first part of Mr. Gruneisen's letter is to a tribute which I paid to the memory of Sir George Sinclair in a morning journal which is under my editorial control. In the columns of that journal Mr. Gruneisen's letter, in accordance with his wishes, duly appeared. "Having," he said, writing to me from the Junior Carlton Club, on December 2, 1868, "perused, with great interest, your touching tribute to the memory of the late Sir George Sinclair, of Thurso Castle, with whose friendship I was honoured, I am sure you will be pleased to publish in your journal the last letter I ever received from the distinguished advocate, M. Berryer, in reply to my communication to him announcing the sad news of the decease of Sir George Sinclair, followed, alas ! so soon by the death of Berryer himself. I was on my way to visit him at the Chateau d'Angerville, during a journey abroad, but I heard of his serious illness at Berlin, the news of which was confirmed on my arrival at Paris, which M. Berryer left for his château the day before I reached the French capital.

"To lose within such a short period two such noble characters as Berryer and Sir George Sinclair, both consistent in their political principles, equally remarkable for their varied attainments, and both loved and respected in all the relations of private life—is, indeed, a heavy blow in this age of expediency and selfishness."

The following is the letter from M. Berryer to which Mr. Gruneisen alludes :—

Sancerre, 15 Octrœ., 1868.

MON CHER MONSIEUR GRUNEISEN,

Je reçois avec un vrai chagrin la nouvelle que vous me donnez de la triste fin de Sir Georges Sinclair. J'étais depuis de longues années en correspondance affectueuse avec lui. J'honorais ses sentimens, j'estimais son savoir, et je partageais avec bonheur de ses opinions sur les choses passées et ses jugemens sur les affaires présentes. Nous nous sommes vus et embrassés pour la première fois lorsqu'il a traversé Paris en se rendant à Cannes, d'où il me donnait des nouvelles d'un autre cher et illustre ami, Lord Brougham, que je regrette aussi bien profondément.

J'ai écrit il y a peu de temps à Miss Sinclair pour avoir des nouvelles de la santé de son père. Ma lettre était addressée à Thurso Castle. Je ne savais pas que Sir Georges eut été lui-même à Edimbourg, et croirais que sa fille seule avait été y chercher un médecin. Transmette lui, je vous prie, mes condoléances. J'attendrai quelque temps encore pour lui parler de sa douleur.

Recevez, mon cher Monsieur Gruneisen, les complimens bien sincères de ma vieille amitié.

BERRYER.

J'ai à vous rémercier des curieux envois que vous m'avez faits par la poste, qui a été fidèle, en dépit de la vigilance du police.

The following is the translation of the above letter from M. Berryer.

MY DEAR MR. GRUNEISEN,

It is with sincere sorrow I receive the news which you give me of the sad end of Sir George Sinclair. For many years I was in kindly correspondence with him. I honoured his sentimens, I respected his learning, and I warmly sympathised with his opinions on the past and his judgment on the present. We met and exchanged friendly greetings for the first time when he passed through Paris on his way to Cannes, from whence he gave me news of the death of another dear and illustrious friend, Lord Brougham, whose loss I also deeply deplore.

I wrote a short time since to Miss Sinclair for tidings of the health of her father. My letter was addressed to Thurso Castle. I did not know that Sir George was himself in Edinburgh, and thought that only his daughter had gone there to fetch a physician. Pray send my condolence to her. I will wait a little time to write to her of her great loss.

Receive, my dear Mr. Gruneisen, the most sincere compliments of my long friendship.

BERRYER.

I have to thank you for the curious things you have sent me through the post-office, which has been faithful despite of police vigilance.*

It is not improbable that this letter to Mr. Gruneisen was among the last M. Berryer ever wrote to friends beyond the confines of his own family. There is something very affecting in the fact that he who thus deplores the death of a dear friend, should, within a few weeks, leave not only his personal friends, but all France, to mourn over his own departure from this world.

There is another eminent Frenchman with whom Sir George Sinclair carried on a large correspondence, and with whom he was for a series of years on terms of great personal intimacy. I allude to M. Victor Schoelcher, well known in this country as the author of the "Life of Handel;" a work which the higher class of our periodical journals, such as the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly Review*, the *Westminster Review*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Spectator*, were unanimous in pronouncing to be the best Life of that celebrated composer which had been ever written. M. Victor Schoelcher is one of the most extreme of

* This postscript refers to the sending of cuttings from certain English journals, the stoppage of which was almost certain by the French police. — C. L. G.

French Republicans, and having taken part in the streets against Louis Napoleon, at the time of the *coup d'état*, he has ever since been an exile in this country. During the last Republic in France, M. Schœlcher sat for three successive sessions in the Corps Legislatif for one of the French colonies, for which he was Under Secretary during the secretaryship of M. Arago. When filling that position, he was the means of liberating all the slaves, amounting to nearly 250,000, in the colonies; and for that great act of humanity and justice he is called the Wilberforce of France. He is a man of the highest honour, as well as of great talent. I have known him intimately for nearly eighteen years, and have pleasure in saying that I never knew a more honourable man in the whole course of my life. With his views on religious subjects it is right I should say I have no sympathy whatever, neither do I share his extreme sentiments on political questions. Sir George Sinclair entertained the same high opinion of M. Schœlcher as I do, but differed even more from him on political subjects; for Sir George, as I have before mentioned, was a strenuous supporter of the elder branch of the Bourbons, while M. Schœlcher, as just stated, is one of the most ultra of the Republicans. The following correspondence between Sir George and M. Schœlcher will show whereon they differed as to the best form of Government, and at the same time in what a friendly spirit they wrote.

The first letter is from M. Schœlcher to Sir George, in acknowledging the receipt of a letter and a literary communication from the latter.

15, Montpelier Row, Twickenham,

16th June, 1861.

MY DEAR AND HONOURABLE FRIEND,

Thanks for having sent me your adaptation of *Medea*, which proves how perfect is your knowledge of the French language. I am surprised how any one could render himself so completely master of the art of writing as you write, unless by a continuous residence in France.

“ Men never forgive those they have betrayed ”

is assuredly a very pretty line, and expresses a true thought in concise terms, yet I do not see its just application to the younger branch of the Bourbons. MM. d'Orleans have never betrayed Monsieur Chambord ; it must, however, be admitted that their father betrayed M. Charles X., by taking his place. He held, perhaps, the opinion that France was the property of M. Charles X. Those, however, who believe that France belongs to herself, consider that Louis Philippe betrayed his country only, in accepting the crown in the name of liberal principles, when he was just as retrograde as his predecessor, &c., &c., &c.

In several other letters M. Schoelcher develops his views of the French political situation from an exalted Republican stand-point. He thus writes to Sir George (under date Sept. 8, 1861) upon the protest of the latter against his irreconcilable hostility to all monarchy and to all dynasties.

How, my esteemed friend, can you suppose that your propositions should be capable of altering my sentiments towards you ? It seems to me extravagant, I allow, but it springs from an amiable error, which I can but respect for its origin. Yes, without doubt, we should unite all our efforts against those wicked wretches (*scélérats*), who are more than the mere tyrants of France—who degrade it. I regret continually that there are statesmen in Europe who do not comprehend that the honour of civilisation is involved, in whatever sense they give their support. But in supposing “ the approachment of the old parties ” for this end, you forget that honour itself is opposed

to such a fusion. "Parties" in France are irreconcilable adversaries. So far from our allying ourselves with the Carlists or the Orleanists, their dignity would not permit them to coalesce with us. They have thought fit to make common cause with the Bonapartists, and overthrow us; but they will pay dearly for this baseness. No, we are of another stamp; we cannot follow their lead. Among us Republicans there are gradations (*nuances*),—where are there not? If we could efface these for a moment it would serve the holy cause of good—for we all wish for right, justice, truth and liberty, although we do not seek them in the same way. But we are invincibly separated from monarchists, because at least one of these great blessings is, we believe, not sought by them, namely—liberty. Frenchmen are too logical to be capable of using their opinions one against another. What you call constitutional monarchy is impossible in France, because it is in itself an illogical thing (*chose illogique*). Hence the attempts of constitutional kings have always tended to absolutism, that being the essential principle of monarchy. It was to carry out their principle that Louis XVI., Charles X., and Louis Philippe fell one after the other; and it is for this that Monsieur Bonaparte will fall also, independently of the disgust which he excites, for France is Democratic, and tends always to the realisation of her principles.

You English, living under a legal fiction, may believe in Monarchy, because you have a king or a queen, but, in reality, your government is an oligarchy; your king or your queen being nothing by themselves, having less power than the President of the United States, and your House of Commons, where nobody is admitted unless he is rich, is merely a Chapel of Ease (*succursale*) to the House of Lords. Is not its majority actually composed of the sons, or the sons-in-law, or the brothers of lords? The English people have truly very little part in their elections; they are not represented; and, what is more, they do not aspire to be so. As to the liberty you enjoy, I am by no means tempted to deny that it is not so extended as is desirable; no one admires it more than myself; and as to your executive government, I will render it this justice, that it has the wisdom to understand that it is legality that assures you tranquillity. Nevertheless, it must be

confessed that this is merely tolerance. It holds that no question divides you, and above all, that your queen is a good citizen, who occupies herself with marrying her numerous progeny, and has no inclination to trouble her head with politics. But your arsenal of laws against all liberties is as formidable as that of the most despotic of countries. What have you not paid in damages against the press, down to the reign of your last king? to say nothing of newspaper editors who were *hanged* under the three Georges; and how many more would you have had if you had had a king with a will of his own? I have seen within three years, without any more ceremony than the Decembrisers use in France, the publisher Duclose cast into prison, not because he was the author, but merely because he was the vendor of a pamphlet which displeased Mr. Palmerston, the accomplice of the Decembrisers. With you these half-measures, this swimming between two waters, would fail to satisfy anybody, neither the people nor the Government. It is a necessity then that democracy should kill aristocracy, or that aristocracy should kill democracy. Their struggle has been long and cruel: it broke out in 1789, and it may last, perhaps, a long time yet to our sorrow, but one or other must triumph. They can never live beside each other by any compromise. Why is France crushed by despotism at this moment? Because it could not content itself with liberty, with tolerance; because it hankered after monarchy. If it accepted the Empire it would not be compelled to keep it constantly with the bayonet at its throat. After that, my dear excellent friend, you speak to me about "meeting mid-way" the Berryers, the Guizots, and the Montalemberts!!!

In other letters M. Schœlcher pursues the same uncompromising Republican style, condemning Count Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and even Garibaldi, with rigorous impartiality, as being imperfect or short-coming friends of liberty,—a crime which knows no pardon with M. Schœlcher.

I ought to have observed in the outset that, in speaking

or writing in his letters of kings, princes, and other persons of high titles, he never calls them by their titles. The Duc d'Orleans, for example, is called plain Monsieur Orleans, and the Count de Chambord, Monsieur Chambord. When speaking English, his plan of denying royal or noble titles to anyone, sounded still more oddly. Sir George and I used to enjoy his calling the Emperor of the French, Mr. Bonaparte, and the Empress, Mrs. Bonaparte. The Duke of Wellington never received from M. Schœlcher any other prefix to his name than simply Mr. Wellington, and Lord Derby than plain Mr. Derby.

As a pendant to M. Schœlcher's fervent Republicanism and avowed and irreconcilable hostility to kings and dynasties in all their varied forms, the following copy of a letter from Sir George to his French Republican friend will show Sir George's answer to the above.

Thurso Castle, 7th Sept. 1861.

DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I trust it is superfluous for me to reiterate the assurance of the sentiments of deep attachment and profound respect with which your disinterestedness, your probity, and your talents have inspired me. I take the present opportunity of naming it because it may serve as a motive and excuse for the liberty I am about to take in venturing to address to you some reflections on the present and the future of a country, the interests of which are so dear to you, and for the liberty of which you have not hesitated nobly to make the greatest sacrifices. You cannot detest more heartily than myself the atrocious and perfidious government which at once inflicts on her disgrace and misery, and of which we mutually wish the fall and destruction. But we by no means are agreed as to the state of things which we would desire to see substituted; and, as regards myself, I am perfectly persuaded that the overthrow of the Corsican dynasty is absolutely impossible while "*les anciens partis*" regard each other with reciprocated jealousy; while they cannot resolve to bury

their past differences in oblivion, and to act together with zeal and cordiality in the attainment of their common object. I know perfectly well how strongly you prefer Republican institutions, but you yourself have often admitted that the most honoured and respected partizans of this principle (Republican) cherish among themselves almost irreconcilable differences. For example, that you and M. Ledru Rollin, and M. Louis Blanc but seldom meet, and that you are very far from entertaining the same ideas on the constitution which should be adopted. I have always admired your candour and uprightness, and I therefore venture to ask you if your predilection in favour of a republic has not been shaken by the unhappy scenes of carnage, brutality, insubordination, disorder, and outrage which have recently been realised in the United States of America ? Would you not prefer a constitutional monarchy, founded upon a basis of parliamentary liberty ? Would you refuse to listen to the voice of the head of the ancient house who should call for the aid of your enlightenment and of your honesty ? Have you not sufficient grandeur of soul to meet midway the Berryers, the Guizots, the Montalemberts, and to associate yourself with those and all the patriots of France of every rank and of every class, and of every shade of opinion, who are warmed with the same virtuous and honourable desire to break the ignominious and heavy yoke under which your country groans ?

I know how much I risk in venturing to write this ; be it so, I will submit to the heaviest punishment—I mean the loss of a friendship to which I attach so high a value. My mind advises me to silence, but my heart forces me to speak ; and it is to yours I address this appeal, which is dictated by the most sincere inward convictions.

Yours, now and for ever,
GEO. SINCLAIR.

With four letters to Sir George Sinclair from Mr. Carlyle, and one from Mrs. Carlyle, I shall conclude this chapter. The first relates to an invitation which Mr. Carlyle had received to visit Thurso Castle, and remain

as long as he could in that hospitable mansion. The letters have all the characteristics of Mr. Carlyle's usual epistolary style, which, in the qualities of raciness of sentiment and peculiarity of expression, are unique in modern correspondence, and, I believe, in ancient, too. Addressing Sir George, Mr. Carlyle says, under date—

Chelsea, 24th July, 1860.

DEAR SIR,

There is something so truly hospitable in the tone of your letter, something so human-looking and salutary in the adventure proposed me, that I decide on attempting it ; and mean actually to embark in the Aberdeen steamer, on Wednesday August 1 (that is to-morrow week), sea voyaging being much more supportable at all times than the horrors of railwaying, vainly attempting sleep in inns, &c., &c. ; and shall hope to be at Wick, and thence under your roof, at some time on the Saturday following, if all prosper. There !

Most likely I shall write again before sailing ; in the meantime I have only to bid you thank the beneficent Lady in my name, and say that I have good hope her angelic intentions will succeed upon me in some measure, and thus it will be a welcome help indeed. That, for the rest, my domestic habits are all for simplicity and composure (*simplex munditiis* the motto in all things), that I live, with clear preference where possible, on rustic farm-produce,—“milk and meal,” eggs, chickens, moor-mutton ; white fish (salmon, veal, lamb, three things tabooed to me) ; reckon an innocent bread-pudding the very acme of culinary art ; am accustomed to say, “Can all the Udes in Nature, with all the kings’ treasures to back them, *make* anything so *good* as good cream ?”—and likewise that “the Cow is the friend of man, and the French Cook his enemy,”—and not one day in ten drink beyond a single glass of wine. Sufficient on that head. For company I want none but yours and hers :—The great song of the everlasting sea, and the silences of earth and sky, will be better “conversation” to me than the kind I have long had !

On the whole I am quite gay with the hope of becoming

a “*König in Thule*,” (though without the misfortunes and bibacities of that old gentleman). There, in my *Schloss am Meer*, for a while, I promise to become a much more human animal, were sleep restored to me, in that grand lullaby, and the rough hair smoothed down again a little. Adieu, in the hope of soon meeting,

Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Another letter relative to Mr. Carlyle’s visit to Thurso Castle follows close on the heels of the one I have just given. It is dated July 31, exactly a week after the preceding.

Chelsea, 31st July, 1860.

DEAR SIR,

Your note has come this morning ; thanks once more. I write a line, as at any rate I intended, merely to say that the purpose holds ; that I am booked for the Aberdeen steamer, Wednesday 1 p.m. ; thence to Wick by the old program ; and that I hope to cut across, if all prosper, and find you at Thurso Castle some time on Saturday,—and there to lie down and sleep for I know not how long ! If sleep do not come, you will have to shove me on to Inverness, into the current of railways ; and I must go further again, were it only to fare *worse*. A brother of mine now here, Dr. Carlyle, physician once in Rome, &c., but in late years, especially in late months, a wandering man,—will escort me to Aberdeen, perhaps to Wick ; intending to “ see the Orkneys, the Shetlands,” or I know not what. My Wife cannot get away at present, nor for a week or two coming.

She is naturally much gratified by your repeated invitation ; and has often spoken of Thurso since it was first heard of here : but she cannot *sail* at all ; and apart from her domestic enterprises here, which induce the desire rather of my *absence* for a couple of weeks, she shudders somewhat at the long 600 miles of land-journey, even cut into sections ; and dare not even undertake for Edinburgh till I have reported of myself from the Far North.

You need not reckon me quite an *invalid*, after all. My sleeping faculty has returned, or is evidently returning, to the old

imperfect degree: but my work, but my head—In short, I was seldom in my life more worn out to utter weariness; or had more need of lying down for a little rest, under hopeful conditions. In haste (as usual),

Yours sincerely always,
T. CARLYLE.

The subjoined letter from Mrs. Carlyle to Sir George Sinclair is not dated, so far as regards the year; but it evidently follows close on the foregoing. It is felicitously playful in reference to her husband:—

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

August.

MY DEAR SIR,

Decidedly you are more thoughtful for me than the man who is bound by vow to “love and cherish me:” not a line have I received from *him* to announce his safe arrival in your dominions.

The more shameful on his part, that, as it appears by your note, he had such good accounts to give of himself, and was perfectly *up to* giving them.

Well! now that *you* have relieved me from all anxiety about the effects of the journey on him, he may write at his own “reasonably good leisure.” Only I told him I should not write till I had heard of his arrival from himself; and he knows whether or no I am in the habit of keeping my word—to the letter.

A thousand thanks for the primrose roots; which I shall plant, so soon as it fairs! To-day we have again a deluge; adding a deeper shade of horror to certain household operations going on under my inspection (by way of “improving the occasion of *his* absence!”). *One* bedroom has got all the feathers of its bed and pillows airing themselves out on the floor! creating an atmosphere of down in the house, more choking than even “cotton-fuzz.” In another, upholsterers and painters are plashing away for their life; and a couple of bricklayers are tearing up flags in the kitchen to seek “the solution” of a non-acting drain! All this on the one hand; and on the other, visits from my doctor resulting in ever new “composing draughts,” and strict charges

to "keep my mind perfectly tranquil." You will admit that one could easily conceive situations more ideal.

Pray do keep him as long as you like! To hear of him "in high spirits" and "looking remarkably well" is more composing for me than any amount of "composing draughts," or of "insistence on the benefits of keeping myself perfectly tranquil." It is so very different a state of things with him from that in which I have *seen* him for a long time back!

Oh! I must not forget to give you the "kind remembrances" of a very charming woman, whom any man may be pleased to be remembered by, as kindly as *she* evidently remembered *you*! I speak of Lady William Russell. She knew you in Germany, "a young student," she told me, when she was *Bessy Rawdon*. She "had a great affection for you, and had often thought of you since." You were "very romantic in those days; oh, *very* romantic and *sentimental*," she could assure me! Pray send me back a pretty message for her; she will like so much to know that she has not remembered you "with the reciprocity all on one side."

I don't even send my regards to Mr. C., but—

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

After remaining at Thurso Castle on a visit of five weeks' duration, Mr. Carlyle returned, and, on reaching the place mentioned in his letter, he wrote to Sir George, announcing his safe arrival. The announcement is made, and, indeed, the whole letter is written, in a manner which no one could imitate.

Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan, 13th Sept. 1860.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I arrived here, at my half-way house, the night before last; without accident to speak of, indeed, with what may be called "a pleasant voyage," both by sea and land, if any such could now be pleasant: nevertheless I feel considerably smashed; and, for the present, at least twenty per cent. below what you and Thurso Castle delivered me at, that morning, in Scrabster Roads. Alas,

one has to voyage; and there is no wishing-carpet or Fortunatus's hat to do it with, in these modern steam-days!

At Linlathen there fell out of my portmanteau two books,—a chamber Bible, and a volume of Heinrich, which the excellent Fraser (out of whose reach I should have laid them, but did not) had packed in by mistake! After consideration, I left them at "Corona" to the care of Mr. Stephen junior; charging him to be so kind as to send them over at once to Mrs. Power; by whom they were to be delivered to your Edinburgh bookseller,—and by him, as I hope, reconsigned shortly to their real place of ownership. Please mention that they do arrive uninjured, when and if they do. Chelsea will be the address; in a few days I am to start off thither again, there to get upon the treadwheel again,—sinner that I am!

Mr. Erskine was well, and all about him looking very happy. We had plenty of pious discourse for the two days I stayed; he sent many compliments to "the good Sir George;" and I did not forget the tradition of the turbot we once heard of.

Adieu, dear Sir, and thousand thanks for all your unwearied kindnesses and human hospitalities to me, which were *perfect* as one seldom finds them in this world. To Miss Sinclair my lasting remembrances and regards.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The next and last letter from Mr. Carlyle to Sir George Sinclair which I will quote from the letters lying before me, is dated April 15th, 1863, immediately after the death of Lady Camilla Sinclair, and is chiefly a letter of condolence with Sir George on the heavy bereavement he had sustained in the loss of one he so much loved. The following is the letter, which is full of fine and friendly feelings:—

Chelsea, 15th April, 1863.

DEAR SIR,

We read in the newspapers, with a lively sympathy, the announcement of what had come upon you. It is a heavy blow and a very sorrowful: the parting with a loved soul, who has been your companion so long through good and evil; who was

such a bright being when you first found her,—and has had to fade away under many sufferings and sorrows, which you have shared with her, and leave you alone for the remainder of the pilgrimage. “It is the way of all the earth ;” yes, and has been since man was first made. And yet there is a strange *originality* in it to every one of us, when it comes upon him in its course. I grieve to think how sad you are. I myself remember the good Lady and her very great goodness to me while herself so heavily-laden ; and the thought that I shall never see her again is painful and pathetic to me. Words are very idle, so are wishes : I will say no more on the subject. Time, by degrees, smooths away the first asperities ; then Death has a kind of bland aspect, most sad, but also most sacred : the one haven appointed for us all.

I am still kept overwhelmingly busy here ; my strength slowly diminishing, my work progressing still more slowly,—my heart really almost broken. In some six or eight months,—surely not longer than eight,—I hope to have at last done : it will be the gladdest day I have seen for ten years back, pretty much the one glad day ! I have still half a volume to do ; still a furious struggle, and *tour-de-force*, as there have been many, to wind matters up reasonably in half a volume. But this is the *last*, if I can but do it ; and if health hold out in any fair measure, I always hope I can.

Your Pamphlet on Napoleon has never come. I am happy to agree entirely in what you say about that renowned Corsican gentleman (“Play-actor Pirate,” who after all found dishonesty *not* the best policy), and about his Sham Synonym of these present times, whom I still more heartily dissent from, and even take the liberty of despising. Probably nothing can be written upon them that will do much good. There is such an outpouring of disloyal platitudes, and vocal jackassery, of every figure, in these times, as quite disgusts one with the pen, and almost with the tongue itself.

Farewell, dear sir ; may your pious heart soon compose itself, and be able to say,—what Wisdom has, in all dialects, prescribed since Wisdom first was,—“Good is the will of the Lord.”

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

I cordially endorse every word which Mr. Carlyle here says in reference to the virtues of Lady Camilla Sinclair. She was held in the highest regard by all that ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with her. For nine or ten years before her death Lady Camilla was subject occasionally to very severe attacks of illness, which usually confined her to her bed, in a state of great physical prostration, for ten or twelve days. Yet so great was her energy, and so cheerful her mind, that the very moment she recovered she displayed her wonted buoyancy of spirits, just as if nothing had happened. As an instance of Lady Camilla's energy of character, I may mention, that, when I was on a visit to Thurso Castle, some time before her death, and after a severe and prolonged attack of illness, she proposed, the first day after she had been able to leave her room, that she and Miss Sinclair and myself should pay a few days' visit to the Orkney Islands,—usually a very rough voyage, and having to encounter great inconveniences after landing. She was, however, dissuaded from undertaking the expedition, because of hindrances which did not occur to her when she proposed it. Her rallying powers were unusually great after illness in any form; and those who saw how cheerful she was the moment she was able to leave her room could scarcely believe that she had been ill at all.

Numerous as are the letters which I have given, addressed to Sir George Sinclair, I have only transferred to this volume comparatively few out of the large collection sent me, from which to make my selection. Between the Rev. Dr. Guthrie and Sir George a warm and continuous friendship subsisted for more than a quarter of a

century: and some scores of the letters from the former to the latter are found in the series of volumes now lying before me. They are essentially letters of the most fervent friendship. They are marked throughout by that fine, open, genial nature for which Dr. Guthrie stands pre-eminent among the men of the day. Among others of Sir George's copious correspondents was Sir Brook Boothby, a well known baronet in the earlier part of Sir George's parliamentary life. His letters are so voluminous that they would, if published, make a moderately sized volume. Then there is a M. de Glosson, who belonged to a family of the *ancienne noblesse*. He writes, in French, a very large number of interesting and very able letters to Sir George, but they chiefly relate to topics which would not only be uninteresting, but not even intelligible, as regards many of their allusions, at the present day. The Rev. John Hamilton Gray, of Bolsover Castle, near Derby, who has two livings in that part of the country, was another friend of Sir George, and for more than forty years one of his voluminous correspondents. A very large number of the reverend gentleman's letters, all written with much ability, and some of them displaying great and varied learning, with enlightened views of the great questions of the day, have been carefully preserved by Sir George.

I ought to mention, that so very great was Mr. Gray's friendship for Sir George, that for many years past he always commenced his letters, "My dearest Friend." In a letter addressed to Sir George expressing his regret that, owing to the unexpected illness of his only daughter, he had been obliged to relinquish an engagement he had made to visit Thurso Castle, agreeably to an invitation

received from Sir George, Mr. Gray writes, in the beginning, as follows :—

Bolsover Castle, September 19.

It has, indeed, been a very severe mortification to me that Maria has been obliged to abandon the visit to you, which I regarded with so much pleasure for her, and with so much satisfaction for myself,—as, next to being in your society, my wish is that those nearest and dearest to me should share in that affectionate intercourse which has been my privilege and happiness during the last six-and-thirty years. During the whole of that time, I do not remember one cloud having traversed the course of our friendship, and this is what cannot often be said after so long a lapse of years.

This is a remarkable thing to be able to say. How very few friendships one hears of in this world, so very strong and so prolonged, without the slightest break, as that between Sir George Sinclair and the Rev. Mr. Gray.

CHAPTER XVII.

Literary Labours of Sir George Sinclair—Travels in Germany in Two Volumes—Various Works on Political and Religious Subjects—Writings for the Newspaper Press—Letters to the Protestants of Scotland—Poetry.

PROBABLY no man of his day was a more voluminous writer for the press than Sir George Sinclair. His earliest work consisted of two volumes, and was devoted to a detail of the two visits he had paid to Germany, and other parts of Europe. His first visit was when he went thither to complete his education, and the second when on his marriage tour. During his sojourn on the Continent, Sir George, then Mr. Sinclair, regularly wrote home letters to his father and to friends of the family, narrating the incidents he deemed most calculated to interest and instruct. And the letters in question were so much admired by those to whom they were addressed, that they urged him to publish them in a book. He objected to their publication in the usual manner in which letters interesting to friends are brought before the public as books ; but he agreed to comply so far with the wishes of his friends, as to have the letters printed for private circulation. This was accordingly done, and I have now before me the work in question, entitled “Travels in Germany,” with a reading of which I have been favoured by Sir George’s brother, the Venerable Archdeacon of Middlesex, who is the possessor of the only

copy with which I am acquainted. The chief characteristics of the work in question are the intimate acquaintance with the fine arts, which is proved to have been possessed by the author, and his knowledge of what was going on, at the time he wrote his book, at the principal Continental courts. In these respects this work of Sir George, the first and largest he ever wrote, is one which possesses great interest. Very many of those who read it regretted at the time that the book was printed for private circulation only, and not published in the usual form, and under the usual circumstances. He resisted all entreaties made to him with that view, notwithstanding the fact of his being fully aware how much the work was admired by the most competent judges.

Though Sir George Sinclair was one of the mildest men I ever knew, either as regards his disposition or his mode of expressing himself, his detestation of Louis Napoleon acquired an intensity I have never seen exceeded in the dislike of any other person to any other man. His inveterate hostility to the Emperor of the French led him to employ a strength of language in speaking of the Occupant of the Tuilleries, which he never did in speaking of any one else. One of his favourite epithets was, “The Man of December.” In one of his pamphlets, entitled “Reflections on the Anniversary of a *Coup d'Etat*,” after referring to the case of a sharper who had made a large fortune by cheating at play, but was eventually detected by a party who had long been one of his victims, and who stuck a fork through the sharper’s hand so as to fix it to the table, when the card was found beneath it, Sir George goes on to say :

On the same principle, one of Bonaparte’s martyrs might say,

“If you did not pretend to have abjured Imperial Machiavelianism, and adopted Republican principles in order to obtain the Presidential chair ; if you did not endeavour, up to the 1st of December, 1851, to lull the friends of freedom into a fatal security by persevering in this system of hypocrisy ; if you did not, on the day following, incur the guilt of perjury and murder by subverting, through the foul medium of armed and drunken bandits, the Government which you had sworn to protect and perpetuate ; if you did not obtain the Imperial dignity by the most bare-faced fraud and violence ; if you have not driven into exile or doomed to insignificance all the men most distinguished as statesmen, patriots, heroes, or philosophers ; if you are not at this moment the object of dread, execration, or contempt, to all who respect the rights of liberty, justice, and humanity,—if these charges are false, then I am a consummate slanderer ; but if they are true, why you are a consummate scoundrel, and every public man a consummate sycophant who extenuates or eulogises your iniquities.”

Here is another specimen of the manner in which Sir George Sinclair expressed himself from time to time in relation to Louis Napoleon.

As Louis XIV exclaimed when the Spanish monarchy became the patrimony of his grandson, “Désormais il n'y a plus de Pyrénées,” so Louis Napoleon is considered by all—or, at all events, by most—of the great and grave statesmen, as having cordially proclaimed, from the moment at which his successful treason was accomplished, that henceforth the channel which divided the two peoples has been virtually dried up. Such seems to be the conviction cherished at Windsor and at Westminster, and in virtue thereof there could be no more fitting occasion for causing the Park and Tower guns to be fired, the bells of the Metropolis to ring a merry peal, official or ex-official entertainments to be given by all the principal ministers and ex-ministers of the Crown, at which, in compliment to their august confederate and companion, they might for once think proper to substitute for the Windsor uniforms the uncouth and eccentric masquerade of tragedy and tasteless vulgarity, which

was worn by command at Compiégne, in the palace of the Imperial Amphictyon, who bags with his own gun on such occasions perhaps as many heads of game as there were heads of families butchered by the muskets of his ruthless soldiery at the great civic chasse of 1851.

Sir George Sinclair took a deep interest in the events connected with the Sepoy rebellion. He regarded the conduct of our Government in reference to the mode in which that rebellion was put down as disgraceful to humanity, and as an outrage on the Christianity which this country professes to be its religion. He wrote at the time in terms the strongest which could be employed in denunciation of the barbarities practised towards the Sepoys, as these were published in the journals of the day, and brought out in Parliament by Mr. Charles Gilpin, the member for Northampton. The barbarities which were committed by the English towards the mutineers who fell into our hands in that rebellion, were regarded by Sir George as sufficiently great to make us ashamed of being Englishmen. Sir George transfers to one of his pamphlets, published in the form of a "Letter to M. Berryer, the First Orator of Modern Times," copious proofs of the shocking inhumanity of our countrymen in the Sepoy mutiny. Mr. Charles Gilpin, and several other members of the House of Commons, expressed themselves as strongly in condemnation of our conduct on that occasion, as the rules of the House would permit, but no language to which utterance was then given approached in burning indignation that which Sir George Sinclair employed in the pamphlet to which I allude. Let me lay before my readers one specimen. In one place, after alluding to the tyranny of Louis

Napoleon and the massacre of Paris at the time of the *Coup d'Etat*, Sir George says :

Judging from analogy, we should, I think, be warranted in concluding if that monster Nana Sahib's *coup d'état* had succeeded, and he had grasped with blood-stained hands the sceptre of sovereignty at Lucknow or Benares, that Lord Canning, Lord Elphinstone, Lord Clyde, Sir John Lawrence, and Sir James Outram, would have eagerly coveted the distinction of being invited to partake of his splendid and sumptuous entertainments—and why not? In some respects, no doubt, the massacre of Cawnpore was even more cruel and more criminal than the massacre of Paris. But Nana Sahib's victims possessed no special claim on his favour or on his friendship. He had not been spontaneously selected by them as the accredited protector of their persons or of their properties. They belonged to a nation which he was entitled to regard with the strongest feelings of hatred and hostility as the enemies of the rights and the religion of his country. His crime excited an universal outcry of just execration, but when weighed in the balance of dispassionate and discriminating impartiality, it is palliated by some considerations of which the absence aggravates tenfold the enormity of that flagrant and perfidious act, in spite, or rather, in consequence, of which its perpetrator has been fostered and flattered by the Peers, and Princes, and potentates of a depraved and infatuated world.

Sir George Sinclair having denounced the inhumanities perpetrated in India during the Sepoy rebellion in that country, hurls his invectives at the heads of our leading Cabinet Ministers, because of their sycophancy to Louis Napoleon. He says :

But whatever may be the extent of our own departures from the principles of justice and humanity, it is to me at least a source of humiliation and regret that our Palmerstons and Clarendons, our Malmesburys and Disraelis, seem to plume themselves upon the high privilege of being numbered amongst

the guests whom a despot delights to honour, and invites to his banquet of wine. And, when British statesmen, or senators, or generals, or judges, or the “heads” of all the different parties (for each party is a many-headed monster, a *bellua multorum capitum*), are condescendingly summoned to these ceremonious and sumptuous feasts, the Imperial host may rest assured that, on the part of all his guests, from the least to the greatest, he shall have “worship” in the presence of them that sit at meat with him. Even in the case of such unworthy descendants of illustrious French families as have passed beneath the Caudine forks and submitted to this indignity, I believe that if the loyal and high-minded progenitor of such a degenerate scion still survives in honourable disgrace or voluntary exile, and that some pliant and plausible Philinte were to say, in an accommodating and apologetic strain, “What would you have had your grandson do when the entire country has submitted to the Imperial sceptre?”—the virtuous and venerable Alceste would exclaim, with just and generous indignation, “Qu'il mourût,” rather than have basely turned his back upon the cause for which his unflinching and uncompromising ancestors laid down their lives, or sacrificed their patrimonies and their homes.

So far, Sir, again, as our own statesmen and senators are concerned, I am almost surprised that their English palates were not scorched and scarified with the enormous quantity of Cayenne condiment with which the Imperial delicacies are seasoned, and which would cause the most luxurious dishes to be dismissed untouched and untasted from a truly British table. I lately met with a parody or adaptation of an epigram of Prior, which, as it has in all probability never reached your eyes or ears, I shall venture to transcribe for your perusal :—

“ Full oft does Pam with Boney dine,
On turbot, truffles, and rich wine,
But Boney his own feats rehearseth,
And Pam must praise what Roebuck curseth ;
I pity or despise the sinner,
Who envies Pam his dear-bought dinner.”

I am persuaded that such of our nobles as in the nineteenth century condescend to enrol themselves amongst the Napoleonists, would in the first have enlisted under the banners of the

Herodians, and been comprehended amongst the guests who “sat at meat” with the murderer of the Baptist. There is, indeed, this broad distinction. A great crime was committed by the one “for his oath’s sake,” and by the other in manifest violation of it. But every official dignitary of the present day seems to regulate his friendship, so far as foreign monarchs and ministers are concerned, according to position and not to principle; he is elevated far above such paltry considerations, which are only fitted to influence the ignoble and the obscure.

Sir George spared no class of the community, however high in rank, who played the parasite to him whom, as I have stated, he usually called the “Man of December.” The Court and the Cabinet, Windsor and Westminster, were equally denounced by him. Probably in no part of his writings is anything to be met with in language more vigorous than were the terms in which he expressed his indignation at the circumstance of our Queen going to visit the tomb of the First Napoleon. He felt that that visit seriously compromised not only herself, but the whole country. No one can doubt who it was that was in Sir George Sinclair’s eye when he wrote, in the following ironical language: “We are not, so far as I know, in possession of any historical evidence that the eunuch, who was First Lord of the Treasury to Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, was himself hand and glove with Herod the king, or advised his royal mistress to exchange hospitalities with that powerful but unscrupulous monarch, who was probably their contemporary, and apparently well prepared to have been courted and caressed as an august and powerful ally.” The party chiefly aimed at was the then Minister of Queen Victoria, but majesty itself was included in the censure of Sir George.

But it was not by invectives alone that the Emperor and the Government of France were held up to derision by Sir George. Because of the homage paid in this country to Louis Napoleon, he held up Imperialism and its English worshippers alike, to popular indignation and scorn by his wit and humour. His wit was sometimes so refined that ordinary readers were in danger of mistaking things as serious which he meant only for a joke. His travesties of Napoleon's sayings and doings were so exceedingly successful, that journalists to whom they were sent felt it necessary to prefix a few words, when inserting them, to the effect that they had evidently been intended for *Punch*, or some other journal of the humorist class, and had got to the journal in which they appeared by a mistake in their destination.

Many of Sir George Sinclair's imitations of Louis Napoleon's letters and addresses were so admirably executed, that even Louis Napoleon himself must, at the first perusal, have believed they were really written by himself. I give the following sample of this style of writing on the part of Sir George, not because it is by any means one of the best, but because its length is less than most of the others. Every one will remember the Orsini affair, some ten or twelve years ago, to which the travesty relates. It is right I should mention that in this instance Sir George rather refers to what Louis Napoleon would have *thought* at the time, than to what he would have *said*.

Although we have not been so fortunate as to procure a copy of the penitential letter written to the Emperor by Orsini, on the evening prior to his execution, we have been favoured with a transcript of his Imperial Majesty's answer, which we lose no

time in laying before our readers, because it redounds so much to the credit of the great potentate's well-known candour and clemency :—

“ Had I listened only to the dictates of my heart and conscience I should have gladly spared your life, which must, however, be sacrificed in deference to the wishes, and in furtherance of the welfare, of my attached and loyal subjects, to whom my august person and illustrious dynasty are so justly and so generally dear. For my own part, I cannot but acknowledge that success constitutes the chief distinction between the glorious enterprise of the 2nd of December, 1851, and the detestable crime of the 14th January, 1858. Had my well-contrived plot miscarried, I should have expiated my act, as you will yours to-morrow, upon the scaffold. The number of innocent Frenchmen whose blood was shed by my accomplices was one hundred fold greater than the amount of your victims. I have encircled my brow with the diadem of despotism. You have failed in bursting the fetters which I have riveted in Italy, our common country. All the sovereigns and statesmen in Europe are my sycophants and slaves, and whilst they laud my achievement to the skies, because it prospered, have execrated your attempt because it failed. And yet I cannot help now and then feeling apprehensive that the lines written a century ago, by one of our greatest national dramatists, will, in the eyes of some misguided and prejudiced moralists, appear more appropriate on my lips than on yours—

“ ‘ O rimorso, o rossore ! E non m’ascondo
Misero à rai del dì ! Con qual coraggio
Soffriro gli altrui sguardi,
Si reo di questo eccesso,
Orribile son io tanto a me stesso ! ’—*Metastasio.*

“ NAPOLEON.”

It will no doubt be remembered by many of the readers of this volume, that some years ago, that clever weekly journal, *The Owl*, published in one of its numbers a letter, professing to be written by M. Mocquard, then private secretary to Louis Napoleon. The French was so good, and the sentiments put into his mouth so

marvellously resembled those of M. Mocquard, that instead of seeing the letter to be a joke, he regarded the things said in it as real charges which he had been made to bring against himself, and immediately wrote to *The Times*, not only repudiating the authorship of the letter, but denouncing, in the most indignant terms he could employ, the writer who had dared to forge his name. I have myself been in a similar position with regard to contributions sent me by Sir George Sinclair for publication in a morning journal ; and have frequently found it expedient to prefix a few observations to his articles, lest it might be supposed by some that I had, like M. Mocquard, Louis Napoleon's private secretary, mistaken for a reality that which was written only in irony. For example, in giving insertion to the following, I deemed it necessary to preface it with the subjoined remarks :—"This, like an article which we published the other day, is written by one of the greatest wits of the age, and must have been originally intended for *Punch*, or some of the other witty publications of the day ; but as we have had the good fortune to receive it, we need not say with what readiness we give it insertion." The article was written at a time when the papers in Paris, the servile supporters of the Napoleonic dynasty, were constantly declaring that conspiracies were forming every hour against the occupant of the Tuilleries. The article is headed —

DISCOVERY OF A DISCUSSION FORUM NEAR THE TUILERIES.

In consequence of information derived from the wife of Rudio, the reprieved and respited conspirator, Sir Richard Mayne set off in person for Paris on Saturday morning, in order to make sure of surprising, before any intimation of their danger could

reach them, the members of a most pernicious and disgraceful institution, described and designated as above. As soon as he arrived, Sir Richard, accompanied by four of the most active and experienced agents of the French police, repaired to the place of rendezvous, and discovered, by means of a hand-bill privately distributed at the den, that the meeting was actually in conclave, and that the question appointed for the debate of the evening was—"Is it lawful and laudable for a public man, who has adhered to a certain creed, and been an active partisan of a certain cause during a long course of years, to forswear that creed, and abandon that cause, when they cease to be popular and prosperous, in order to promote his own interests and increase his own emoluments?"

At the moment of Sir Richard's entrance, after a most powerful speech from the Duc de Grammont in favour of the proposition, the President, M. Dupin, was in the act of declaring that the affirmative had been carried without a single dissentient voice, when both these gentlemen, together with M. de Montalembert, and we grieve to add, not a few of the Emperor's most honoured and confidential advisers, were arrested and sent to prison. The journals and papers of the society were most fortunately discovered and secured at the time, when, to the astonishment and horror of Sir Richard and his auxiliaries, it was found that the following, amongst other equally startling and atrocious questions, had of late been formally discussed and favourably decided within the walls of this unhallowed institution, with the sanction of all the *princes, prelates, and dignitaries of the Empire* :—

1. Is it, or is it not, commendable to aspire after the possession of the supreme authority in a State, and swear most solemnly to respect and uphold its institutions, and afterwards employ the power thus acquired for the purpose of effecting their entire subversion?

2. Do perjury and massacre cease to be criminal when resorted to for the attainment of this object?

3. Is it consistent with the laws of justice and morality to rob the public treasury of several chests of ducatons, for the purpose of bribing men and officers with champagne and sausages to break their oaths and butcher their unsuspecting

fellow-citizens, and is he to be revered as a “remarkable” man of whom it can be said that—

“ogni deliter
Pur che Giovi a regner, virtu gli sembra” ?—*Metastasio*.

4. Is it conducive to the freedom and happiness of a great country that its press should be gagged, its police omnipresent and omnipotent, its ablest and most influential men interned, exiled, or consigned to obscurity, whilst its most disreputable and unprincipled adventurers monopolise its highest and most lucrative offices, both at home and abroad ?

Sir Richard lost no time in laying before the Emperor these important and alarming documents. It was observed that during their perusal the bland and benignant smile which uniformly characterises his Imperial Majesty’s open and expressive countenance, was clouded for a few minutes by a manifestation of grief and astonishment. His fascinating eyes were suffused with tears ; he threw himself into Sir Richard’s arms and exclaimed, “Alas, alas ! my dear and respected friend, is it indeed come to this ? Is my throne surrounded by miscreants who hold opinions so utterly at variance with the fundamental principles of civil society and so entirely destructive of social happiness ? What will the world think of me when they make the astounding discovery that the most popular and most praiseworthy of monarchs, whom all the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe look upon as their model and their master, has reposed his confidence in men who are in all respects so dissimilar to himself ?” Sir Richard here ventured to interfere, and endeavoured to console his Majesty by assuring him that, so far at least as Britain is concerned, this discovery could not in the slightest degree affect the minds or alarm the consciences of the most important personages at the Court or in the State ; that the most arrogant and sanguine despots are the most flattered and the most fawned upon by the leaders of all parties in both Houses of Parliament ; and that if ever his Imperial Majesty should find it necessary or expedient to adopt the principles of which so many of his chief advisers and adherents had at that “remarkable” institution manifested their hearty approval, he would be loved and lauded in pro-

portion to the rigour with which he carried them out, and that an overwhelming majority of the Englishmen of the present day were animated towards his Majesty by those sentiments of admiration and approval of which "Savage" Landor had been the most recent as well as the most racy expositor.

When Sir Richard took leave, after having had the honour to dine at the Imperial table, his Majesty again embraced him with great cordiality, thanked him for the alacrity and judgment with which he had acted on this interesting occasion, invested him with the cordon of the Legion of Honour, and forwarded, through Sir Richard, to his congenial friend, Mr. Landor, the same honourable badge, in grateful recognition of his steady and consistent regard.

And yet, so great was the sense of right by which Sir George Sinclair was actuated, that notwithstanding his intense hostility to Louis Napoleon, he would never say one single word, even to his greatest friend, nor write one single word, while residing in France, against the Ruler of that country. I spent some time with Sir George in the Charing Cross Hotel, the night before he started for Cannes, in 1867, for the benefit of his health, and he then said to me, "Now that I am going to reside some time in France, receiving the same protection from the French Government as any of Louis Napoleon's subjects, it would be wrong in me to say or write a word against him while I remain in his dominions, and therefore I will not do it."

Sir George Sinclair was one of the most decided Protestants I have met with, and one of the ablest opponents of Popery. He thoroughly understood the true nature of the Church of Rome, and her designs, and the agencies through which she meant to accomplish her purposes. With these feelings and this knowledge on the subject, he naturally devoted much of his time to exposing, through

the journals of the day, in small fly-leaves, and in large volumes, the theological errors of the Church of Rome, and the socially and politically-perilous nature of her teachings. One of his larger works, entitled “Letters to the Protestants of Scotland,” in which he assailed the Church of Rome with the keenest and most polished irony, a scarifying wit, and an irresistible logic, created a great sensation at the time—1852—it was published, and for years afterwards. It was the almost unanimous belief of the Protestants of that day that Popery had seldom had to encounter so formidable an opponent before, as it had to confront in the person of Sir George Sinclair. I could wish to give copious quotations from this work, but that, for want of the requisite space, cannot be. As, however, the recent exposures in the case of Miss Saurin are sure to bring the subject of our English convents before the next Session of Parliament, I cannot resist giving one extract from Sir George’s book in relation to

POPISH CONVENTS AND NUNNERIES.

In immediate juxtaposition with the tyranny and turpitude with which Popery has inundated the world, by opening the floodgates of sacerdotal celibacy and auricular confession, it may be right to make some remarks on another branch of this accursed system, in no small degree analogous to the former, as well in its effects as in its origin. I allude to the establishment of convents and nunneries, which have so often been, during successive generations, the abodes of wretchedness, vice, and oppression. If the Reformation had procured for the nations which embraced it no other blessing than that of exemption from such unscriptural and unhallowed institutions, this benefit alone ought to elicit the warmest tribute of gratitude towards the intrepid and apostolic men who have made us “free indeed” by their suppression. There are three

devices to which the great adversary has recourse for beguiling unstable souls, and imposing upon them the yoke of cloistered sloth and sorrow. In the first place, there are many young females who, under the influence of a spurious excitement, which “cometh not from above,” or when they have experienced an unlooked-for disappointment,—when their heart’s best feelings have been misplaced,—seek consolation, rest, and indemnity where God’s Word has not instructed to look for it. Alas! how often have they found, when it was too late, that they have exchanged a temporary gloom, which time, and prayer, and sympathy, and resignation, might have dissipated or removed, for a life of monotony and misery, from which there is no escape! They had,

“ Like the Grecian artist, woo’d
An image they themselves had wrought.”

They may be compared to certain ill-starred monarchs, who have wedded an unknown bride in consequence of having seen some flattering portrait, almost as different from the original as beauty is from ugliness, and who, when it is too late, would willingly give “unto the half of their kingdom,” or even the whole, to get rid of her. She often finds the Lady Abbess an *injusta noverca*, whose capricious imperiousness forms a saddening contrast to the tender and indulgent solicitude of the heart-broken mother, whose remonstrances she has disregarded, and whose embraces she has repulsed. The childish cabals and wearisome routine of heartless ceremonies form a poor and paltry substitute for the endearments and fascinations of domestic tenderness and connubial love.

The second series of unhappy victims are those who would never spontaneously have immured themselves in these priestly penitentiaries, but over whose minds the wily Jesuit, or all-powerful Confessor, has employed an ill-gotten and worse-directed influence, in order to persuade them to quit a world of whose joys they have experienced but little, and enter a cloister of whose sorrows they know still less. These sacerdotal anthropophagi are no respecters of age, rank, or sex, provided that money is to be obtained for the mercenary professors of poverty.

Thus it is, that in so many instances widows' houses are devoured, wealthy orphans inveigled, and afterwards, as in the heart-rending case of the Macarthys, compelled to make sacrifices of duty and feeling on behalf of these insatiable horse-leeches, who act as if, in this instance as in many others, they had inverted the positive injunctions of Scripture, and proclaimed that the love of money is the root of all good! Truly, with them "money is a defence" against the qualms of conscience. "Money answereth all things" which an indignant world can utter in reprobation of such proceedings; and when the heart-broken slave pours out her complaints before her inexorable and imperious rulers, and tells them how loath she is to impoverish her relatives, and do despite both to the spirit of grace and to the dictates of justice and affection, the answer is, "What is that to us? See thou to that." I would ask, however, whether it is possible that, when a Jesuit or a Confessor advises a young and artless female to become a nun, or a parent to enjoin or permit his child to immure herself in a convent, he can say, either in the one case or in the other, "I have a message unto thee from God." This is indeed a sacrifice with which the God of Popery may be well pleased. The mournful accents in which the disappointed victim bewails her virginity, and weeps over blasted hopes, may be music to his ears; but the God of the Bible would indignantly exclaim, "Bring no more such vain oblations when ye come to appear before me. Who hath required this at your hand to tread my courts? It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting."

This work of Sir George Sinclair, which contains weapons of warfare of every kind, and eminently fitted for the purpose for which they had been formed, has been for some time out of print. It is much to be desired that the book should be reprinted, at a time when it is evident that Protestantism and Popery are on the eve of a more deadly conflict than they have ever been engaged in before.

But in opposing Popery, whether in poetry or prose,

Sir George was extremely solicitous not to impute to it any feelings or principles which the Church of Rome did not cherish or entertain ; and being on terms of intimacy with some of the leading Roman Catholics of his day, he took care to obtain from them a verification of the justice of his opinions before making them public. On one occasion, when dining at the house of a friend, where Mr. O'Connell was one of the guests, a discussion occurred between the latter and Sir George, in relation to one of the principles which constitute the Popish creed. When Sir George pushed Mr. O'Connell hard, the latter invariably said, “I repose all my doubts in the bosom of the infallible Church.” In this admission, the assumption and assertion of the infallibility of the Church of Rome were placed beyond all doubt. On another occasion Sir George Sinclair happened to dine at the house of a mutual friend where the late Cardinal Wiseman was one of the guests. The question of the exclusiveness of the Church of Rome chanced to become the subject of discussion. The host was incredulous when Sir George asserted that true Roman Catholics could join in no act of worship with a Protestant, and that they could not unite in the Lord's Prayer. The Cardinal was appealed to, and admitted that the Church could have no spiritual communion in any form or of any kind with a heretic.

On another occasion Sir George met Mr. Richard Lalor Sheil,—thirty years ago the most popular and influential man in Ireland, with the single exception of Mr. O'Connell. The subject of conversation turned on the intolerance of the Roman Catholic religion. When referring to the failure of Catholic emancipation to conciliate the

Church of Rome, Mr. Sheil said, in a manner especially emphatic :—“ The greatest mistake the English have ever made was that of trying to conciliate the Catholics,—*as if we could be conciliated.*” The italics are not mine. I give them as they were given to me. Mr. Sheil’s opinion is true. Popery is not to be conciliated. The greater the concessions made to it, the more exacting it becomes.

Sir George had thus the most undoubted and greatest of authorities for his sentiments as to the true character of Popery, when explaining its nature and exposing its pretensions. And what Popery was in former times it is now, and ever will be. It is based on principles which admit of no change. Were it to alter in any of its essential features, it would cease to be Popery.

Sir George Sinclair, as will have been inferred from what I have said in several of the chapters which precede the present, had a great fondness for poetry. He was intimately acquainted with the poetical works, in their original, of Homer, Virgil, and the other classic poets of Greece and Rome, while thoroughly conversant with the greatest poets of France and England. But he not only admired superior poetry wherever he met with it, but was a poet himself. In speaking of Sir George as an author, I should mention a poem written by him about the year 1830, under the title of “ The Bore.” That was a sort of semi-satire of the follies and the fashions of the day. But he wrote many pieces, which unfortunately have not all been preserved, which were mostly of a domestic or local nature, and which were not only pervaded by fine feeling, but bore upon them in every line the impress of having been penned by a poetic spirit.

Of this kind of poetic effusions I have a greater number of specimens than I can transfer to the pages of this volume. But it is due to the memory of Sir George that the world should know something of his poetic talents.

My first specimen shall be an epitaph which he wrote in 1848, on the death of Dr. Maclean, a medical gentleman practising his profession in Thurso, who was a young man of eminent gifts, and who was held for his personal virtues in the highest esteem by the entire population of Caithness. He died, I ought to mention, at the early age of twenty-eight.

IN MEMORY OF D. G. MACLEAN, ESQ., M.D.

By Nature gifted with a powerful mind,
He grasped with ease its deep and buried lore,
Tried skill, with prompt benevolence combined,
To rich and poor each day endeared him more.

Anxious at once to mitigate or heal
The pains which rack the helpless or forlorn,
No storm could quench his heart's undaunted zeal,
Or darkest night persuade to wait till morn.

In lowly hut by stern disease assail'd,
Too soon, alas, he closed his brief career ;
Sad friends, by whom his brilliant dawn was hailed,
Shed on its parting ray Love's grateful tear.

The following lines are also *in Memoriam*. They were written in memory of Constance, the youngest daughter of George Hope Johnstone, Esq., and of Adelaide Sinclair, and grand-daughter of Sir George. She was a singularly amiable and interesting child, and was the object of Sir George's warmest affections. She died on the 19th of May, 1868, at the age of twelve years.

IN MEMORY OF CONSTANCE.

Her form was cast in Nature's choicest mould,
Her features beamed with tenderness and joy,
Each circling year saw heart and mind unfold
Graces and gifts which death can ne'er destroy.

The lovely star whose pure and precious dawn
 Had cheer'd and charm'd fond love's enraptured eye,
 Too soon from Time's dark firmament withdrawn,
 Shines in Eternity's unclouded sky.

In order that the beauty of these lines may be more fully perceived, it is right to state, that Constance, or Conny, as she was familiarly called, was not only a pet of Sir George, but was regarded by all who knew her as one of the most lovely children ever seen. She has been described to me as almost unearthly in her beauty, and irresistibly winning in her little ways. Sir George was so devotedly fond of her that her death was one of the severest trials in the form of family bereavements that he was ever called to sustain. Her death was, indeed, so heavy a blow to him, that he could hardly be said ever to have recovered from it.

There was another grand-daughter of Sir George, whose name is "Eva," a sister of "Constance," to whom he was much attached, and to whom, some years before she had entered her teens, he addressed the following lines, which were adapted to the minuet in *Don Giovanni*.

TO EVA.

I.

Evy, since childhood's blithesome dawn,
 Dear to thy grandsire's inmost soul,
 Whilst tripping on the sloping lawn,
 Or shore, where tow'ring billows roll,
 On thine affection's fostering care
 Still grateful memory loves to dwell,
 When thy sweet accents soothed despair,
 And hush'd bereavement's awful knell.

II.

Whilst he on languor's couch reclined,
 Thoughts wildly wandering far abroad,
 Wearied in body, worn in mind,
 Beneath a chastening Father's rod,

Like sympathising angel, thou
 Sat'st at his feet in silence deep,
 Gazing at his grief-furrow'd brow,
 Or eyelids steep'd in fitful sleep.

III.

Waking he saw thy graceful form
 Bending to aid his feeble hand,
 As friendly prop in ruthless storm
 Assists the drooping flower to stand.
 Oh ! may his wistful eyes behold,
 Ere death's dark hour, thy features bright,
 His eager arms be stretched to fold
 Thy tender limbs with fond delight.

IV.

When he in peaceful grave shall rest
 From bitt'rest trial's rankling smart,
 May Heaven shield duteous Evy's breast
 From such affliction's barbed dart !
 If she, when youth's glad days are o'er,
 At some lost darling's tomb should pine,
 May Love into her chalice pour
 The balm with which she sweeten'd mine.

Thurso Castle, Dec. 18th, 1855.

Miss Eva Johnstone, to whom these lines were addressed by Sir George, has bloomed into womanhood, and is now the source of abounding comfort to her widowed mother.

Probably there never was a father more devotedly attached to a daughter than was Sir George Sinclair to his daughter Olivia. This was known to all the friends of the family, and in almost every one of the letters he wrote to her, this fact shone forth with a noonday clearness. I shall presently furnish illustrations of this from his letters to Miss Sinclair, who ministered to him in all his wants, and comforted him in all his sorrows, with more than a filial affection, and more than an earthly care. His troubles were, indeed, great and manifold, partly caused by ill health, but chiefly by an accumulation of family sorrows, such as seldom fall to the lot even of those who have experienced most largely the truth of

the statement,—that this world is, indeed, a valley of tears.

On various occasions Sir George expressed the ardour of his affection for his daughter, in verse. The following is one of the poetical effusions he addressed to her,—every word of which proceeded from his inmost soul.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MY DEAREST OLIVIA, IN HER ABSENCE.

I.

My hours are dreary,
My spirit weary,
 My looks are wild,
My brain is burning,
My heart is yearning
 For thee, my child.

II.

Hope's dream is vanish'd,
Life's joy is banish'd,
 How dark the gloom !
My soul is fainting,
While Fancy's painting
 His early tomb.

III.

Oh, wert thou near me,
To soothe and cheer me,
 Like morn's soft beam,
These eyes that languish,
So dimm'd by anguish,
 Might faintly gleam.

IV.

Ships fraught with treasure
Imparted pleasure
 To Spain's proud kings,
When from vast distance
They brought assistance,
 On Zephyrs' wings.

V.

Since Mercy spares thee,
The bark that bears thee,
 My life's stronghold,
Contains a blessing
More worth possessing
 Than all their gold.

No one can read these lines without being deeply moved by them. I have seldom met with anything in which the plaintive feeling which pervades them could make a deeper impression on the mind of the reader.

The following is Miss Sinclair's affectionate response to the above beautiful expression of her father's devoted attachment to her.

REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

When thou art sad,
 My voice shall cheer thee ;
When thou art sick,
 I'll hover near thee ;
When friends forsake,
 Heart sighs I'll yield thee ;
From pain and grief
 Fain would I shield thee.

When Sorrow steals
 From life its gladness ;
When bright Hope droops
 In heavy sadness ;
Then shall Love's hand
 Strew flow'rs around thee ;
My song shall break
 Grief's spell that bound thee.

The following lines were written by Sir George as an epitaph on the Rev. Mr. Munro, Free-Church Minister of Halkirk, a man held in the highest esteem throughout the whole of Caithness.

He sought, like Moses, Heaven's supreme reward,
 His hopes were firmly anchor'd on a rock :
In heart a zealous servant of his Lord,
 In life a bright example to his flock !

And on the death of Mr. Munro's widow—"the faithful and attached wife,"—Sir George wrote the following :—

Tho' dear the partner of her earthly care,
 She loved Him more whose blood redeem'd her soul :
Husband and wife, now re-united, wear
 A deathless crown, while endless ages roll.

I have shown that Sir George Sinclair was a most strenuous opponent of Popery, and I have adverted to some of his various writings in which he exposed and denounced the errors of that ecclesiastical system. I will quote, as a conclusion to this chapter, some felicitous lines which he wrote, expressive of his views relating to the Religion of Rome, and which he proposed to be added to the National Anthem of "God Save the Queen," or to be sung separately.

NEW ROYAL ANTHEM.

I.

From Rome's unhallowed leagues,
And Jesuits' foul intrigues,
Guard Freedom's land!
Lest trait'rous foes within,
Arm'd for the Man of Sin,
A guilty viet'ry win,
Be Thou at hand!

II.

'Gainst Error's subtle wiles,
And base apostates' smiles,
Steel Britain's youth!
May he whose flag unfurl'd
Waves to enthrall the world,
From his fell throne be hurl'd,
Dread Lord of Truth!

I will only add, that there never was a period since the time of the Reformation in which these lines could have been more appropriately sung than they may be in the beginning of this year, 1870.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sir George Sinclair at Home—Letters to his Daughter—His Labours among the Poor—Dr. Turnbull—General Observations.

HITHERTO I have chiefly spoken of Sir George Sinclair in his character as a public man, or as the friend and correspondent of many of the most distinguished men of the present century. It now becomes my pleasing duty to contemplate him in the domestic relations of life. And let me begin by saying that in the seclusion and sacredness of the family circle, he shone with a lustre which was in happy keeping with all that we have seen of him in the outer world. Regarded as a father, the fervour of his affection for his children, and the depth of his solicitude for their happiness, were never exceeded. He felt it to be his duty, and faithfully and delightedly did he discharge it, to set apart a certain time each day for special prayer on their behalf. When he came to be a grandfather, his grandchildren were included in his private prayers for his family at the throne of the heavenly grace. And the affection of his children for him was equally great. When the demands of duty called him to leave them, in order that he might fulfil his functions as a legislator of the land, their grief at the separation from him, has been described to me by one who spoke from experience at the time, as being greater than could be conceived by

any one who had not experienced or witnessed it. The warmth of the affection of his grandchildren for Sir George, will have been inferred from what I have said in a previous part of the work.

But there was one member of his family for whom he cherished a very special affection,—an affection so sincere and so strong, that I venture to say it never has been surpassed in the history of parental regards. The poetical lines, which I have already given, addressed by Sir George to his daughter, will have enabled my readers to identify in their own minds that particular member of his family. She was the idol of his heart. She was everything to him. She was, in a word, his world. In order that some idea may be formed of the ardour of his affection for his daughter Olivia, it is right I should give a place to two of his letters to her, written at intervals of several years. The first is dated—

Thurso Castle, 8th Dec. 1846.

MY DEAREST, KINDEST, MOST AFFECTIONATE, AND ENTIRELY
BELOVED CHILD,

How I wish that you could read what passes in my heart, and see how it beats with grateful emotion whenever I think or speak of you. I can now very seldom weep,—the fountain of my tears seems to be dried up; but I find them trickling from my worn and weary eyes at this moment, when I reflect that I shall not this day be blessed with the sight of you. It is no doubt natural that you should here ask, why I do not pack up my things and set out to-morrow morning. Oh, my Olive, my energy is quite extinguished, so that I am still incapable of any effort. I know not when or how I shall be able to set out, but at present the dread of the long journey prevails to a degree which I cannot describe, and I feel quite paralysed in spirit.

Yesterday, I rose at half-past six, unable to sleep, and unwilling to bear my own sad thoughts; and I lighted a candle,

and read, and played on the piano, to keep my mind from brooding over painful reminiscences.

I pass many hours in reading, and vary my studies as much as possible, as I cannot dwell long on one subject. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Schmidt, History of Germany, Plutarch, Sir William Temple, Corneille, Livy, Raumer, Silius Italicus, Seneca, and Karamsin, all contributed yesterday (and it is the same routine almost every day) to while away the listless hours which would often "make to themselves wings" if you were here to enliven them. I often seek comfort in the reflection that, even had you been here, during a certain period of the day you would have been occupied in useful studies in the Moss-house, or reading "The Portfolio" in your own room; but then I should have been anticipating the welcome moment when I should have been gladdened with a sight of you,—a sight to me far more reviving and cheering than the most glorious sunset. I dare not read the *Ahnfrau*,* because I should draw so painful a contrast between my own present isolation and the comparative peace and happiness of the old Count, whose Bertha's presence must have so often caused his aching heart to sing for joy. *She* could not be more to *him* than you are to *me*.

I do not despair of rallying to such an extent as may enable me to leave this in January; but if God is still pleased to leave the pressure of my sorrow bearing my soul down to the very dust, may your fond father indulge in the hope that, as soon as the steamer renews its voyages to Wick, you will (provided the vessel be either new or completely repaired) embrace the first opportunity to make me as happy as I am capable of being, by returning to me? What a day would *that* be for me: how sleepless the previous night from impatience, and the night thereafter from thankfulness and joy.

I am driven to my books, not so much by a desire of information, not by a thirst for enjoyment, but chiefly as a temporary anodyne for my broken spirit. You see how large a letter I have written with my own hand, or rather from my own heart, which is as full of love as of grief; and it will cheer me on Friday morning to think that you will be reading these desul-

* A German Play Sir George Sinclair was in the habit of reading to his family.

tory thoughts, these feeble attempts to convey to you some notion of my sorrow for your absence, and my solicitude for your return. I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never pretend to repay, for you have been all sympathy and kindness to me when kindness and sympathy were most needed. Alas ! they are as much as ever needed now, and will continue to be so till these weary eyes are closed in death, and this broken heart has ceased to beat. Although my arm is fatigued, my heart never tires of pouring forth its feelings. Oh, when shall I again be blessed with the sight of you ? On that day—if I live to witness it—“I myself will awake right early.” What a happiness shall I experience when we first walk on the bank head, or sit down in the Moss-house with Seneca or Lycurgus, with Racine or La Fontaine. These, these are the lessons on which I feast and feed. It is when I have succeeded in composing my mind by such soothing and cheering anticipations, that I beguile myself to sleep at night, or rouse myself to activity in the morning. I do not enjoy my present state, but then I find I can endure it better than any other. Whenever the letters arrive in the morning, I am nervous from the dread of something painful—whenever they are not from Rutland Square or the Guards’ Club. Oh ! but when I see *your* writing, I am so relieved, so sure of finding something to cheer and console me, that I generally reserve your letters, like the good wine at Cana, until the end. After that, I am sure of an hour of repose. I have very few visitors (Mr. Dalziel paid a kind and pleasant visit yesterday), and don’t go so often to the town, though I am going to do so this afternoon to look after some fishermen, whose families, I fear, have been much straitened by the late storm (for the sea is quite calm to-day).

God bless you, my own child, my comfort, my delight, the stay and prop of my declining years. Kindest love to your mother and Addie. Best regards to Mr. Johnstone, and a kiss to Cecil. There are few whom I am so desirous to see, as there are few of whom I have heard so much.

Ever, my dearest Olive,
Your most affectionately attached Father,
GEORGE SINCLAIR.

I select the following letter from Sir George to Miss Sinclair, in preference to others, simply because it is of the latest date of any which are in my possession.

Thurso Castle, July 9th, 1857.

MY ENTIRELY BELOVED AND MOST DUTIFUL CHILD,

I am very glad that you saw, and *heard*, our eloquent, accomplished, and (of course) ill-used and neglected friend, Dr. Croly. How true is our favourite aphorism of Mirabeau :—“Mediocrity hates everything that is not *mediocre*.” This is the key to that want of appreciation of extraordinary talent and energy, which Courts and Cabinets have exhibited in this instance, as well as in others.

I need not tell you how my heart is *thirsting* for your presence. It grieves me, however, that you did not go to Dr. Grindrod's for at least a week, and I am mortified that you should have been obliged to look out for a “*perch*.” I think you will certainly reach Aberdeen in time to embark the same evening for Wick. If I don't hear from you of any change of plans (which pray modify in any way you please), I shall write next week to my friend Mr. Davidson, of Strath, who, I am sure, will kindly meet E. and you at the pier—as he did *me*—and order a chaise to convey you to Thurso Castle, whilst you are resting at his hospitable house.

Margaret [Miss Sinclair's maid] was most gratified by your message, which I read to her *verbatim*. Mr. Mackenzie drank tea with me last night, and was, as usual, very agreeable. I declined to dine with the Presbytery, not feeling at all in spirits, and I did not like to go a second time to the town. The weather is still most ungenial. Besides additional blankets, I last night had a fire in my bedroom. No appearance, since my arrival, of the sun, the blue sky, or the Orkneys. The steamer sailed this morning at six from Scrabster.

I did not hear yesterday from 38,—so, I trust, that your dear mother continues to make progress towards recovery. These attacks are most distressing; though I feel persuaded that, in her case, they are not attended with danger.

If you are with our kind friends when this reaches you, pray

offer to them my best regards. I am very sorry to hear of Mrs. M.'s severe cold, but trust it will soon be relieved.

God bless you, my beloved, and, O how devoutly longed-for, child. The sight of your dear portrait brings tears into my eyes, and makes the blood rush to my panting heart.

Ever your MOST affectionate father,

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

I can add to the breathings of Sir George's very soul, in the fervour of his affection for Miss Sinclair, as seen in the letters I have thus given, that he has often, both in conversation and in writing, expressed himself to me to the same effect, and with an emotion which, as well as the words, showed how great the depth of that affection was.

And it is due to Miss Sinclair to say that she was everything to him that he was to her. A daughter more devoted to a father never lived. To anticipate his wishes, to minister to his necessities, to contribute to his comfort, and to promote his happiness in every possible way, were the great objects for which she lived. And in her ardent desires to accomplish these, there was no self-sacrifice which she was not ever ready to make, and in making which she did not feel a special pleasure. For years they lived together,—often for weeks and months alone,—inexpressibly happy in each other's society.

And not only did Sir George and Miss Sinclair thus supremely enjoy each other's society, but an atmosphere of happiness pervaded every part of Thurso Castle. All the servants were treated with the greatest kindness; and the natural consequence was that they cherished a warm attachment to Sir George and Miss Sinclair. Sir George, of all men I ever knew, treated his own and other

people's servants in the kindest manner. He regarded them in the same light as that in which they are looked upon by the Great Creator and Preserver of the entire human race,—as being essentially equal with those who were by their position in life above them, though for a season filling, in the appointments of Providence, a subordinate place in society. And just because they were occupying that position he most carefully consulted their feelings, and would not, on any account, or for any consideration, say or do a single thing which could cause them the slightest pain. I was exceedingly struck and no less gratified, at seeing Sir George, when the servants in Thurso Castle made their appearance in the breakfast-room, in answer to the summons to family prayers, make as respectful, and, let me add, as courteous a bow, when each servant entered the room, as if it had been to a prince or princess. I fancy I can even now, after the lapse of several years, see that kind, that courteous, and that polished bow.

Though Sir George lived in seclusion so many years after his retirement from legislative life, that seclusion, in his case, was much more in name than reality. He had for the greater part of his time the presence of his daughter, which was preferable, in his view, to any other society; and he had his books, through means of which he could always hold converse with both the illustrious living and the dead. But he had still nobler occupations,—occupations which, while they ministered to his own enjoyment, contributed largely to relieve the sufferings and lessen the sorrows of the poor and needy. But on this point let me first lay before the reader the account which Miss Sinclair gives of Sir George's acts of

kindness to the sons and daughters of bodily affliction, whatever form it assumed. The Dr. Turnbull mentioned by Miss Sinclair, formerly of Russell, but now of Berkeley, Square, has been singularly successful in his mode of treatment of the various "ills which flesh is heir to," especially in cases of infirmity in hearing and seeing. In relation to deafness, he has lately had confided to him the treatment of two cases in the persons of princely patients,—members of the most distinguished royal families in Europe. The following is Miss Sinclair's account of

SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR'S LABOURS AMONG THE SICK POOR.

The great delight of Papa's heart was that of relieving pain and assuaging sorrow. To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, was to him not merely a duty, but a pleasure; and in the severest weather he would walk over to Thurso, and visit from house to house,—with kind words and looks, and timely supplies of wine, which he carried about with him, for the sick and those who watched by them. His cordial greetings cheered the suffering. His real sympathy consoled the afflicted. His earnest prayers at the bedside of the dying,—in the house of mourning,—were the out-pourings of a heart which had been bruised in the innermost core, and had learnt sympathy through suffering. He did not merely feel *for* others; he felt *with* them. "He wept with those who wept." He could also rejoice with those who rejoiced; for whenever a wedding took place at Thurso, Sir George was always ready with his usual gift of a white ribbon for the bonnet of the bride, and a leg of mutton for the wedding dinner: and many a home in the "Fisher Biggins" has been brightened by his greetings and gifts on these occasions.

To relieve physical pain was to him a labour of love. He had studied anatomy and chemistry under the Professors at Edinburgh. He subsequently became acquainted with Dr. Turnbull, of Russell Square, and was so much struck by his cures of blindness by the vapour of prussic acid, that he stayed

for weeks in the house of the Doctor, in order to watch his cases, and be instructed in his modes of cure, so as to be enabled to do good at Thurso. It was from Dr. Turnbull that he learnt the value of the veratria ointment for the cure of rheumatic and neuralgic pains ; and Sir George utilised this discovery of Dr. Turnbull's for the benefit of hundreds of sufferers at Thurso, and from the country districts, who were brought to the Castle in carts, to be rubbed with "Sir George's ointment" by his own hands. His *first* patient was his own daughter, who, after suffering from brow ague for six weeks, was cured by three successive applications of his invaluable ointment. For stiffness from rheumatism it acted like a charm, and the patients who resorted to Sir George's spacious kitchen at Thurso Castle were almost always made more supple after an application of the ointment,—usually applied by Sir George with a brush, and the arm or leg, as the case might be, was afterwards held to the fire, and wrapped in flannel. The prussic acid vapour was put on a sponge in a bottle, with a glass fitting the eye, and held to it for a few minutes, and then removed, and then applied again. Its effect was to attenuate and gradually absorb films or specks from the pupil ; and two girls at Thurso who were partially blind, from specks on their eyes left after small-pox, were, by persevering daily visits from Sir George, with the bottle of prussic acid repeatedly applied during three months, enabled to attend school and see to read.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to say that I can, from personal knowledge, verify the correctness of this statement of Miss Sinclair. Both when on a visit some years ago at Thurso Castle, and afterwards when Sir George was staying at Torquay, in Devonshire, I accompanied him in his visits to the poor and afflicted. And were I to live to a much longer period than the allotted term of human life,—even to double that term,—the remembrance of those visits would be as vivid as they were at the close of the days on which they took place. Sir George went, loaded with wine and other things best

fitted to nourish the sick, to the houses of his numerous "patients"; for he always called them by that name. On entering their humble abodes he proceeded to the chairs in which they were sitting, or the beds on which they were lying, as the case might be, and inquired of each in kind and sympathetic tones, how he or she was,—at the same time heartily shaking hands with them. He then took out the vessel which contained the wine which he always carried with him, and, after offering up a short prayer, put the wine to his lips, according to a traditional custom in that part of the country, and then gave it to the party visited. Afterwards came the medical appliances according to the nature of the case. No language could furnish any idea of the sense which was entertained of Sir George's kindness, by those who were thus the objects of his solicitude and his loving ministrations. They looked upon him as if he had been a being who had come from a higher sphere, to sympathise with them in their sorrows, and render them all the relief in his power in their circumstances and sufferings. Combined, I ought to mention, with his anxious endeavours to benefit them physically and socially, Sir George always sought to be a blessing spiritually to them; and there can be no question that he was so in very many cases. I remember his telling me that on one occasion, on his handing a glass of wine, after a short prayer, to a poor afflicted man, remarking, as he presented it to him, that it would do him good, the sufferer replied, "I have no doubt of that, Sir George, but I would rather have your prayers than the wine."

So far my references to what I have seen and heard relate to Thurso; but on paying, on one occasion, a few

days' visit to Sir George at Torquay, I also accompanied him when going to see his patients there,—of whom he had no fewer than 100 in a day. On that occasion he was in ill-health, and though so feeble as to be unable to ascend without assistance the various steeps in that place, he would not be dissuaded from paying them his accustomed visit. As I assisted him to ascend and descend the various steep places in Torquay, I could not help being more forcibly struck than any one not seeing what I saw, nor knowing what I knew, could imagine,—with that almost supernatural sympathy which he felt for suffering humanity, and that self-sacrifice which he made to lessen the amount of the woe which is in the world. Let it be remembered, too, that Sir George's merciful ministrations were not occasional only. They were not fitful ; they were systematic wherever he was. And let me here remark, that he no sooner settled down for any length of time in any place, than he diligently sought out the suffering poor, with the view, and in the hope, of effecting a cure ; or if that might not be, affording relief. To diminish the amount of human misery on the earth was indeed the great mission which he felt he had been called by Providence to fulfil during his sojourn in this lower sphere; and in the execution of that mission his whole heart was engaged. Nothing in the world—not even literature itself, much as he loved it—could divert him from his labours among the suffering poor. They were indeed, in the most enlarged acceptation of the phrase, labours of love. And in this high and holy calling, he had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that he was a co-worker with God Himself.

It would be inferred, from what I have just said, even

were I not to state the fact, that Sir George Sinclair was a man remarkable for his modesty. It was literally true of him—though true of very few—that he esteemed others better than himself. He never paraded his eminent intellectual gifts. He never made pretensions to mental superiority. Both in conversation and in writing he was one of the most unassuming of men. I have often been impressed with the fact of seeing a man of his rich intellectual culture deriving pleasure from the perusal of books of very inferior talent, and listening to preachers who had no pulpit gifts whatever, beyond, it might be, their personal piety. I remember that he and I went one Sunday into a small primitive looking Baptist Chapel in Torquay, containing fifty or sixty persons of the poorer class. The preacher, I have no doubt, was a good man, but illiterate, and possessed of no qualifications whatever for the pulpit. Yet Sir George listened to him with as great attention as if he had been a Dr. Chalmers or a Robert Hall, or the most eloquent and able preacher of the present day.

The modesty and humility of Sir George were habitually manifested in the mode in which he conducted family worship. His words, his manner, every thing about him, showed how very humble his own opinion of himself was. His invariable practice was to begin family worship by supplicating the Divine direction and blessing on the exercises in which the household were about to engage. He next read a portion of Scripture, and gave a brief but interesting and edifying exposition of what he had read. This was followed by a prayer remarkable for the spirituality of tone which characterised every sentence. Sir George always con-

cluded his prayers with the appropriate petition, that God would be pleased to hear the united supplications of the household “in the name and for the sake of Him whom Thou hearest always.”

In thus adverting to Sir George’s religious exercises in the family as the result of his personal religious opinions, I feel it right to make a momentary allusion to his spiritual experiences at particular periods of his life. At times he was not free from perplexities and painful feelings in regard to the moral government of God. One who knew all Sir George’s religious views and feelings better than any one else, thus writes to me on that subject:—“The ways of Providence sometimes perplexed him, but he finally recognised the truth that we now see darkly as through a glass, and that these riddles would be solved hereafter, and God justified when He spoke and clear when He judged; but at times his faith was clouded, and the prosperity of the wicked, and the preponderating mass of evil and suffering in the world, perplexed him sorely and disquieted his spirit, for he took to heart the sins and sufferings of others, and their lack of advantages and good moral influences, and his heart was full of pity even for the outcasts of society, whom he always regarded as objects of compassion.”

In relation to Sir George’s religious perplexities, I have had private conversations with him, and can in consequence make some observations in addition to the above, on the subject. But first let me remark that nearly all the most eminent saints that ever lived have been perplexed and pained at seeing the wicked so often prosperous, while the most pious of men have been doomed all through life to be the subjects of unceasing

suffering and sorrow. The Psalmist used, on occasions, to be staggered and harassed because of the difficulty which he felt in his attempts to reconcile the wisdom, the goodness, and the power of God, with the mode in which the moral government of the world is administered; but when he went into the sanctuary, his doubts were dissolved, and his perplexities made plain. And to those who believe in a future state there ought to be no difficulty in the matter, because we are assured that all mysteries will then be explained, and “the ways of God be justified to man.” I remember on one occasion Sir George reading a passage to me from the works of the Rev. Dr. Payson,—one of the most eminent of American divines,—from which he derived great comfort. I do not remember the words, but it was to this effect,—that while he laughed to scorn, as being weakness itself, the arguments of atheists and infidels of every class, against the Bible, he was conscious of and deeply deplored the atheism of his own heart; “and yet,” added Payson, “I cannot help praying to God, and in that way I get rid of my perplexities.” That was the experience of Sir George Sinclair. He never permitted a day to pass without private prayer, as well as worship twice each day at the family altar.

Sir George Sinclair used to say things in a few words which made an impression never to be erased from the memory, and which conveyed more meaning than an hour’s sermon, or a moderately-sized volume would have done. In his epigrammatic sentences, whether in writing or in conversation, there was usually a point which at once struck the hearer or the reader with an effect which was electrical. I may mention in illustration of this

what he once said of the brothers, Robert and James Haldane, two of the most excellent and venerated men in Scotland fifty or sixty years ago,—names indeed which were then household words, and whose memories are not only still fresh throughout the whole of that country, but will be so for generations to come, because of their high characters, and the incalculable amount of practical good they had been made, in the hands of Providence, the means of doing. In referring on one occasion to these two remarkable men, after having read their eminently interesting and instructive Memoirs, by Mr. A. Haldane, son of Mr. James Haldane, Sir George said, “I would rather have read a narrative of their lives than seen the pyramids of Egypt. The characters of two such Christians are far more valuable and interesting than those gigantic brick and mortar repositories where forgotten tyrants lie entombed.” On another occasion, writing to an author who had published a book in opposition to what is called the Millenarian theory,—that is, that Christ is to come and reign personally on earth for a thousand years,—Sir George summed up his high commendation of the book as follows:—“In short, it would take all the Millenarians in the world a whole Millennium to answer your book, and even then they would not have succeeded.”

The society of Sir George Sinclair was eminently attractive and interesting. There was not only no subject with which he was not conversant, but none about which his conversation was not at once most delightful and instructive. He had a great number of anecdotes always ready to illustrate and enliven every subject which was introduced either by himself or others. I intended to

have given a number of these, but the rigour of bibliopolic exigences forbids my claiming the requisite space.

Some little incidents occurred in Sir George's history which touchingly illustrated the singular simplicity of his character, mingled with a warm-heartedness which has never been surpassed. On his return from Cannes, and when on his way through London to Thurso Castle, he called to see one of his friends, living in the neighbourhood of Russell Square. He found his friend had gone out, and his family did not know whether he would return before Sir George would have to leave for the London and North-Western railway-station. He expressed himself greatly disappointed at this, but just while in the act of giving utterance to his regret he saw his friend passing the window, when he clapped his hands, and exclaimed, "Here he comes. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" with as much simplicity and as much warm-heartedness as he would have shown when in his teens at Harrow. There were several ladies—some of them strangers to Sir George—in the room at the time, and they were deeply touched at the incident. It was a final meeting and a final parting in this world between that friend and himself. His friend never heard his voice again,—never saw his face any more,—a circumstance which clothed the simple incident with a double interest.

CHAPTER XIX.

Break down in Sir George Sinclair's Health—His Visit to Cannes in the Hope of its Restoration—Return to his own Country—His Continued Illness—His Death and Funeral—Lines on his Death.

I COME now to the last scene of all ; and I do so with feelings of sadness too deep for language to express. But instead of writing all that portion of Sir George's biography myself, I have delegated the mournful duty to one who alone is qualified for its due discharge. Miss Sinclair has furnished me with a clear and comprehensive narrative of the latter part of her father's life, which is so accurate as well as ample in its details as to supersede the necessity of any remarks either from myself or from any one else. The following is Miss Sinclair's account of her father's last illness and death, given under the heading—

BREAK DOWN IN HEALTH.

In the spring of 1867, after passing a quiet winter at Thurso Castle with me, he left his home to visit his only son at Norwood. In the month of May, he was seized with bronchitis, and after a severe illness of some weeks, he consulted Dr. Williams, of London, who advised him to spend the next winter at Cannes. Accordingly, in November, 1867, he crossed the Channel, stopping some days at Paris, in order that he might have personal intercourse with his correspondent of some years' standing, the distinguished Berryer. Their Legitimist sympathies had drawn them together, and their meeting was a very cordial one. Both were courteous gentlemen of the *ancien régime*, and their views were identical. Papa's health did

not improve at Cannes. Feeble action of the heart, and distressing sleeplessness, kept him very low. The air was too exciting. He was eager to return to Thurso Castle, where his heart and sympathies were, and he grudged time and money spent away from his home. On arriving at the residence of his brother-in-law (Ham House, Richmond), he was taken ill with palpitations of the heart and fits of breathlessness, which came on every morning as he rose, and were most distressing. He would rush into the open air to get breath, and would sit for hours on the shady terraces inhaling the air and reading his favourite books.

Early in July he recovered sufficiently to begin his long journey to Thurso Castle,—making a halt at the home of his widowed daughter in Dumfries-shire, and another at the house of Mr. Greig in Perthshire, and then proceeding by rail to Golspie, where the carriage met him and conveyed him to his loved home. His health and spirits seemed to revive at first, and he regained the power of sleeping: but this was but a short revival. He had eagerly looked forward to laying the foundation of the new Free Church at Thurso, and was very anxious to be equal to the occasion; but when the day came, he was overpowered with physical weakness, from the increased feebleness of the action of the heart; and though he had intended to speak at great length, he was reluctantly compelled to cut short his observations. Every one remarked how feeble he was. This was his last appearance in public. A drive, taken on a cold day, brought on an attack of bronchitis, which, in addition to the irregular action of the heart, caused him great distress. For ten weeks he could only obtain snatches of sleep in a sitting posture. At one stage he had nearly recovered, but a relapse, on his 78th birthday, induced him to wish to bid his son farewell, and he was summoned from Cannes by telegraph.

A few days after this, he started in his own carriage for Golspie, accompanied by his attached friend and medical attendant, Dr. Mill. At first the journey seemed to do him good, and he slept a great deal in the carriage, but was wakeful and distressed all night; and told Dr. Mill, in the morning, to wish all his friends at Thurso a kind farewell, as he did not expect to return alive.

After a few days' halt in Perthshire, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where the symptoms became more critical. The day before his departure, all trace of suffering had fled from his countenance, which looked radiant, and he seemed half his age. He prayed fervently and aloud, for himself and others, when his strength seemed hardly equal to the exertion; and his prayers, or rather out-pourings of the heart, astonished all who listened to him. Without any apparent struggle, the links were gently loosened,—he retaining consciousness to the last, and blessing his grandson about five minutes before he was withdrawn from this life, which event took place on October 23, 1868, in the 78th year of his age. His daily prayer for years,—that I should close his eyes, was granted, and he turned a loving farewell look on me as his spirit was departing.

His remains were conveyed to Thurso by sea; and when the coffin was carried to Thurso Castle, it was accompanied by a crowd of weeping women and children. All felt they had lost a father in his “dear Honour.”

The day of the funeral, a large concourse of mourners assembled at the Castle, including all the poor who were able to walk so far; and the coffin was carried outside, with an inscription attached to it, in Sir George's handwriting, expressive of his wish to be buried at Harold's Tower. Many surrounded the coffin, and shed tears over it. There was a solemn silence as it was carried through the gateway, and all felt that the old Castle had lost its brightest ornament. On reaching Harold's Tower there was a pause, and the coffin was supported, while an affecting prayer was given by the Rev. David Burn. It was then laid side by side with that of his wife. The crowd did not disperse for some time, as they lingered around the spot, dwelling on the innumerable acts of Christian sympathy and kindness they had received from the departed. His photographs were eagerly bought by all who could scrape a few pence together; and those who could not afford to purchase them, were urgent in asking for them as a remembrance of “his dear Honour,” whose best monument is in the affections of the people of Thurso.

Miss Sinclair has adverted to the deep and universal

sorrow which was felt throughout Caithness on receiving intelligence of the death of Sir George, and that which was shown at his funeral. Lines were written to his memory from various quarters, but I can only give those which proceeded from the pen of Mr. F. W. Croly, son of his much esteemed friend, the late Dr. Croly.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR, BART.

“ I will remember him when I make up my jewels.”

WEEP not for him—his griefs are o'er—
His task complete—his warfare done ;

He stands upon the blessed shore,
His crown of deathless glory won.

Weep not for him—the meek but sage—

Who every path of duty trod ;
And still from youth to reverend age,
Like sainted Enoch, “ walked with God.”

Improving still the flying hours

While travelling on through life's long way !
From every stage he culled the flowers.
And threw the noxious weeds away,

The artless truth of childhood's time,

With all youth's generous warmth he joined ;
The constancy of manhood's prime,
With age's calm and heaven-tuned mind.

His, too, was learning's boundless store,

And airy Fancy's genial play,
And taste refined, and varied lore,
To wile the social hour away.

Weep not for him, his honoured tomb

Holds but the dust, the mortal clay ;
The *casket* lies, a thing of gloom,
For angels bear the *gem* away.

When He who once our sorrows bore ;

Who lived, who toiled, who died to save,
Returns a pilgrim faint no more,
But Lord of all,—e'en of the grave,

Such jewels of celestial ray,

Shall be to men and angels known,
And shine, though earth and Heaven decay,
Like stars in the Redeemer's crown.

But it was not in the form of private poetry alone that expression was given to the profound regret at the death of Sir George Sinclair, mingled with the highest eulogiums on his character and his great intellectual gifts. There was not a public journal in the whole of the North of Scotland that did not devote a greater or less amount of its space to a sketch of his eminently useful career. Some of them, indeed,—especially the local ones—devoted several columns to a narrative of the principal events in his history which occurred during his prolonged life. Nor did any journal of note in Scotland, so far as I am aware, fail to record the death of Sir George Sinclair, blended, in almost every instance, with some tributary sentences to his memory. The *Times* gave a somewhat lengthened notice of his death, with a gratifying tribute to his character; while the *Record*, the leading journal in the religious world, devoted nearly two columns of its space to a sketch of his career and an estimate of his character. The latter able article on the life and death of Sir George was evidently written by one who knew him intimately, and could duly appreciate the eminent and varied merits, both intellectually and religiously, of the admirable man whose character he so faithfully and felicitously pourtrayed.

CHAPTER XX.

Thurso Castle—Harold's Tower—A Tribute to the Memory of Sir George Sinclair—Successor in the Title and Estates.

As Thurso Castle has long been the family seat of the Sinclairs of Ulbster—as Sir George lived the greater part of his life in that mansion—and as the closing scene was within its walls, I feel assured that the readers of this work will peruse with interest the following sketch of Sir George's residence, written by a pen most competent for the task.

SKETCH OF THURSO CASTLE.

This fine old family seat is romantically situated on the edge of a rocky bank, above the sea, where the beautiful bay of Thurso begins to expand towards the ocean and the Orkney Islands. There is a not very ancient recollection of Captain Campbell, of the Barealdine family, grandson of the then Laird of Ulbster, having fished out of the window ; but there is no record whether the bag was filled.

Since then, the Castle may be said to have encroached upon the sea, inasmuch as there has been inserted a very solid embankment, which gives a handsome terrace where there had been shore before.

The Castle was built soon after the Restoration, about 1666, by George Sinclair, sixth Earl of Caithness, who ruined the family, and might have succeeded fairly to the title of a disinherited predecessor, who was called William *the Waster*.

It is calculated that he was in debt a million of marks,—an immense sum in those days. His financial position may remind us of the Cardinal de Rohan's exclamation, on hearing of the

failure of his nephew, the Prince Guéméné, who broke for some millions: “Ah! that is a bankruptcy worthy of a Rohan!”

This Earl had not the arbitrary power which, on a similar occasion, the neighbouring Earl of Orkney had employed, of forcing the people to work for nothing. It was then a handsome Castle, though since, in modern times, much enlarged and embellished. It is remarkable that there should be so much similarity in the rare succession of the Kings of France and the Earls of Caithness. King Louis XIV. was succeeded by his great grandson, Louis XV., and he by his grandson, Louis XVI. ; —George, fourth Earl of Caithness, was succeeded by his great grandson George, fifth Earl, and he by his grandson George, sixth Earl: and there the royal and noble lines both ended. He had no children by his wife, Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of the Marquis of Argyll.

On the death of George, sixth Earl, without issue, his affairs were irretrievably involved. Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy had been living with him and his cousin, the Countess, and had assisted him with large sums,—so that he was his principal creditor. He proceeded at once to claim everything. He married the widow, foreclosed the mortgages, took possession of the estates,—and got the King, Charles the Second, without enquiry, to create him Earl of Caithness. But the Sinclairs did not tamely submit to this usurpation. A cousin of the last Earl, the nearest heir male, got a favourable hearing of his case from James, Duke of York—then ruling in Edinburgh. He had a recognition of his right to the title, which was taken from the intruder; and he was obliged to have his style changed to Earl of Breadalbane and Holland. He defeated the Sinclairs in battle, when it was said—“The Campbells are coming; the Sinclairs are running;” but ultimately he found he could not hold the property against such inveterate hostility. Thus this too clever Earl was baffled. His character is strikingly given in the Memoirs written by Mackay, about 1705, to enlighten Sophia, Electress of Hanover, as to whom she would have to rule over, in case she lived to succeed her cousin, Queen Anne, on the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. He is declared to have been “cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, and slippery as an eel.” He was the principal concoctor of the massacre of

Glencoe, and refused to account for the 10,000*l.* he got to pacify the Highlands,—saying, “The Highlands are quiet, and the money is spent.” He sold the whole property to two gentlemen of the name of Sinclair; one was Sir James Sinclair of Dunbeath, the other, John Sinclair of Ulbster: and as Sir James did not keep his share long, it fell, also, in great part, to the Laird of Ulbster, who had the Castle in the first division. The family of Ulbster have ever since, for a century and a half, possessed the Castle and a great portion of the estate, and have frequently represented the county in Parliament. The family



soon attained to great consideration,—first, in George Sinclair of Ulbster, whose character stood very high, and who married Janet, sister of William, eighteenth Earl of Sutherland. They were the parents of the late Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, Baronet, who added so much lustre to the family, and so much extent and effect to the mansion.

But as no letter-press description of any material object, however graphic that description may be, can convey

to the mind so vivid an idea of the thing described, as a pictorial representation, I give an engraving, prepared for this volume, of an edifice with which there are so many interesting traditions associated as Thurso Castle.

It will also be interesting to many to learn a few particulars respecting “Harold’s Tower,” the place in which the remains of Sir George were interred, as those of Lady Camilla had been five years before. It possesses a place in the history of Caithness, as will be seen by the following account of it, which was given by a friend of the late Sir John Sinclair, the father of Sir George, in the twentieth volume of his “Statistical Account of Scotland.”

SKETCH OF HAROLD’S TOWER.

Not far from Thurso Castle stands Harold’s Tower, a modern building erected by the late Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, both for the sake of ornament to the country, and of utility as a sea-mark. The idea of this building was first suggested to my father by an eccentric antiquary, Alexander Pope, minister of Reay. This old gentleman had witnessed with horror the sacrilegious spoliation of an ancient chapel, the burying-place of Harold, Earl of Caithness, who had fallen in battle fighting against Norwegian invaders. The minister presented a petition in the name of the fallen chief, craving protection for his remains, and animadverting on the negligence which had allowed his mausoleum to be pulled to pieces, and its fragments profanely built into inclosures for the surrounding fields. The following is the curious document here referred to:—

“ Know, sir, that I was slain in battle, about the year 1190, near your park of Kirkwall, which has its denomination from an elegant chapel built above my grave in the said park. The stones of my chapel are now carried away and built in your inclosures about that ground. I had once a right to the half of Orkney and Zetland from the King of Norway, and a right to the half of Caithness from King William, the Lyon of Scotland;

I had also an estate in Sutherland, where I was born. I lost my life in battle endeavouring to recover my property, as became a nobleman of spirit, out of the hands of a cruel and daring tyrant, justly called Wicked Earle Harolde, who died ingloriously thereafter, being hanged by order of King William, the Lyon, who marched into Caithness at the head of a gallant army to chastise that daring and bloody tyrant in the year 1196.

“Be pleased to inclose my grave in a decent manner, so as not to become the resting-place of animals, or to have my remains ploughed up. My grave is now all my estate, which ought to be held inviolable. By so doing, you will show a noble example to others to honour the memory of the brave. Though unfortunate, you make restitution, as the stones of my chapel are built in your inclosures, you give a caution to others not to violate the sepulchre of the dead ; and it will yield you the most manly and sensible pleasure to have done an action commendable in itself, and which will perpetuate your memory to posterity.”

In consequence of this application, Sir John was tempted to erect a monument to Earl Harold, which has proved a considerable ornament to the neighbourhood.

And now a few words from myself: for I could not permit the grave to close on the earthly remains of Sir George Sinclair without a parting tribute to his transcendant moral worth. Now that he “is no more in the world,” all who had the high and happy privilege to know him intimately, will cherish, till the last moment of their existence, the warmest regard for his memory, and a most affectionate remembrance of his brilliant and eminently useful life. Few of us, probably none, may be endowed with the intellectual gifts which he possessed in such rare abundance, and therefore, in that respect, cannot tread in his steps ; but we may all seek to be emulators of him as a Christian and a philanthropist,—as one whose great mission he felt it to be to do good to the

souls and bodies of his fellow men, and of whom it may be said, in the most literal and comprehensive import of the terms, that he was never wearied in well-doing. To ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity, whatever form that suffering assumed, was Sir George Sinclair's meat and drink,—the end for which he lived, —the object which he unceasingly sought to accomplish ; and that too often when in such a state of physical ill-health, and weighed down by the pressure of mental anxiety, that he stood himself as much in need of rest, both in body and mind, as those sorrowing and suffering fellow creatures to whose spiritual necessities and physical exigencies it was the great and uniform aim of his life to minister. So sincere, indeed, and absorbing was his sympathy for the sons and daughters of affliction, no matter under what circumstances brought before him, that he practically made their sorrows and sufferings his own. Of him it was emphatically true, that he wept with those that wept. He frequently forgot his own troubles, however great, in theirs. His philanthropy, too, was world-wide in its range of objects. It embraced the whole of our race. Wherever he saw or heard of human misery, thither his heart was borne, as on the wings of the morning, in sincerest sympathy with their sorrows and sufferings. The great, oft-times, indeed, the sole source of whatever happiness he enjoyed, was the reflection that he had done what he could to lessen the amount of human woe in the world. His was no mere sentimental or theoretical philanthropy : it was thoroughly practical. He denied himself those luxuries of life which are common in the case of one in his social position, in order that he might minister to those who, in the appointments of

Providence, were plunged into the depths of destitution and distress. Had it been within the pale of possibility, there was not a suffering or sorrowing fellow-creature in any part of our globe, whose wants he would not have relieved, whose sorrows he would not have assuaged. And whatever Sir George thus did to ameliorate the condition of humanity, he did without ostentation. So far from parading his works of compassion and mercy to the miserable he sought to conceal them from the world. So far from seeking fame by his good deeds, the consciousness that he had lessened in any degree the sum of human misery was to him an ample reward. But words would fail me in the endeavour to sketch the character of Sir George Sinclair as a philanthropist. Taking him all in all,—viewing him intellectually, socially, morally, and religiously, in conjunction,—I unhesitatingly say, that I have never before seen his like, nor do I ever expect to see his like again. What was said of the Saviour of mankind might, with great truth, though necessarily in a subordinate sense, be said of him, “He went about doing good.” That indeed would have been a most appropriate inscription for his tomb. His memory will live in the admiring minds of generations yet to come, as well as in the grateful hearts of multitudes who have been the recipients of his sympathy, and the subjects of his merciful ministrations during his sojourn on earth. For myself, I will simply say that I shall ever cherish with a special pleasure the remembrance of the many happy hours during a prolonged friendship which I have spent in his society. And I feel I may with all confidence add, that there is not one of his many surviving intimate friends who will not employ the same language

in relation to themselves. It was indeed a privilege of a high—I might say of a holy nature, to have possessed the friendship and to have enjoyed the society of the good and gifted man to whose Life and Labours I have devoted the preceding pages.

Sir George Sinclair is succeeded in the title and estates by his son, John George Tollemache, who married, in 1853, the eldest daughter of William Standish Standish, Esq., of Duxbury Park, Lancashire, and Cocker Hall, Durham. Sir Tollemache was elected M.P. for the county of Caithness in August last, after a severe contest. His triumph over his opponent was a signal one, and was hailed as such throughout the whole of the North of Scotland. Sir Tollemache Sinclair is a man of great ability, thoroughly conversant with matters of business, and will, I feel assured, prove an accession to our Legislative Council when dealing with the great practical questions of the day.

THE END.

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